Liberty

AUG. 12, 1944 10c

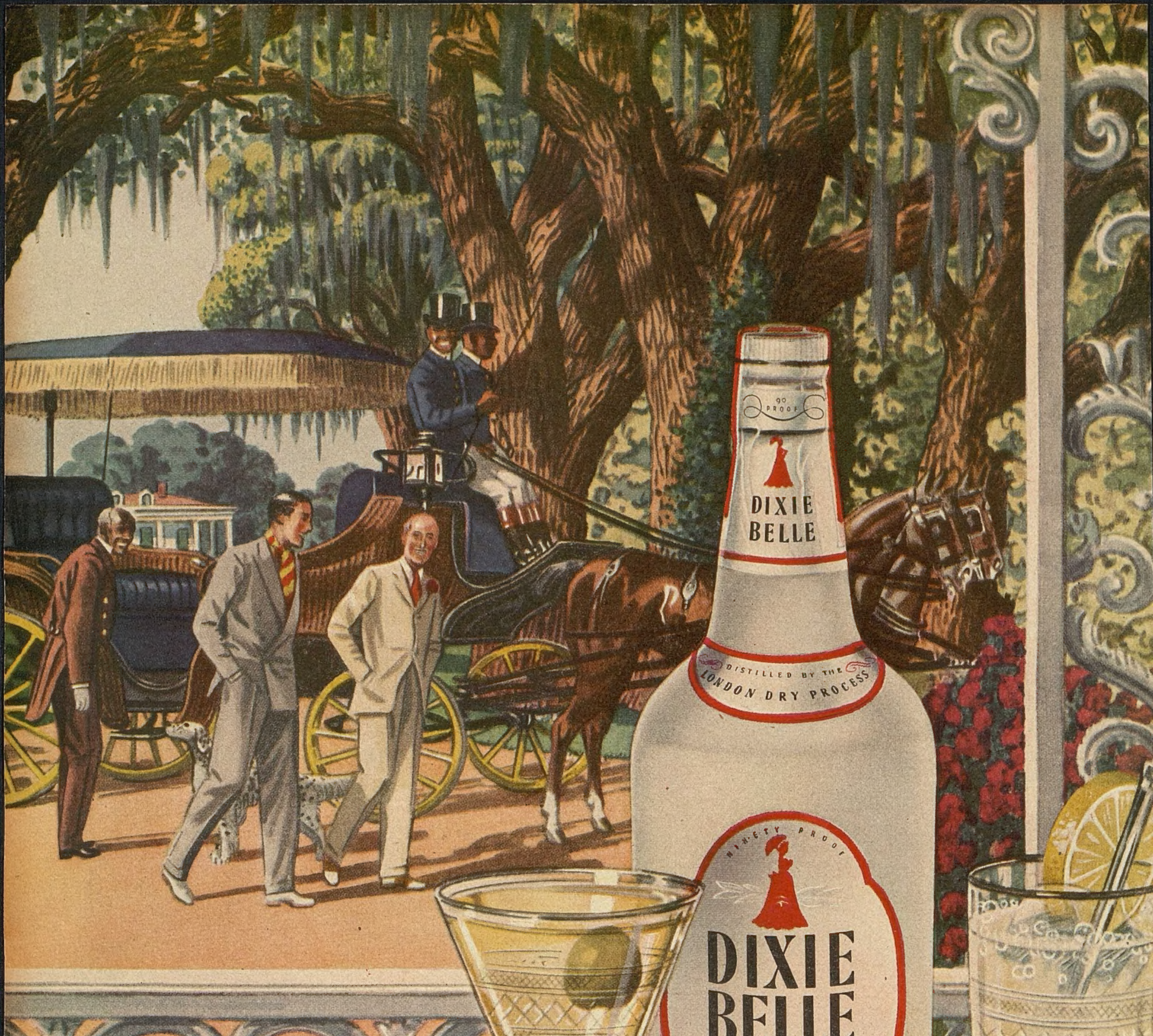
Book: SAILORS OF FORTUNE

Action with the Merchant Marine

HOW WAGE CONTROL WORKS

by William H. Davis

Chairman, War Labor Board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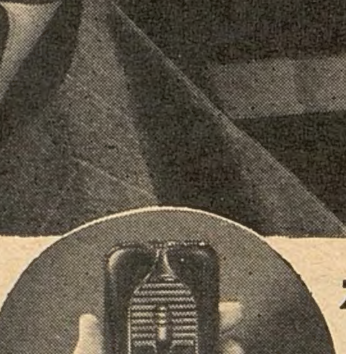

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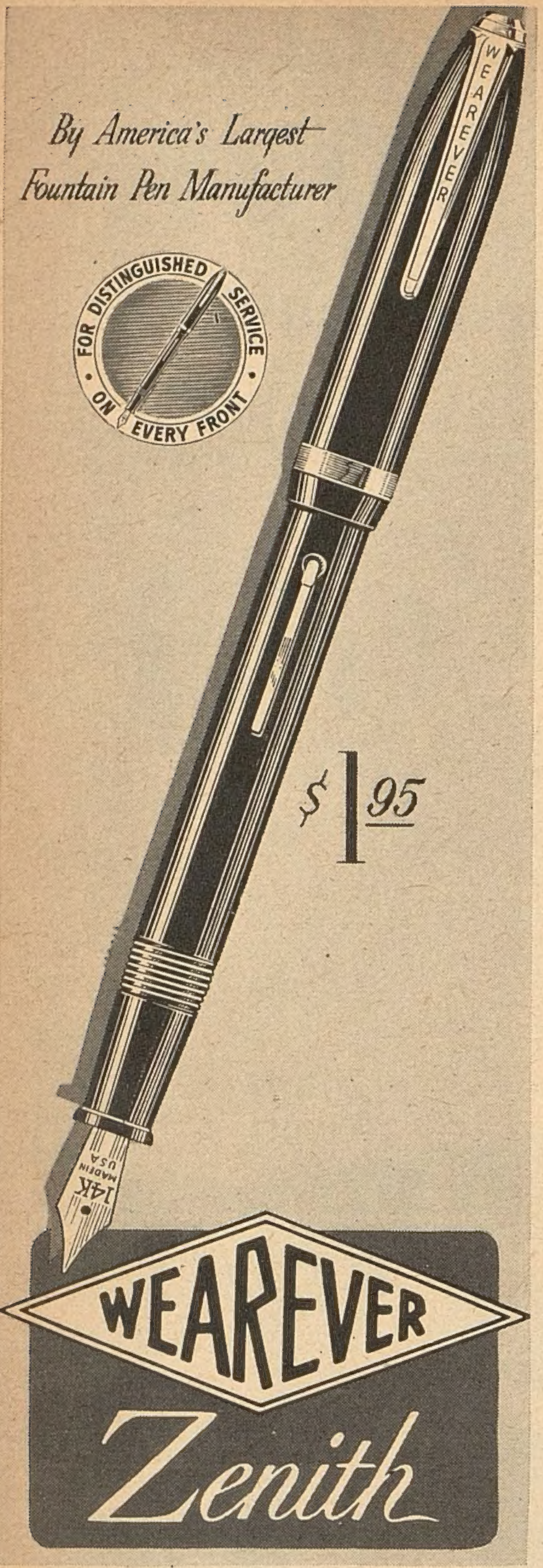
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Cover: Our healthy-as-all-outdoors water skier is Miss Barbara Chambliss, student at Florida State College. Miss Chambliss, photographed in the Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Florida, is considered the outstanding water-skiing champion.

(PHOTOGRAPHED BY HAROLD KULICK)

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Liberty, August 12, 1944. Vol. 21, No. 33. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17. N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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PEEK AT PAST FILES?

Rectory, Va.—I feel that our liberties are being threatened at home as never before, while our boys are away dying for freedom

During this election year we should study records and demand definitions—as never before.

I don't want Fascism in the guise of the Republican Party. Specifically, I refer to the proposed Constitutional amendment to limit the presidential stay in office to two terms. When the Republicans can't beat a man in open, free election, they try to use underhanded, artificial methods to do it. We'd better wake up! They throw sand in our eyes, while they curtail the freedom of the electorate.

The voters have the only right to say who shall be President and for how long.

I suppose the Republican Party can well afford a law against a third term, since their men can't even get a second!—*(Mrs.) Anna M. McMichael.*

FOND OF OLD-FASHIONED FLICKERS

Chicago, Ill.—Your two-page picture spread—Twenty Years Big—(July 1 Liberty) afforded me a great deal of pleasure. I would enjoy seeing more of these old-time pictures in your magazine.—*M. Rummel.*

"I'M MISUNDERSTOOD"

Algoma, Miss.—I'm just wondering how many of Mr. David Brinkley's toes were mashed by Senator Bilbo in order to cause Brinkley to write such an article on the Mayor of Washington. I know all you "Yankees" must have enjoyed the article, but what you probably don't know is that Senator Bilbo has always been known as the most lied about Mississippian ever to make a stump speech.

Try getting a man who isn't so prejudiced next time you need an article written on The Man—Bilbo.—*A. V. Smith.*

TWO VOTERS SPEAK UP

Worcester, Mass.—Your article Roosevelt's Place in War Strategy, by Michael Degnan (July 1 Liberty) is, beyond doubt, the greatest farce I ever read. Degnan appears to be a facetious and desperate Republican.

Roosevelt's part in the war effort is a tremendous and vital factor. This is generally accepted, even if Mr. Degnan doesn't think so. It was the President, Mr. Degnan will remember, who instigated the draft when our military leaders and our Congress called the act unnecessary. F. D. R. also called for war materials, which were deemed impossible to make in the numbers asked, and which are now a reality largely through the President's administrative genius.—*M. K. Rasnick.*

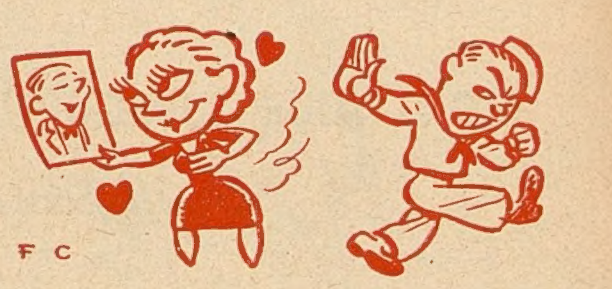
Omaha, Neb.—At this "auspicious" time you have printed an article by Mr. Degnan belittling to the world and our fighting soldiers the war activities of their Commander in Chief, President Roosevelt. Won't you please be fair enough to print another article by someone of different caliber? This second article should set forth the immense importance of our outstanding wartime President in the successful prosecution of this, the best administered war in the history of our Nation.

When I subscribed for Liberty I little thought it would develop into a sly Republican propaganda magazine.—*Mrs. A. M. Searson.*

Liberty is non-partisan; prints facts, not propaganda. President Roosevelt himself would be the first to admit that he is not responsible for our *military* strategy.—Vox Pop Editor.

WARNING—TO SINATRA FANS

c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.—This is an open letter to Miss Shirley Primack, but anyone can read it:



I have just read your little note (March 18 Vox Pop) and I'd like to know where you get all this Dream Boy stuff. Yes, there are a lot of us who admit that Sinatra is a good singer, but do you *have* to half faint at the sight of this Supercrooner?

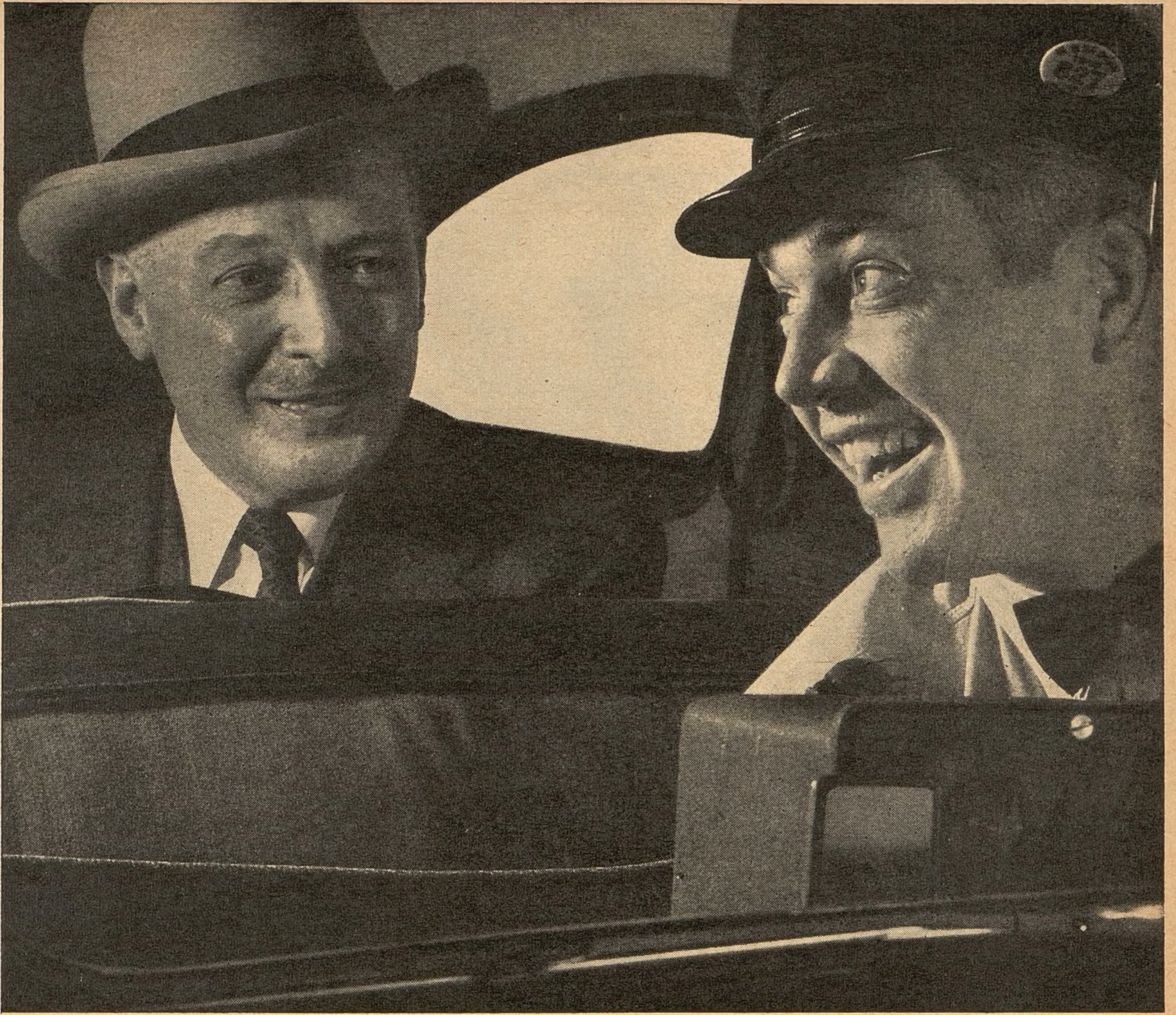
You also spoke of us wondering if you are a moron. Frankly, yes, we are still wondering.

The first time my date gives a demonstration like yours over the Dream boy, she will carry her little frame home without the aid of this Navy lad!!—*J. E. Laurence, RM 1/c.*

ALL IN FAVOR SHOUT "NEIGH"

Dimmick, Ill.—After reading the article on De Valera I am convinced that he is

(*Continued on page 8*)



BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"It's more than a car—it's my job"

PASSENGER: "Seems natural to be riding in a Plymouth. Got one myself back home and I'm counting on it to outlast the war. It's a great car."

TAXI DRIVER: "I'll say—and it's more than a great car to me. It's *my job!* Maybe you've noticed how many Plymouth cabs there are in every city. Taxicabs really have to take it—and Plymouths are built to *stand up*."

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(*Continued from page 6*)

the only leader of a nation today that has any horse sense.—*Ann Howe.*

STRIPES AND BARS

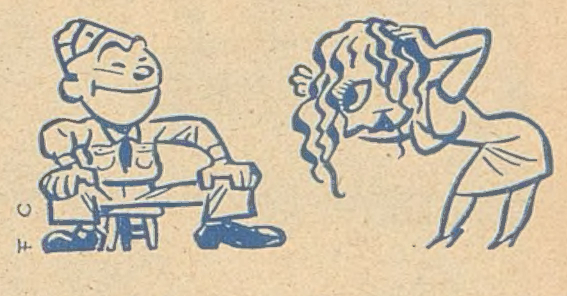
Los Angeles, Calif.—It seems the article Washington Is Undercrowded (May 20 Liberty) has created a general feeling of animosity among enlisted men and one serviceman in particular. He writes that there are just as many gentlemen among enlisted men as there are among officers.

Personally, I cannot picture an average, intelligent girl coming to the definite conclusion that "if a man isn't an officer, he isn't a gentleman." Such an opinion would be narrow-minded and prejudiced. I like an individual for his particular characteristics and not for the gold braid or bars on his uniform.—*M. T. R.*

Unfortunately, *ALL* girls are not "average," let alone "intelligent."—Vox Pop Editor.

BAIT FOR THE SAILOR

Los Angeles, Calif.—In regard to R. J. T., Y1/c's letter concerning the article Washington Is Undercrowded, I'd like him to know he's one hundred per cent O. K. Sure there's a lot of gals who give the G. I. the go-by look, but I think G. I.s are grand. Gold Braids are fun, but I can't let my hair down and have fun with them like I can with a G. I.



I've got a little Sailor 1/c I'm gonna hook and I wouldn't trade him for all the Gold Braid in the world!—(*Miss*) *Dolores Jette.*

ONE AIRMAN LOOKS AT THE FUTURE

Somewhere in Sicily—I'd like to say something about the article Six Airmen Look at Their Future (May 6 Liberty).

I am in the Air Corps along with thousands of other men, and, believe me, we are not relying on the people at home to hand over a position to our liking as soon as we get home. If our fighting men return with the feeling that they are too good or too smart to return to their former jobs, we will have a great labor shortage.

Also, if all of the boys in the infantry, say, who gave up their jobs or quit school, have to rely on what they have learned in the Army to make their way in the future, we will have a lot of gangsters. I bet that if you offer one of these boys the chance to return to his job or go back to school he will be tickled to death.

The officers who complained in your article about postwar jobs are making much more money than the enlisted men. But can they win the war by themselves? Have they given up any more than the rest of the average men who are in the Army? If the Flying officer insists on one particular position and refuses to go back to his former job, what is the use of his employer to plan on his return?

We enlisted men in the Air Corps do not feel that way at all. We cannot hold ourselves superior to anyone else because that is precisely what we are fighting against.—*Pfc. E. C. Walker*

Liberty
Book: EISENHOWER MAN AND SOLDIER
CONGRESS DEBATES MEDICAL CARE FOR

NEXT WEEK

✓ **EISENHOWER: MAN AND SOLDIER**

By Francis Trevelyan Miller

Meet General Eisenhower—one of the most famous men of America today. Here are authentic and revealing glimpses of his typically American boyhood, his West Point days, his Army career, and the magnificent qualities of character that made him the logical choice for one of the decisive responsibilities of world history.

✓ **SHALL WE TAX OURSELVES TO PAY THE DOCTOR?**

By Helen Weigel Brown

The Wagner-Dingell-Murray bill, which includes compulsory health insurance, is before Congress. Here's what it is, what it costs, and what you'll get—if it's passed.

✓ **HITLER'S SECRET WEAPONS**

By William van Narvig

The Nazi talk of new weapons of destruction hasn't all been bluff. But the master minds fall short, because the Allies get wise and gum up the works. Here's how they do it.

✓ **LITTLE MISS SMARTY**

By Elizabeth Wilson

Anne Baxter's grandfather is a genius, and movie directors and critics call her a little genius. But Anne's happy if you call her dumb—and beautiful!

✓ **"I DO"—BY APPOINTMENT**

By Juliet Bridgman

The business of marrying other people off is not new perhaps. But the way Clara Lane does it makes news—and more business.

✓ **HAY FEVER GETS THE NEEDLE**

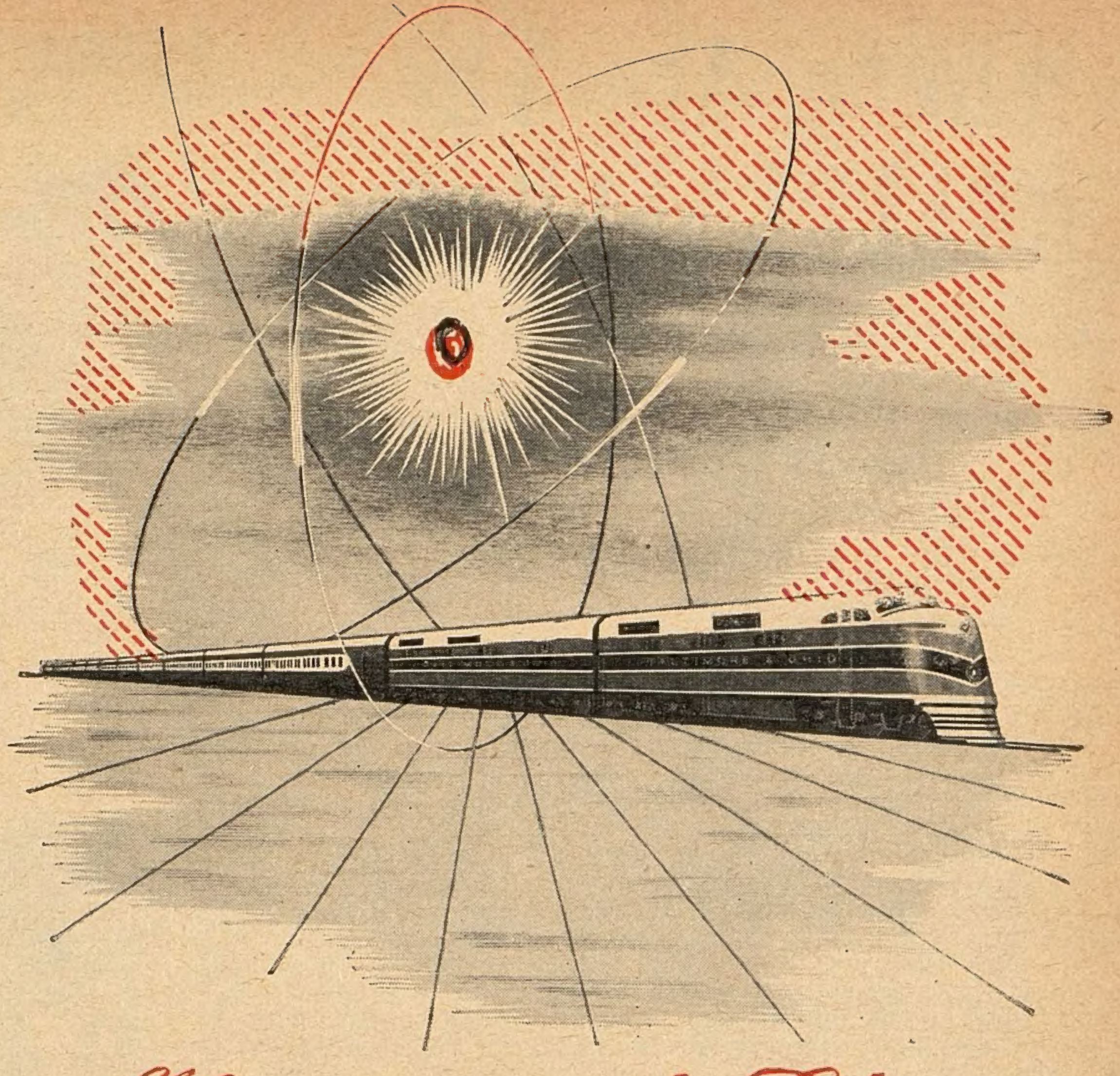
By Priscilla Jaquith

Not to be sneezed at is this good news for millions of hay-fever sufferers—news of a new, swift, simple treatment to banish those agonizing harchews!

✓ **DINK'S DOUBLE HERITAGE**

By Darby St. John

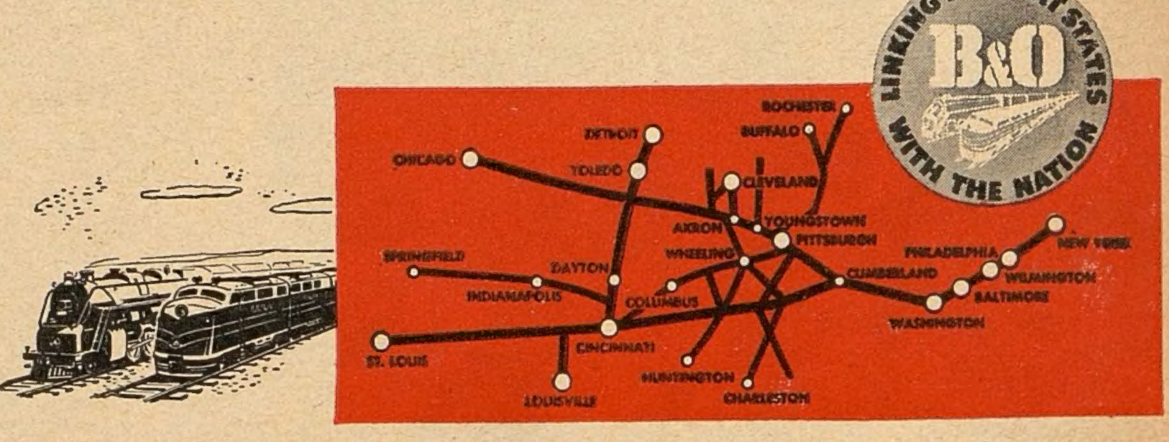
In this story it was anybody's guess how Dink would handle his inheritance, and even his girl didn't dream that he would invest it so wisely—and why.



Harnessing the Electron

FOR FASTER, SAFER RAIL TRAVEL

YESTERDAY, electronics was the dream of science. Today it directs the fire of big naval guns, detects the presence of enemy aircraft, and treats diseases hitherto considered incurable. Tomorrow, the power of the mighty electron may aid in bringing more speed, increased safety to rail travel. ★ Even now, some of America's outstanding scientists are exploring the use of electronics in railroading. Studies and experiments for the Baltimore & Ohio, for example, are being made to determine the applications of electronics in radio communication between stations and trains and between train crews—all with an eye to increasing post-war speed and safety. ★ The "harnessing of the electron" is one of the many projects currently being undertaken by the Baltimore & Ohio so that it may bring to its post-war customers the finest in rail service.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BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

Where Are The BALLPLAYERS?

Big-league ballplayers are popping up all over the world's battle fronts, and some have taken healthy cuts at the enemy. Here's the line-up

BY BILL STERN and BILL RAE

WHERE have the ballplayers been?

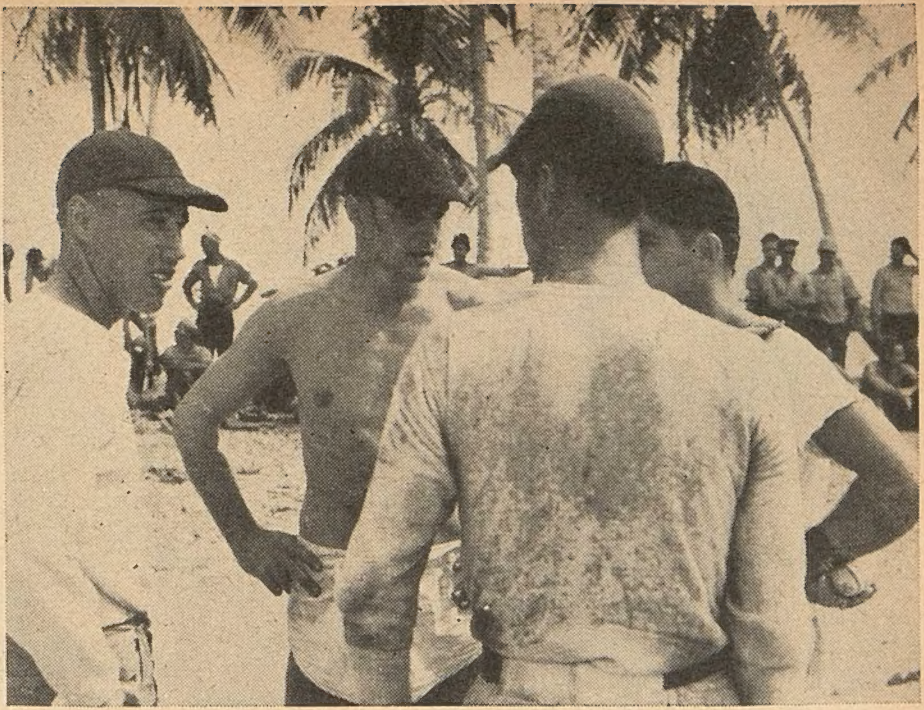
A lot of people have been asking that question for the past couple of years. Some really wanted to know. Others just wanted to give their own answer: "They're fighting the war from the third-base dugout of Camp This or Camp That right here in these United States. That's where they are."

They were often right, too, but not always just. A lot of commanding officers at camps and posts throughout the country liked to have a good ball team around. If Camp Tisket could hang one on Camp Tasket, 26 to 2, for example, the morale of the boys at Camp Tisket would be as high as a P-38. Thus, when a good ballplayer came along, it wasn't unusual for a camp commander to put him in the "station complement," the permanent post group, and there he'd stay and play for the improvement of the morale.

Consequently, major-league players didn't seem to get to do much in the war. But recently somebody in the Army suggested that the combat units could do with a little morale, too, and something ought to be done about it. Lieutenant Commander Larry MacPhail, former panjandrum of the Brooklyn Dodgers, had a hand in it, and General George C. Marshall, chief of staff, and Lieutenant General Brehon D. Somervell, Army Service Forces, seconded the motion. Now the better part of those men held for sports duty—some 280 ballplayers alone—have been assigned to combat units, and the question will answer itself soon enough.

But even before the Army's change in policy, ballplayers were finding their way to the fighting fronts. They were doing their part and some of them were being wounded—and you don't ask more of anybody. The record is far from complete, because ballplayers usually aren't good at letter writing, and those who are don't tell much of what they're doing. But some things are known.

Lt. Com. George Earnshaw, gunnery officer on a carrier, informs his crew that they have two strikes on the Japs.


Gun Captain Bob Feller (left) pitches ack-ack at the Japs in the Pacific, then plays ball on an island taken from them.

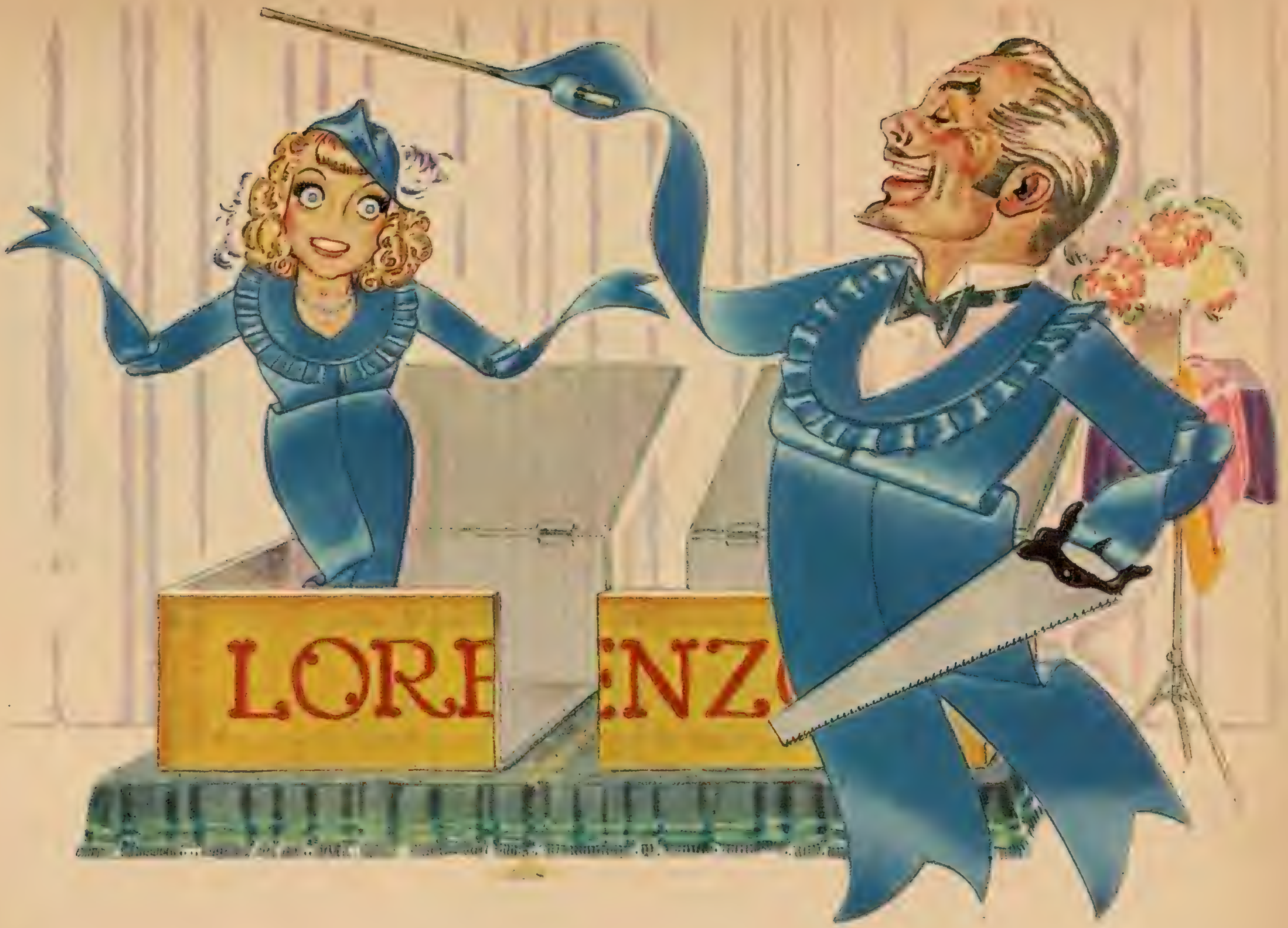
M/Sgt. Zeke Bonura, the "Judge Landis of North Africa," shows some Army nurses how to hit one up into Mabel's room.

For example, Buddy Lewis, third baseman and outfielder for the Washington Senators, recently received the Distinguished Flying Cross for his part in one of the most hair-raising exploits of the war—the sneak landing of Wingate's Raiders 200 miles behind Japanese lines in Burma last March. Because of the peculiar hazards under which it was carried out, it rates as the outstanding aerial operation of the war to date.

As one of the original members of Colonel Phil Cochran's hand-picked First Air Commandos, Buddy Lewis was in it from start to finish. After having enlisted as a G. I. in November, 1941, Buddy went to flying school, won his wings in December, 1942, and was flying in the Troop Transport Command at Lawson Field until last December. Then Colonel Cochran took him to India.

On the first night of that now famous air-borne adventure, March 5-6, Lewis, as a pilot of one of the huge C-47 transports, towed a pair of the gliders crammed with American engineers and Wingate Raiders on the three-hour haul over treacherous mountains and enemy-occupied territory—and without fighter escort. Army men say it was the most difficult glider tow ever attempted. Buddy, then a lieutenant, got his gliders to the appointed spot, cut them loose, and returned to India.

But the second night he landed his lumbering transport in the selfsame jungle clearing where twenty-four hours earlier the ragged, tangled terrain had cost the lives of thirty of the glider-borne troops and injured thirty-three others in a horror of wreckage. Stories of the operation make much of the "airfield" built in a day, and it was a miraculous (*Continued on page 52*)



Lorenzo, the wizard—a famous magician

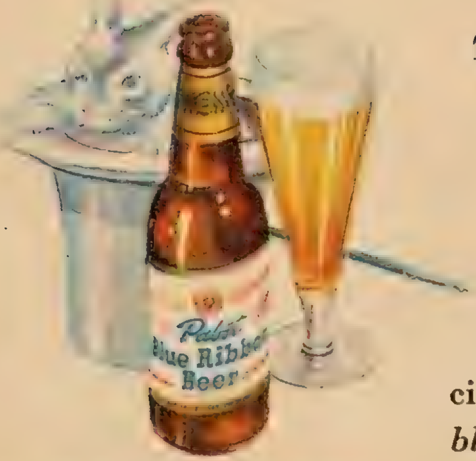
Came to Blue Ribbon Town on a USO mission...

At fund-raising he was a super-success,
His abracadabra astounded the press—
He pulled rabbits galore out of gentlemen's hats
And sawed up the ladies like bundles of slats;

Then up jumped a man with a glass in his hand—
"Here's a sample of magic that I understand—"
Lorenzo took one taste and shouted, "'Tis clear
There's no better magic than Blue Ribbon Beer!"

* * *

There's 100 years of brewing skill in every delicious drop of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. *Full-flavor blending* from 33 fine brews gives Pabst its unchanging *goodness*—its matchless taste and flavor. Order it with confidence . . . serve it with pride . . . for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer—no finer blend—than Pabst Blue Ribbon.



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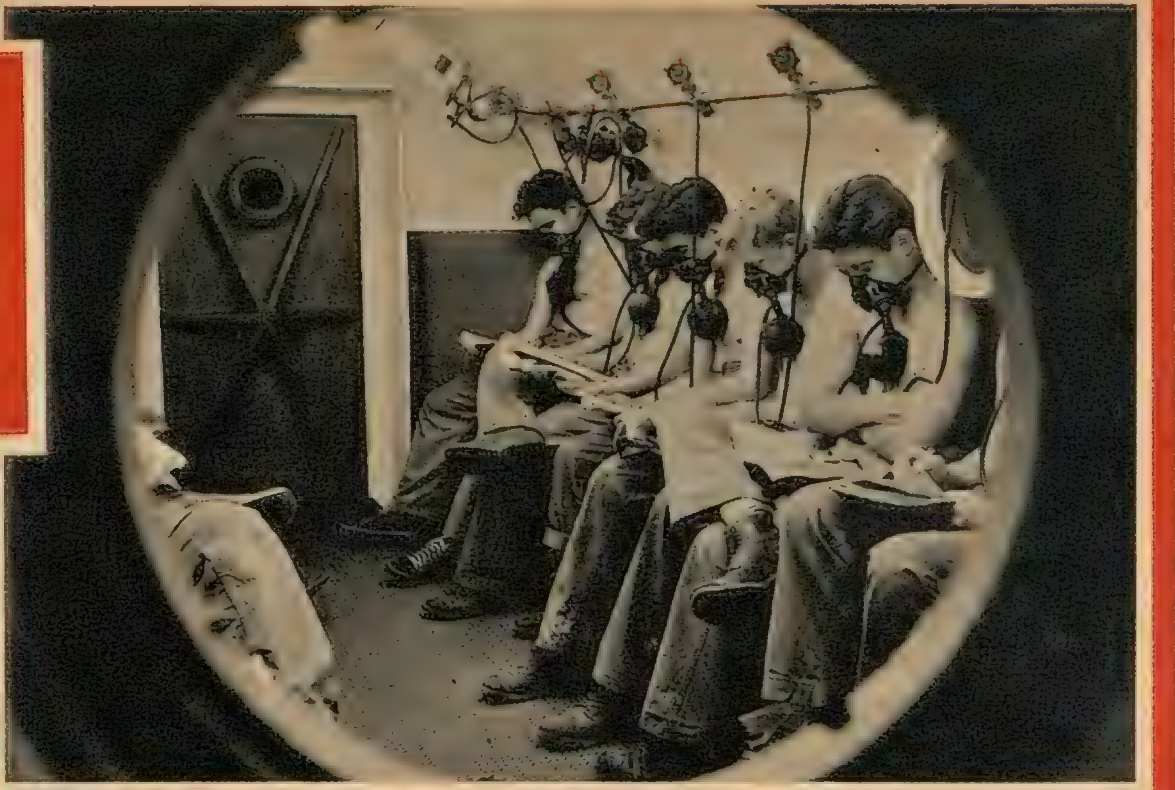
TUNE IN! PABST BLUE RIBBON ON THE AIR EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT. CBS—8:00 P.M. EWT

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Gunnery students in the A. A. F. getting high-altitude training in a chamber which simulates the atmosphere encountered several miles high.

Italy a Proving Ground

The Italian campaign seemed to move very slowly during the past winter, but it was an excellent proving and training ground for our Air Forces. The lessons learned in Italy are being put to good use in France today.

Our tactical air operations got their first real chance to snuff out enemy lines of communication when Sicily was invaded. Here was an island with but one port—Messina. It didn't take very long to block off Messina. Once the Germans lost the chief key to their supply lines, the jig was up.

In Italy the job took longer, but the rapid movement of our armies northward through Rome, once the Cassino line was broken, is a very good illustration of what is meant by tactical operations. Our Air Forces had broken every single rail line moving down from the north of Italy—and kept them broken. Every highway was kept under surveillance. The Germans not only moved supplies with the greatest difficulty, but had to do most of the moving at night.

Thus in Italy the tactical air operations not only included the isolation of a particular battlefield, but attacks on means of transportation over which the enemy tried to escape. In a recent statement on this type of operations, the Army Air Forces said, "Tactical air operations are not an isolated phase of a battle. They are carried out in close conjunction with ground operations. Their success is not to be judged by the number of airplanes employed over the front or the number of sorties flown, but only by how well the over-all battle plan is carried out."

A Look at the B-29

Early in May your On the Beam editor had the extreme pleasure of an hour's flight in the huge B-29 Superfortress which the Twentieth Air Force is going to be using with increasing frequency on the milk run to Japan. It was at the Boeing Aircraft plant at Wichita, Kansas, in connection with a press preview of our largest aerial weapon.

The four-engined bomber is so large that when you are in the central or rear portion you feel quite lost—you feel far away from the cockpit. And indeed you are!

The sensation of flying is much different from flying in a smaller craft. There aren't any sharp movements up and down or sideways. You have the feeling of being lifted through the skies inside a huge lumbering goliath. There is no real sense of speed although the B-29 has tremendous power and covers the width of a state such as Kansas in no time at all.

With a gross weight of about twice that of a B-17 Flying Fortress, the B-29 has a wing span of 114 feet. (The original Wright plane flew less than that distance in its first flight in history in 1903.) The four Wright Cyclone engines, each rated at 2,200 horsepower for take-off and 2,000 rated horsepower, provide an enormous amount of power for a single airplane. The four-bladed Hamilton Standard propellers each have a diameter of 16½ feet.

The B-29's length is 96 feet, which is a lot of area if you mark it off in terms of the street in front of your house. Its height is 27 feet.

It is heavily armed with .50-caliber machine guns and a 20-millimeter cannon. Power turrets and multiple gun installations are used. All in all, the B-29 is one of the most powerfully armed airplanes in the world, in addition to having the speed of a pursuit plane and a range far beyond anything now in service.

Now that the B-29 has gone into operation against the strategic targets of Japan, the heavy bombers we have known in the past—the Boeing B-17 and the Consolidated Vultee B-24—have been relegated to the medium class. And the medium bombers are now being relegated to the tactical class.

Don't expect daily attacks on Japan at this time. Every pound of supplies for the B-29s, including especially all gasoline, must be flown "over the Hump" from India to China. Not until we can operate these planes from bases served by uninterrupted surface supply lines will we be able to fly frequent schedules to the Nip homeland. In the meantime every raid on strategic targets in Japan will be sorely felt by the Nips' war industry. The B-29 is but a grim warning of what is to come.

Plane Emphasis Changes

Look for sharp realignments from now on in the aircraft manufacturing program. The peak of aircraft production having passed several months ago, the emphasis is on the very heaviest of bombers and long-range fighters. By the end of this year the output of medium bombers and of the heretofore heavy bombers will be substantially reduced. Trainer output is off two thirds from the 1943 production, while gliders are off at least 90 per cent.

Already certain contracts have been terminated. The Brewster fighter for the Navy went out some time ago. Then cam the Douglas A-20, which has served purpose. The Navy curtailed produc of the new Budd Conestoga cargo p and many other production orders h been leveled off or pared somewhat. Ge erally speaking, contracts won't be cu radically until one of two things happens: either there is no more use for that type of aircraft, or the war looks so good that no further production is necessary. Balancing cutbacks is increased production of new and secret models.

Another generalization: nothing much new will be added as far as Europe is concerned—the planning and production were completed in 1943. From now on the emphasis is on equipment needed against Japan.

Biggest production program in the industry—and one that will remain until Japan is whipped—is on the Boeing B-29 Superfortress. This program dwarfs anything that has been previously attempted in aviation.

Five huge plants and hundreds of subcontractors are devoted to the B-29. These include the main Boeing plants at Seattle and Renton, Washington, and Wichita, Kansas; the Glenn L. Martin plant at Omaha, and the Bell Aircraft plant at Marietta, Georgia. In addition, the Fisher Body Division of General Motors is playing a major role in fabrication of subassemblies.

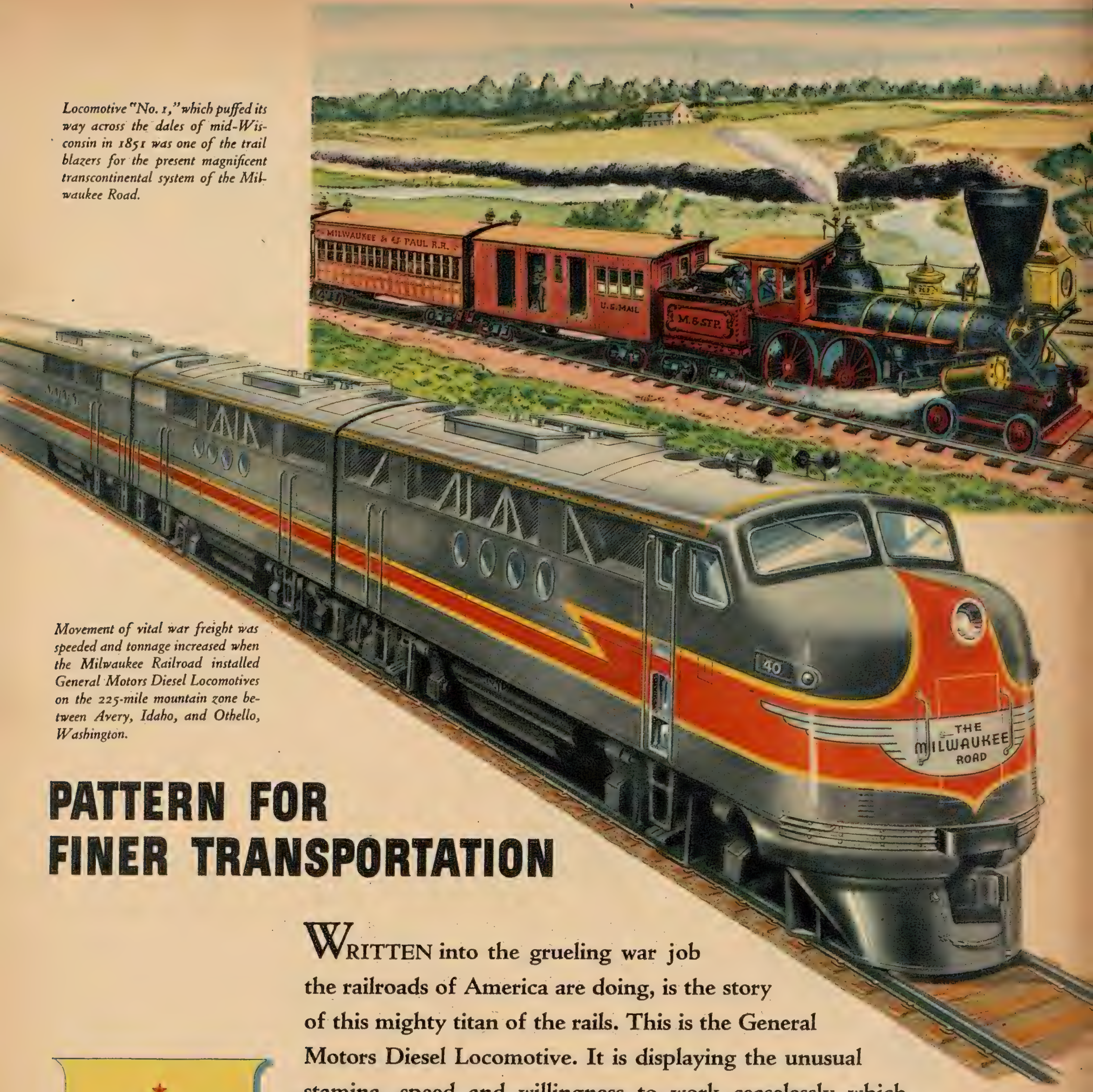
Odds and Ends

Today the A. A. F. Air Transport Command is making a scheduled trans-Atlantic crossing every twenty-two minutes, day and night.

Today the A. A. F. Air Transport Command is crossing the Pacific from California to Australia every 102 minutes every day of the week.

If you stood on a high mountain peak on the Burma-China air route, you would see a cargo airplane carrying vital war supplies to China passing overhead every twelve minutes, day and night. . . . More tonnage is carried into China by airplane today than ever moved by the old Burma Road.

Locomotive "No. 1," which puffed its way across the dales of mid-Wisconsin in 1851 was one of the trail blazers for the present magnificent transcontinental system of the Milwaukee Road.



Movement of vital war freight was speeded and tonnage increased when the Milwaukee Railroad installed General Motors Diesel Locomotives on the 225-mile mountain zone between Avery, Idaho, and Othello, Washington.

PATTERN FOR FINER TRANSPORTATION

WRITTEN into the grueling war job the railroads of America are doing, is the story of this mighty titan of the rails. This is the General Motors Diesel Locomotive. It is displaying the unusual stamina, speed and willingness to work ceaselessly which these urgent times demand. And with such tireless, low-cost, swift service these GM Diesel Locomotives are providing a pattern for finer transportation in the greater days to come.

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**KEEP
AMERICA
STRONG
BUY MORE
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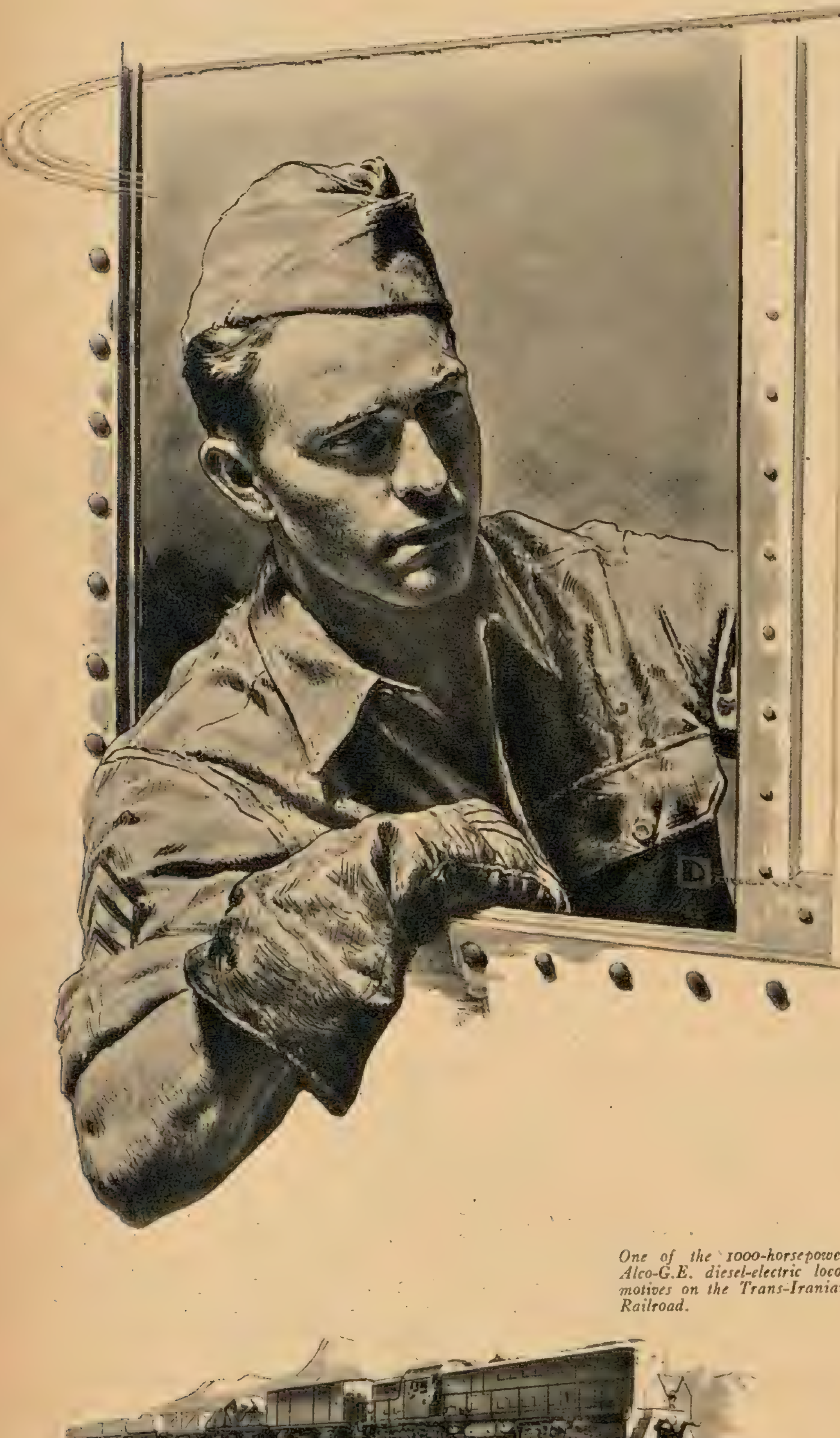
LOCOMOTIVES . . . . *ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION,* La Grange, Ill.

ENGINES . . 150 to 2000 H.P. . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio

ENGINES . . . 15 to 250 H.P. . . . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit 23, Mich.

The Boy who used to play with Trains



...is running an Engine in Iran

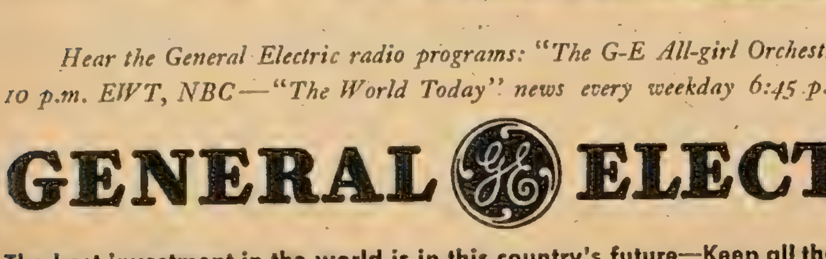
He's passing the ammunition to Russia on one of the world's wildest railroads, the Trans-Iranian line. He's boss of a brand-new Alco-G.E. engine. And he wouldn't swap jobs with the General!

The job of the engine he runs is hauling lend-lease planes and tanks and trucks for Russia—across 150 miles of desert, up a 7000-foot mountain, around 25-degree curves, through 220 tunnels—from the Persian Gulf to Teheran.

These 1000-horsepower diesel-electrics were just right to pull this combination of grades and curves. They have more than doubled the per-train load of supplies delivered to Russia. The engineers of this railroad, operated by the Military Railway Service of the Army Transportation Corps, are likely to wear a sergeant's stripes, but the locomotives wear beneath their war paint the familiar trademarks of American Locomotive and General Electric.

The same G-E engineering that produced the G-E turbosupercharger and the jet propulsion engine in the field of aviation, and the G-E all-electric kitchen for your home, is here combined with the engineering and experience of the American Locomotive Company in the field of railroad transportation. It is another example of the way G-E engineering works to meet America's needs—in war, and peace. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N.Y.*

One of the 1000-horsepower Alco-G.E. diesel-electric locomotives on the Trans-Iranian Railroad.



Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

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The best investment in the world is in this country's future—Keep all the Bonds you Buy

OLD 6000

Old 6000 is a veteran of two wars. The first electric locomotive built for the New York Central by Alco-G.E., in 1904, today she is in emergency war service, hauling cars in the Mott Haven yards. Look for her next time you ride one of the Central's crack trains into Grand Central. Her present number is 100.

Today many hundreds of Alco-G.E. electric and diesel-electric locomotives are helping American railroads in their magnificent job of serving America's wartime transportation needs. General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

William H. Davis leaving the White House. The portfolio under his arm is labeled "Montgomery Ward File."

THE GOVERNMENT'S WAGE POLICY

BY WILLIAM H. DAVIS

Chairman, National Labor Board

Often the rulings of the War Labor Board seem a bit devious, but, according to Chairman Davis, they're based on a continuing policy which he makes clear in this article

A GREAT many people nowadays are saying that wartime wages have skyrocketed. Their favorite story is the one about the lady welder in overalls who walked into an exclusive shop and peeled the price of a mink coat off a fat roll of bills.

A lot of other people claim wages are "frozen" and say wage controls keep anybody from getting a raise. And their favorite story is about asking the boss for a raise, and getting the answer: "Well, I'd like to give it to you, but the War Labor Board won't let me."

Still others say the Board decides its cases by whimsey and not on any definite principles applied without favoritism. Now, it's true that the Board makes its decisions on a case-by-case basis, but that is to avoid prejudging any case, and to give full consideration to the merits of each individual situation.

The final criticism of the government wage policy is the charge that the War Labor Board does not have the power to compel unions to accept its orders on wages.

All these sayings are often added up to mean, first, that the government has no wage policy, and, second, that its efforts to stabilize wages have met with strikes which flout the Board's authority and jeopardize the prosecution of the war. A review of the facts will show that the government does have a definite wage policy and has effectively enforced that policy by forthright measures appropriate to a democratic state in wartime.

Put very simply, the government's policy is to prevent a general advance of wages and prices in futile and destructive competition with each other, and yet permit wage increases to reduce hardship among low-wage groups or to avoid injustice to those whose wages lagged behind the general upswing in 1941.

War made necessary the control not only of wages and prices, but also of production schedules and use of manpower. War made it necessary for our factories to turn out planes and tanks instead of iceboxes and automobiles, so there has been a limited supply of the things the American consumer has been used to buying.

But the war has also put more money in the pockets of Mr. and Mrs. American Consumer. Among the wage earners, more members of the family are employed and most pay envelopes are fatter because of longer hours and increased pay rates in war industries.

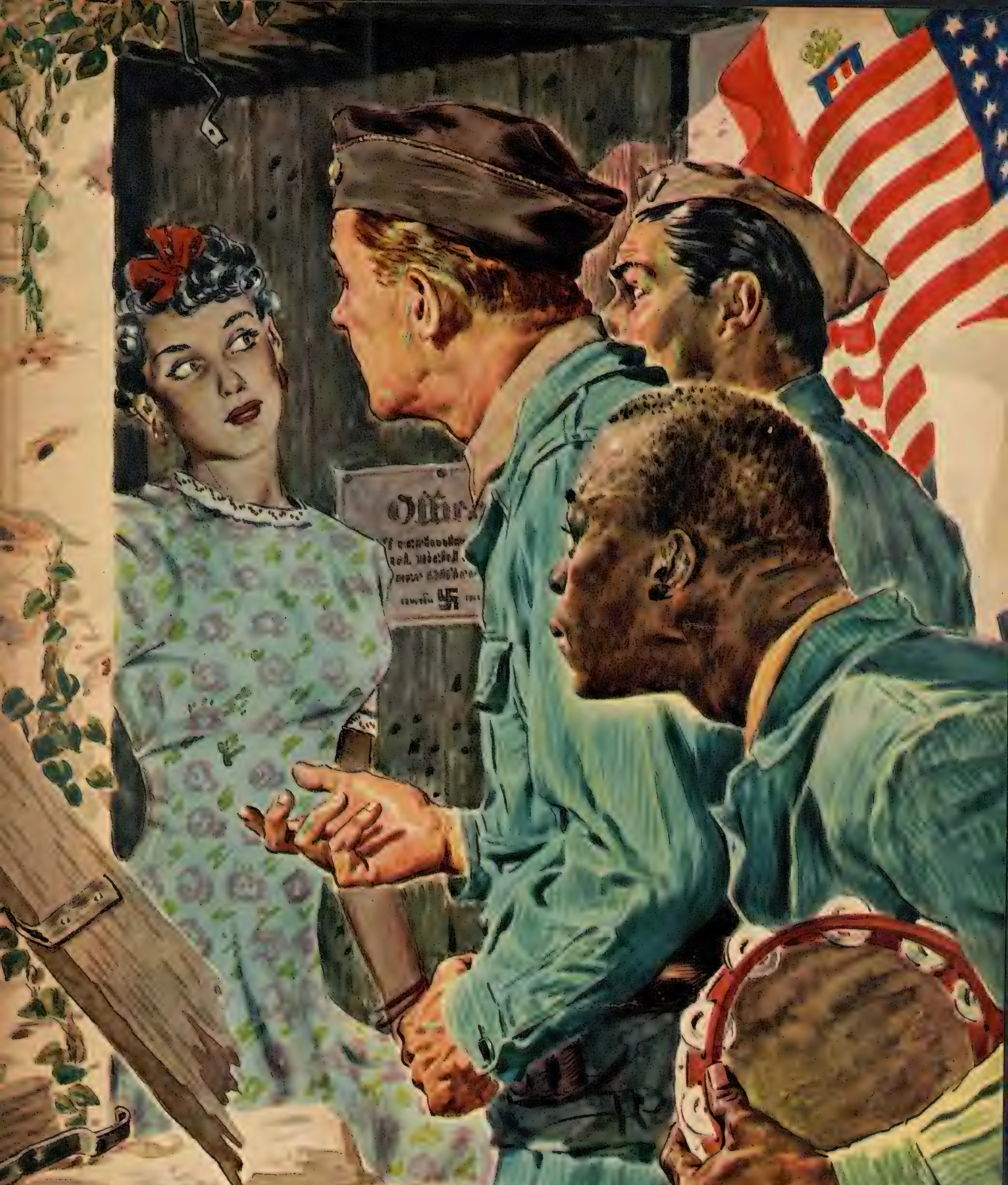
This has made a lot of money available, with less opportunity for spending it. Of course war bonds and higher taxes, increased savings and higher prices have cut into that money. But still there is more money available for spending than ever before, with fewer things to spend it on because of curtailed civilian production.

If we used this extra purchasing power to bid against our neighbors for scarce goods, sellers would seek higher prices and profits; workers would be forced to seek higher wages; prices and wages would race toward inflation—unless we put on the brakes somewhere.

Thus there are two principal reasons for us to stabilize wartime wages. First, wages are the biggest single item of war production costs. Second, rising wages, when things to buy are scarce, are one of the main causes of rising prices. Increased production costs would hit the taxpayers of today and the taxpayers of many tomorrows who must pay for the war. Increased living costs would hurt every one.

Wage earners would find that pay increases would lag behind rising prices. Business men, unable to plan costs and

(*Continued on page 62*)



The peace envoys were surprised at the door by a shy little figure, eyes enormous with fear and courage.

Another episode in the career of Clarence, the dusky hepcat, who leads a peace parade to divert a game old Italian patriot and witnesses a lightning romance

TOWER OF THE LION

BY ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

CLARENCE and his major, restored to active service by special request for the Italian invasion, found themselves at the end of a day's forced march bivouacked on the edge of a stream in which the advance construction unit, on the excuse of laundry to be done, had seized the occasion to go swimming. Torsos of various shades in ecru, café au lait, and chocolate could be seen splashing about amid a fine free lather of soapsuds, with much whooping and catcalling.

It was a cheerfully domestic scene, and one was able, almost, to forget the area of desolation through which they had lately come.

Clarence, emerging from staff headquarters with a towel tucked under one arm—also a cake of the major's favorite hand soap, being fastidious in such matters—felt a twinge of sympathy for a white officer whom dignity did not permit to enjoy himself like lesser folk.

"Boss," he suggested in passing, "I done seed a place round the bend of the crick yonder that looked like a mighty fine little separate swimmin' hole."

The officer put aside the letter he was trying to write home by a fading afterglow. "All right. Better fetch two towels while you're about it. We'll share my soap."

"Does I git to come along, too?" asked Clarence delicately.

"Why not? It won't be the first time we've gone swimming together—remember that first beach landing we made?" The officer grinned, referring to an occasion upon which he had been obliged to pull his demoralized orderly into the surf by force, under enemy fire.

That, in fact, was why Clarence happened to be present. When Herbert Simms, unable to bear enforced inactivity longer, had demanded to have his convalescent leave in Tunis rescinded, the medical officer who examined him demurred somewhat. "Of course you're rarin' to go, and God knows we need every ounce of manpower we can muster. But don't think because you've just taken that arm out of its sling that you're putting anything over, son! I bet you can't get into your tunic without help."

"Why should I, with a whole battalion of boys to service me?"

WHEN the elated major reported his success, Clarence had merely asked with resignation, "How soon do us got to leave, boss?"

"Where do you get that 'us' stuff? You're not going—you haven't got enough red corpuscles in you yet."

"Why ain't I?" demanded Clarence plaintively. "Wasn't I wrote up in the noospaper for bein' a hero? Kin anybody shave you good as me, or keep yo' boots shined dull, the way you like? Don't need no red corpses in my blood for that!"

"But you're supposed to be invalided home on the next transport. Besides, what would Fatma say to being ditched so soon by her brand-new bridegroom?"

The other pushed out his lips in a lordly manner. "No gal ain't got no say-so about what does I do or what don't I do. Anyway, Fatma knows you ain't fitten to take care of yo'self alone. And that white A-rab lady, that Mrs. Sahalli she used to work for, 'lowed she'd be mighty glad to have her back to help in the horspittle kitchen again. Her and little Fat'll be O. K. here till I come back for 'em."

So, on Major Simms' request, Private Teeters' furlough for recuperation had also been postponed.

"It isn't as if you were asking for combat service," said his friend in the medical service. "All that's required of your lot," he went on dryly, "is to level a mountain here and there, and drain a few swamps, and deflect a river occasionally, and shore up threatening landslides, and rebuild whatever bridges are out. This sure is an engineers' war we've got ourselves into, Simms!"

"Yes, sir," agreed the Kentuckian. "I'm mighty lucky to be in that branch."

Clarence did not see it quite that way. He found himself, under the major's hortatory eye, doing such things as wading ashore under bombardment to lay carpets of wire netting over the sand for following tanks; or picking a way through terrain full of treacherous antipersonnel bombs, which had to be removed, quite personally, by hand. When dive bombers were too active, he developed a talent for inserting himself into holes that might have daunted a weasel. For the major had a disconcerting habit of himself accompanying any group selected to blaze the dangerous trail ahead; and wherever he went Clarence went also.

Thus there existed between the two men a camaraderie which caused them now, as a bullet zipped past the spot where both stood stripped for bathing, each to think of the other first. "Scram!" ordered the major briefly; while Clarence, even in the act of diving, yelled, "Lay down, boss, so's you won't show up so good!"

The officer, from behind an ancient olive tree, made cautious reconnaissance. He had ceased to expect active enmity or even interest from the numbed, apathetic peasantry. Only when the field kitchen came lumbering up did all the natives within smelling distance emerge to hang around these well-nourished, cheerful dark-skinned invaders, grateful for such crumbs as might and did fall. The retreating Germans had, as always, left a countryside stripped of foodstuff of any variety. It became advisable, since the unit was not running a free soup kitchen, to bivouac whenever possible in open country, well out of the way of starving villages.

Now, however, the major saw that the area selected was not quite so devoid of habitation as he had hoped. On the far bank of the stream an olive grove mounted by rocky terraces a steep hillside, on top of which, almost indistinguishable from the sparse foliage, stood an old gray ruin of a house, one end boasting a rather incongruous crenelated watchtower, while the other end was half fallen into a mass of rubble. One slope of the hill showed deep scars and corrugations, as if from recent shellfire; or more probably, the American thought uncomfortably, bombs from their own planes. The house, set with its back against a higher slope behind, had obviously been occupied by the retreating enemy. There were no signs of life. Yet when he tentatively held out a stick surmounted by his forage cap, immediately a second and a third shot from above drilled accurate holes through it.

"Whoever that peashooter may be, he's a damn good marksman!" muttered the American. "But I have a suspicion there's only one of him. We'd better go up and see."

"Who? Us?" protested Clarence from the water, above which only a sleek wet head was visible. "Looks like it'd be mo' sensible, boss, ef we was to wait till it gits real dark, and then let some of the boys sort of ease up there."

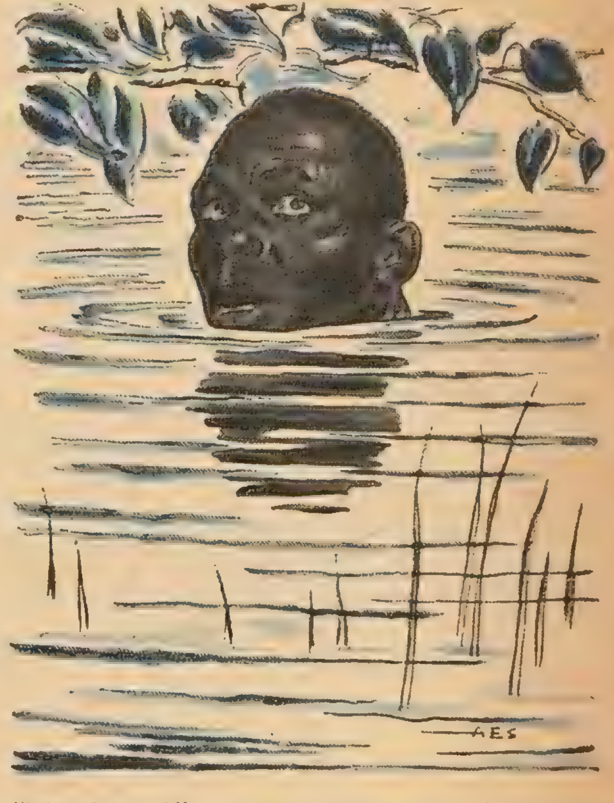
"It might," agreed the major, "if there weren't going to be a moon tonight. So one of us is going to ease up there now and take a look-see first. And I suspect, Clarissa, it'd better be you. You won't show so much in the dusk."

"Yessuh," said Clarence, swallowing.

"What I want you to do," the officer continued, "is to snoop around, get close enough to find out what goes on."

Around the bend of the river the labor unit was still audibly skylarking, while a delicate aroma of cabbage and frying bacon scented the deepening twilight. Clarence, as he flitted from tree to tree, Indian fashion, thought wistfully, I sho does hope that hog meat ain't all et up befo' I gits to it! From the region above him no lights showed anywhere, except one ghostly flicker of candle gleam from the topmost tower.

There were no trees near the house for cover, but a giant bougainvillaea vine mantled the walls. Up this natural ladder Clarence swarmed expertly, a shadow among shadows, until he was able to look directly into the rear tower window.



"Who? Us?" protested Clarence from the water, only his sleek wet head visible.

It was a bare interior, containing merely a table, a pallet bed, and a swivel chair placed to command the full view at front and sides. In the chair, with its back to him, sat a gray-headed figure, with a long rifle barrel steadied on the rung of a

(*Continued on page 64*)

RADIOPHOTOS FROM SOVFOTO

An American air base but it's in Soviet Russia. A Fortress crew dresses for the shuttle trip back west.

WE CAPTIVATE RUSSIA BY AIR

BY MAURICE HINDUS

American air base, U. S. S. R., by cable.

IN the early afternoon of Friday, June 2, as I was standing near the kitchen of this American air base in Russia, a colonel drew up in a jeep and said, "They'll be here in ten minutes. The correspondents will gather near the tower. Go up there immediately."

I had no more than started when the first squadron of mighty bombers dropped out of the overcast sky. Then another squadron tumbled out of the low-hanging clouds, and another, and still another. Soon the air above was swarming with flying warships. They circled about the airdromes in beautiful formation, as if they were on parade, the loud hum of their motors sounding like the roar of a gale-blown forest, and their silvery wings and bellies flashing glints of brilliance.

"History's being made!" I heard an enlisted man exclaim. In those few simple words he summarized what the hundreds of onlookers, Russians and Americans, felt deeply and instinctively. There was no military band on the airfield. There was no shouting, no handclapping, no sign of celebration. There were only silence and wonder and awareness of the historic momentousness of the event. The sight of an armada of American warships of the air, fresh from Italy and from targets in Hungary and Rumania which they had pelted with explosives, floating serenely over Russian land was too wondrous for words.

Not only was history being made, but drama—great drama. This was the first time in history, Czarist or Soviet, that a foreign fighting force of such magnitude had come deep into Russian territory *with the consent* of the Russian government, and under arrangements so simple that the men making up this force faced no more inspection than if they had arrived in their own homeland.

It was as if the barriers of geography and history, politics and economics, once deemed insurmountable, had melted away. The immediate task and the goal ahead had transcended all previous dissensions and all possible disagreements. In a nearby meadow, an old kerchiefed peasant woman was pasturing a long-horned black cow, and when she learned that the newly arrived planes and the men who piloted them were American, she made the sign of the cross and exclaimed, "The Lord be blessed!" General Ira Eaker, in command of the Allied Mediterranean Air Forces, led the expedition. As he drew cheerfully on a cigar, he said, "They've prepared these bases in a remarkably short time, and the airdromes are good. They built them more quickly than we could have done."

Target Germany gets a double dose from these shuttle bombing raids.

This was high tribute from a man so eminent in the field of military aviation. Yet one of the chief reasons for the achievement was the remarkable coöperation between the Russians and Americans who, for some time before the arrival of the general and his armada, had worked tirelessly on these bases.

At first there were no end of difficulties. The Germans had been in the territory and had left a trail of wanton, hideous wreckage in their retreat. The building in which Eaker was staying had served as headquarters for the first contingent of Americans. Shortly after their arrival, they were evacuated because a mammoth delayed-action bomb was uncovered.

But it dismayed no one and the work continued unabated. Unabated also were the understanding and good-fellowship. As I wandered about these American bases, talking with the Russians and Americans, watching them work and play together, I couldn't help reflecting that here was a new type of community—new not only in Russia but in the world.

On the first day of their acquaintance, the Americans and Russians had discovered, to their amazement and delight, how much alike they were as human beings. Of course, the men of both countries had been carefully hand-picked. Yet the unexpected discovery of an innate affinity has been a source of profound gratification to the officers and men of both countries. It has stirred no little talk and thought about its possible bearing, as a

Americans and Russians are finding out that they have a lot in common. G. I.s and the Russian equivalent.

An eyewitness account of the arrival of the first American shuttle bombers at Russian bases, together with some dope on the bases themselves and the men who man them

happy augury, on future relations between America and Russia. This discovery has been one of the most cheering incidents of this war.

Late one evening, as I was passing a hut in which American officers were living, I was attracted by the smell of coffee and frying bacon. I knocked and was invited to come in. "Join us in our little feast," said Captain Kilgoyne of Brooklyn.

I asked the officers how they were getting along with the Russians. "Fine," answered Captain Kilgoyne. "There's nothing servile about these people."

"They walk with their chins up in spite of all they've gone through," added Lieutenant Charles Hartley of New York.

"They have lots of self-respect and you can't help admiring them," remarked another lieutenant.

"They don't beg and they don't try to take advantage of you," said still another officer. "They're so different from people we've known in other countries."

The next morning I asked a group of Russian soldiers how they were getting along with the Americans. "*Khorosho*—fine," said one.

"They're cultured people," said another. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Well," came the answer, "they're so nice and clean and friendly, and they don't quarrel among themselves."

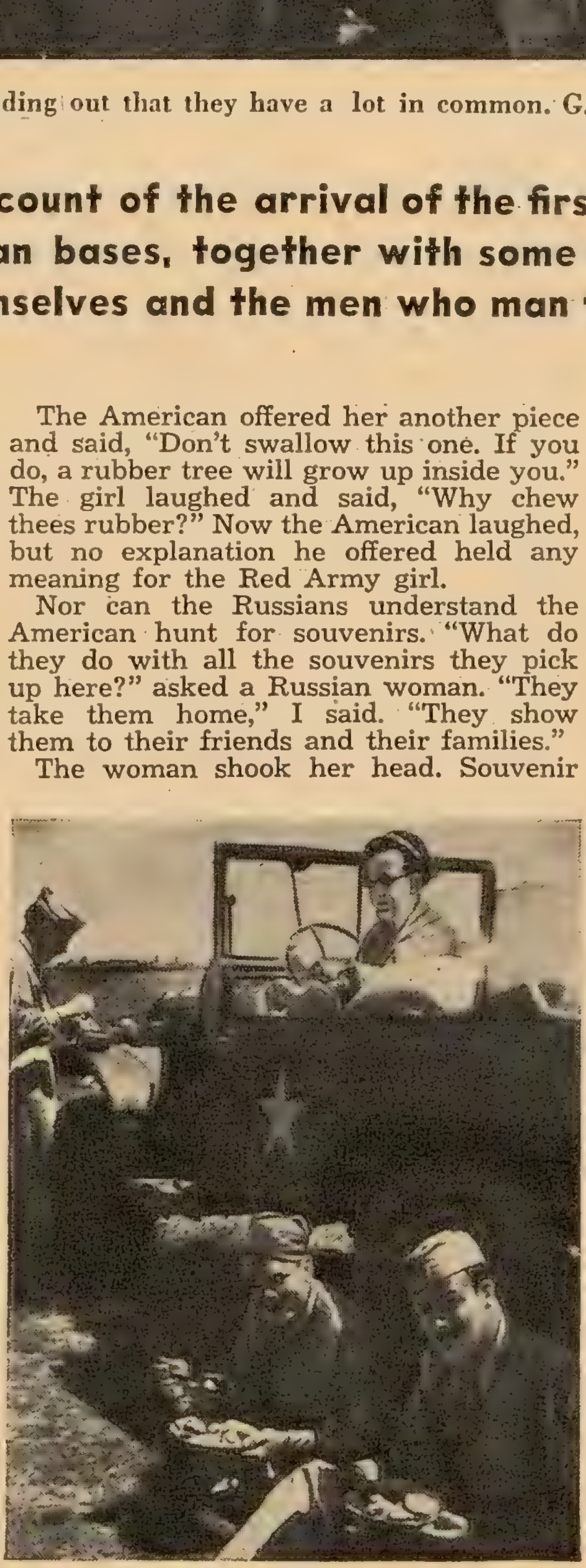
"And they don't feel superior," said another. "They are simple and democratic like ourselves."

Still, there are many things about the Americans which puzzle and amuse the Russians. Chewing gum, for example. "Have a piece," I heard an American say to a uniformed Red Army girl, "but don't swallow it." The girl chewed and chewed and then, clasping her hand to her bosom, she said, "I've swallowed it—it just went down."

The American offered her another piece and said, "Don't swallow this one. If you do, a rubber tree will grow up inside you." The girl laughed and said, "Why chew thees rubber?" Now the American laughed, but no explanation he offered held any meaning for the Red Army girl.

Nor can the Russians understand the American hunt for souvenirs. "What do they do with all the souvenirs they pick up here?" asked a Russian woman. "They take them home," I said. "They show them to their friends and their families."

The woman shook her head. Souvenir hunting has never been a Russian passion nor even a pastime. But the first thing that the American fliers who came with General Eaker did was to start a feverish search for souvenirs—Russian money, hammer-and-sickle insignia, Russian uniforms, anything they could find. The Russians watched and wondered and laughed.



Chow at the base. Joe and Ivan each think the other's food is funny.

The Russians are almost bewildered by the interminably long "short snorters," which American aviators carry about with them as devoutly as identification tags, and which they are forever filling up with new autographs. "What do they do it for?" the Russians keep asking. "For fun," Americans answer. Again the Russians shrug and wonder.

"Tell me something," asked one of the Russian woman attendants at the American officers' mess. "Why do these Americans eat so little bread?" "Because they eat so many other things," I answered. "But they are so big and strong," said the woman. "I don't understand it. We Russians would starve to death if we ate as little bread as they do."

"And why do they like their bacon fried dry as kindling wood?" asked another woman. "Because they do not like it any other way," I answered. The Russians eat their bacon raw; sandwiches of raw bacon and black bread are as universal in Russia as bortsch. "But it's tasteless when it's fried so dry," argued the woman. "Not to these Americans," I said. Again there was a Russian shrug of perplexity.

But one thing the Russians do understand and greatly admire about the Americans is their love of sports. Baseball is a game they have heard of and read about, but haven't yet learned to play. They watch Americans play it with keen interest, and it is quite possible that among other things the American Air Forces here will leave behind when they go home is a knowledge of the game, and perhaps a few teams who can play it and teach others.

There is hardly a Russian regiment that hasn't its own company of amateur entertainers, usually singers and dancers. One such company put on a program for our men in an outdoor theater built out of the ruins of large buildings which the Germans had demolished.

The dancing, with its rhythmic hopping, violent whirling, and boisterous gaiety, was so greatly appreciated by our men that they started to whistle. The Russians were embarrassed and bewildered. They have an expression, "whistle out the actor," which means if the audience doesn't like a performer, it may whistle him off the stage. The Russian entertainers concluded that the Americans didn't like their performance. Someone hurried backstage and explained that Americans whistle to show their enthusiasm. The Russians immediately reappeared and resumed singing and dancing with their wonted gaiety.

RUSSIAN names are tongue twisters for Americans; every Russian man is known here either as Tovarich or Ivan. But women's names don't lend themselves to such simplification. After all, women are women and one must show them chivalry. Yet to men from Iowa, Kansas, Texas, and Indiana such names as Klavdia, Marusia, and Tatyana are unpronounceable riddles. The men in the Army kitchen, who have a number of Russian women assistants, have solved the problem in their own way. "This one here," said Staff Sergeant Herald Carlisle of Tacoma, Washington, "is Freckles, and this one here is Miss New York."

In Russian, I asked the girl called Freckles how she liked her American name. "O. K.!" she exclaimed with an upward fling of her arm.

There is not a Russian in any of the American air bases who doesn't know this word, and all use it constantly and almost boastfully. "Hello," "swell," and "hunky-dory" are other Americanisms almost as universally known and appreciated.

Sergeant Carlisle, a tall, red-haired, freckled man, showed me a photograph he had just received of his wife and eleven-month-old baby. I passed it on to the Russian women in the kitchen.

One of these women was a widow; her husband had been killed in the war. She looked and looked at the photographs and said, "He must be lonely without his wife and baby." "Yes, very lonely," said the sergeant. "It's wonderful," she said, "when people in families love one another. That's the way we were in our family, my husband and I and our eight-year-old son." She smiled sadly and walked away.

"Russians sure are sentimental people," said an enlisted man from Buffalo. Russian sentimentality, as much as love of fun and play, song and dance, is one more reason for the remark one so often hears among Americans: "They're just like us."

Yet some things the Russians do puzzle Americans as much as fried bacon does the Russians. Consider the experience of the colonel who went for a walk in a village on his arrival in Russia. A bearded peasant, who had endured two frightful years of German occupation, was so overjoyed to see the American officer that he embraced and kissed him, Russian fashion, three times. In Russia, as in France, men's kissing men is as much a part of social usage as handshaking.

Often enough, differences in language, social setting, and established customs between peoples breed misunderstanding, exasperation, and contempt. No one has as yet observed anything of that sort at American bases in Russia. Here, on the

(*Continued on page 54*)

L'AFFAIRE SWEENEY

BY RICHARD G. HUBLER

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN THOMAS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

"AS might be expected," said Retenu, "the dictionary has not caught up with the war. I found a copy of that valuable work in the major's tent yesterday. It was an idle moment, for we were celebrating a *coup*. I will not reveal upon which branch of our brother armed services this *coup* had been executed, for that makes bad blood among us. But it is enough to say that the marines were not getting enough beer—in spite of the fact that a cargo of it had been landed by lighter on this island.

"The remedy was simple. A truck was lettered hastily with the insigne of the other branch of our forces and we drove it into line. I reported to the major that a supply of beer had found its way—mysteriously—onto our supply dump. He grunted. 'All right,' he said, 'as long as no one claims it. Did you bring any with you?' I gave him a bottle and took one myself. It was at this moment that my eye fell upon the dictionary and I remembered Tarawa and *l'affaire* Sweeney."

The wiry little marine sergeant was instructing a detail in the niceties of securing supplies. It was a hot afternoon and Retenu had decreed a rest. Along the shore of Eniwetok, under the palms which swayed like punkahs in the trade wind, he told his story. He had suffered a wound in the thigh in the assault on Tarawa, and now, though it was healed, he would not be considered cured until he had a longer rest. While he was resting, however, the high command thought it only appropriate that he should help unload supplies.

"As I say," continued Retenu, lighting a cigarette, "the dictionary was stupid enough to define bulldozer as 'one who intimidates by threats of physical violence; a bully.' It added, as an afterthought, that there used to be a big California revolver by that name.

"There is nothing in the definition to suggest that a bulldozer might be a participant in a love affair. The thought, for example, of a marine having a bulldozer as a sweetheart is enough to keep the philological phantoms scandalized for ages. But such is the fact of the matter.

"The bulldozer of the South Pacific is really a powerful tractor, as you know, with a gigantic steel blade in front of it. When war broke out, the bulldozer was still a home body. It had never traveled. But within a few months it became one of the best-known tools in the world.

"The bulldozer I am talking about—Minnie—started out as a bright-red new bulldozer at Midway. She lost her rosy aspect first to the dust of her work and next to a coat of gray camouflage paint. On Midway she became a veteran and met her first and only love, Corporal Alf Sweeney.

"Sweeney was a member of the Fifth Engineers of the Second Marine Air Wing. He was sandy-haired and lank, with knots of muscle bulging over his freckled frame. He liked to work with a quid of chewing tobacco in one cheek, a pair of ragged green dungarees belted around him, and scuffed Marine field shoes on his feet. The rest of him was bare except for his I. D. tags and the crushed fatigue hat he occasionally put on as a concession to the Pacific sun.

"The first time he saw Minnie, she was coyly waiting in the shade of a gigantic piece of coral. Sweeney reversed his quid and climbed up into the seat. He jazzed the engine into life and swung Minnie around like a girl at a square dance. As the bulldozer waltzed on one track, Sweeney caught her with the brake and pointed the blade at the coral. Minnie blissfully went through it with a grinding crash that filled the air with dust and coral splinters.

" 'Hell!' remarked Sweeney. He had got a mouthful of skeletal polyp. He spat out his quid and got off Minnie, who was still trembling. He walked around to the side of the bulldozer and patted the blade.

" 'Good girl!' he grunted. He bit off another chew of tobacco and walked away."

Retenu shook his head and smiled.

"Where Sweeney went thereafter, Minnie went also. It was the team of Minnie and Sweeney that filled in the crater pocks of the Midway strips. It was Sweeney who landed, sitting regally on Minnie, just after the first waves had swashed up the beach at Guadalcanal. All through the swelter of the days of August and September, Sweeney and Minnie toiled away at the airfield that the Japanese had left half completed. In spite of her age—she was more than a year old—the elderly bulldozer jounced like a teen-year-old with pride as she rattled over the steel matting that formed the main landing strip of Henderson Field. She had helped build it.

"Minnie, with Sweeney lying just beside her in the foxhole she had dug, endured the blasting bombardment of the middle of October. Some fragments of sixteen-inch shells went through her blade. One tore up the seat, but none hit the Diesel which was Minnie's heart. She went into action that night filling in the holes in the runways by the dim light of kerosene bombs.

"Minnie got battered. Sweeney got haggard. Sometimes he had to beg gas and oil for her; occasionally he sneaked off and drained the gas from the tanks of wrecked airplanes that littered the edge of Henderson Field in heaps. He took better care of her requirements than of his own sometimes.

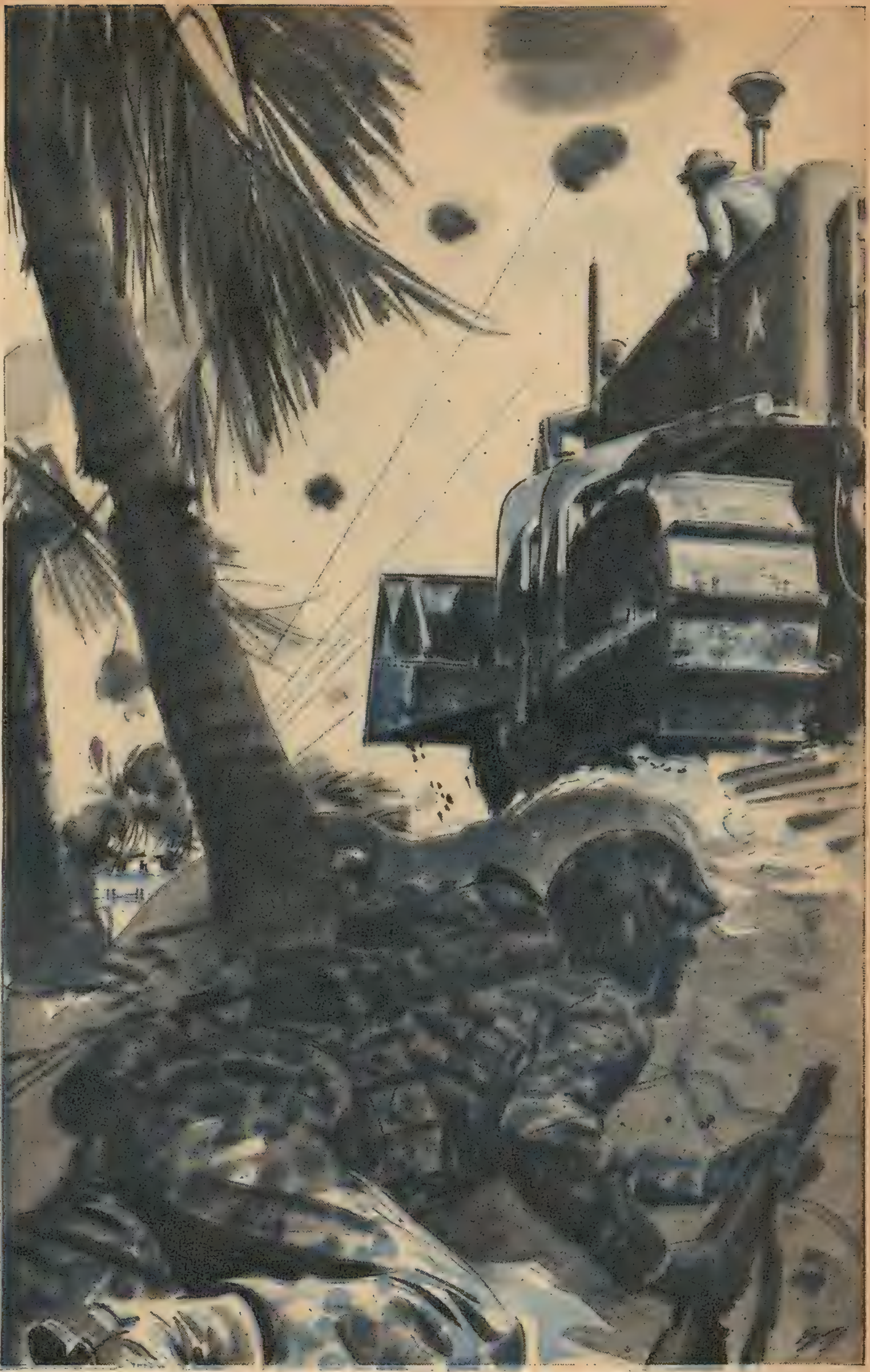
"The November shelling was the last trial on Guadalcanal for either of them. They were shipped north to do a new job; shipped to Munda, to help build the air strip there.

"That's where Sweeney and Minnie learned about working in water. With the ripples halfway up her sides, Minnie dug up old reefs and chuffed them into position to lengthen the Munda strip so that it could be used by bigger planes."

Retenu lit another cigarette and smoked a moment in silence.

"When Sweeney and Minnie were ordered north again, they had no idea that it would be Tarawa.

When Minnie, pin-up girl of the Marines, waltzed around with Corporal Sweeney out in Tarawa, it was bad news for the Japs to whom she dealt her own brand of destruction



"Sweeney patted Minnie's side. 'Let's go,' he growled. She started toward the pillbox."

"But they knew it one morning at dawn under the thunder of naval guns. They knew it when they trundled down into the landing barge. And all through the journey to the beach. At last the final moment came. The landing barge struck bottom at full speed and at the same moment the steel front went down with a splash.

"Minnie came charging out across the lowered steel front like a dragon across a drawbridge. Astride her, whooping at the top of his voice, was Sweeney, naked to the waist and cud-chewing as usual. Under his urgings, Minnie plunged into the water with a huge splash and started sturdily up the beach.

"SWEENEY picked up his little 30-caliber carbine from the seat beside him. He had to be ready. There were Japanese nests on the atoll. They would still be firing. One bullet ricocheted off the steel blade of Minnie. The bulldozer shivered, and Sweeney, angry, peered around for the bullet's source. He saw a marine up the beach waving for him to come on. He jacked up the throttle and headed that way.

"'That pillbox over there,' said the marine. He pointed. It was a gigantic mound of sand, concrete, and palm logs that stuck up like an unholy boil just behind a clump of palms. 'Can't you do something with that job you got?'

"'Sure,' said Sweeney. 'Minnie and I will clean it up for you, personal.' He patted Minnie's side and spat. He raised the blade of the bulldozer until it served as a screen for his body. 'Let's go, gal!' he growled, and she started lumbering toward the pillbox.

"Bullets began screaming off the steel plate, and once or twice Minnie seemed to stumble. Suddenly a hole appeared in the hood of the engine and an angry jet of steam shot out. Minnie's pace was considerably slower, but Sweeney felt Minnie going up. They were on top of the pillbox."

Retenu puffed deeply.

"Sweeney slewed Minnie around. He lowered the blade of the bulldozer and began shoving great piles of sand down across the gun slits until they were blinded.

"Sweeney backed off the pillbox. Minnie went willingly but weakly. She had lost a good deal of her strength.

"'Come on, gal,' said Sweeney pleadingly. He gave her the full throttle, blade down. She roared forward and hit the pillbox. It gave a little. Sweeney backed her out. He gave her a long run. This time the pillbox shuddered. But Minnie was palpably in a bad way.

"'Once more,' said Sweeney. He said it again in a loud voice. 'Once more!'

"He backed off and started his run. As if Minnie had got renewed strength from his words, she rumbled forward at her sloppy powerful trot as if she were young again, with red sides and a set of brand-new cylinders, rather than an old worn-out dowager.

"The blade smashed into the side of the pillbox. Sweeney, his body tense and his eyes soberly calculating, held on full throttle. Slowly, slowly, the pillbox began to totter. Minnie inched forward. Inexorably the pillbox was pushed over as Minnie gathered all her strength and shoved it into oblivion.

"She was sitting proudly with her squat steel rump just over the middle of the Japanese pillbox when Sweeney got up and stretched. 'Well,' he said, 'that's that. Scratch off all the Japs inside.'

"As he got off Minnie there was a muffled explosion. The Japanese in the pillbox had committed hari-kiri with a quantity of dynamite.

"Rocks and concrete blasted Minnie like bludgeons. One palm log reared its splintered length through her engine; a chunk of concrete cracked the steel blade.

"Sweeney stood frozen. 'Minnie!' he said. There was tragedy in his voice, as though he had just seen the death of a tried and true mistress. 'Minnie,' he said and patted her on her hot flanks for the last time.

"'My gal,' he said. He spat judiciously. 'No more of this. Not for me. I'm gonna apply for transfer. To the Air Force maybe. Or anything.' He went down the hill to the beach and did not look back."

Retenu tossed away his last butt. He looked around at the faces of his detail. He jerked his head and they rose, ready to work again.

"How do I know all this?" the sergeant demanded. "I was the marine who asked for Sweeney's help. I was there."

He spat into the sand. "I'll give the dictionary a new definition of bulldozer," he added, half to himself. "In certain cases, 'the pin-up girl of the Marines.' Good enough for you, Webster?"

THE END

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

HER HERO—Fireman Stanley J. Horon realizes the dream of every smoke-eater as he rescues a lovely lady from a fire in a Washington dress shop. The adoring look she gives him is reward enough for anybody. ↑

LEATHERFACE—Marine Pvt. Andy A. Pratt, a Pawnee Indian, shaves by catching each whisker between the coils of the spring and jerking it out. The system seems to work for Andy—and he can have it. ↓

GUEST ON K. P.—Winston Churchill Guest, Britain's Prime Minister's American cousin, is famed for handling a polo mallet. But he does equally well with a kitchen knife, peeling onions at the Marine Corps base at Parris Island. ↓

Mess Hall "GG"

VENIDA
LEAGUE'S
BEAUTIFUL
LEGS QUEEN
of
New Jersey

WINNING PAIR—It's easy to see why 17-year-old Janice Hansen of Union City, N. J., won a $1,000 war bond and title "Girl with Most Beautiful Legs" over 6,000 others in a nation-wide contest.

BIG LEAGUE—The game isn't, but the players are. Paul Robeson heads for home in a game played in New York between the casts of two hit shows. The beard is part of the costume for Paul's title role in Othello. ↑

LUFTWAFFE GRAVEYARD—This is where Nazi warplanes end up. It's a junk yard where wrecked Axis planes, many of them shot down in combat, are shipped for metal salvage. The pile grows constantly. Over the fence is the town of Alpha, N. J. ↑

Mrs CHURCHILL'S AID TO RUSSIA FUND

HEAR! HEAR!—No wonder Mrs. Winston Churchill smiles with satisfaction. Her fund, started in 1941, has reached the amazing total of five million pounds sterling in contributions. It's spent as fast as it comes in. ↑

BEACH HEAD—No! It isn't Coney Island. Beaches are getting to be familiar ground to American soldiers, but this one is just for fun—the Fifth Army's new recreational beach at Spigno, Italy. ↑

EVENING DRESS—Those tough Brooklyn Dodgers get prettied up for night games in new satin uniforms. Third baseman Frenchy Bordagaray feels the slinky stuff while Pitcher Tom Warren dusts Frenchy off to make sure he looks beautiful enough to charm the customers. ↓

EARLY BIRD—Early on the morning of the invasion of Jap-held Wakde Island, the eyes of the artillery come ashore from an LST. The plane is one of the Piper Cubs used for observation and reconnaissance. ↓

IN THE DOGHOUSE WITH LOVE

BY BEN MERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

THE manpower problem had caused considerable change in Bridgeville. Everyone was employed, and some in unusual manner. Tom Burke, long regarded as the town idiot, was now chief statistician at the plane plant. An occupational I. Q. had disclosed he was a mathematical genius. Mrs. Frooks, who grew spider webs on her ceilings from sheer lassitude, grew them now for patriotism, profit, and cross hairs on bomb sights. And Joan Waters, who should have been someone's pin-up girl, labored as dog warden.

Joan's mother was very distressed when her daughter took the job. "Nothing good will come of it," she prophesied.

Joan's ten-year-old brother Billy was more hopeful. "You'll get fleas," he said. Billy attended progressive school and showed the symptoms.

Joan had returned from college three months earlier. With her she brought back pronounced views on many things. Also a degree in science, a veterinary's license, and an abiding interest in biology. Mrs. Waters shared the latter.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Waters, looking at her daughter's green eyes, red hair, and harmonious figure, "that you'll be marrying some nice young man soon."

"What for?" said Joan.

Mrs. Waters had not considered the motives for marriage in years, although she had been a widow for ten, and pursued by the wealthy Mr. Pennington for nine. "Love," she said vaguely.

"What's that?" said Joan.

Mrs. Waters could not explain. However, Joan did not require any explanation. She had analyzed it while taking Logic I and II. Love was the name women gave to the essence of their helplessness, and men, to the compound of their vanity. Marriage was the test tube which distilled their disappointment.

"I did not go to college," said Joan, "to learn to curry-comb a man's ego."

"Women are louses, too," said Billy, who raised Siamese cats in the cellar.

"Billy!" said Mrs. Waters.

"Lice, I mean," corrected Billy.

"My career," said Joan, "will be the care of intelligent animals."

Two days later Joan heard news that fitted into her plans. Dr. Gridley, Bridgeville's only veterinarian, had joined the Army, leaving behind well-equipped kennels, instruments, and a wife.

"I would like to take over Dr. Gridley's practice," said Joan.

"You may have it for fifteen hundred dollars," said Mrs. Gridley.

Joan suggested Mrs. Gridley engage her at a salary. Mrs. Gridley said that with excess-profit taxes, Social Security, and priorities on dog clippers she saw no point in becoming an employer.

Joan was disconsolate. Mrs. Gridley was sympathetic. "I'll let you have first call on the doctor's practice," she said, "when you get the money. Meanwhile, why don't you apply for the position of dog warden?"

"An excellent suggestion," said Joan, rejecting it immediately.

On her way down South State Street, however, she began to see merit in the idea. True, dog warden was merely legislative English for dogcatcher. And its relation to veterinary medicine was oblique. But it was a related field. And meanwhile she could save for her goal.

Her mind made up, Joan strode into the Common Council meeting at City Hall and announced her candidacy. The councilmen let her make a speech outlining her qualifications. They eyed her appreciatively, listened not at all, and shook their heads. Earlier that week they had tossed a bombshell by recommending a female physician to the draft board. They were still suffering from the concussion.

Then Mr. Pennington spoke up. Mr. Pennington was very influential. He owned the plane plant, the tannery, and several judges. His estate was a show place, his Great Danes were champions, and his temper vile. He also raised prize pigs, among them an albino which he had loaned to the Bridgeville Zoo.

The trials, tribulations, and triumphs of Joan, the dogcatcher, get an airing when Great Danes invade her household and promote a double romance

"I insist on this young woman's appointment," said Mr. Pennington. "Otherwise I shall take personal action."

What Mr. Pennington meant was that he would take his pig. Joan was elected.

"Mr. Pennington left so hurriedly I didn't get a chance to thank him," Joan told her mother later. "Perhaps I should send him a thank-you note."

"That fathead?" said Billy. "Send him a time bomb. Stuff two ounces of black powder in a lead pipe—"

"Quiet, Billy!" said Mrs. Waters.

"What for, mom? You don't like that vulcanized heel any more than I do."

Joan looked at her mother quizzically.

"Certainly," said Billy. "Mom chucked Pennington out of the house."

Mrs. Waters sighed, seized Billy's ear, and climbed the stairs with it. Billy followed closely behind.

Mr. Pennington had been visiting Mrs. Waters for many years. He had buried his wife the same week she had buried her husband, and he felt this gave them something in common. At first he brought along his son Howard, who was Joan's age. Howard disliked Joan's pigtails, which he cut off with a jackknife. Joan disliked his freckles, which she covered with tar. Thereafter Mr. Pennington came alone. Each Friday night he would arrive at eight o'clock, speak of Mr. Pennington until ten, and then on his way out ask Mrs. Waters to marry him. Mrs. Waters always said no and invited him to call the following Friday.

When her mother came back into the room, Joan demanded, "Now tell me what happened last Friday with Mr. Pennington."

Mrs. Waters was upset by the memory. Billy had taken Mr. Pennington's coat, knotted the sleeves, and in each sleeve deposited a Siamese kitten. Then he helped Mr. Pennington on with the coat.

Mr. Pennington was unreasonable. He leaped out of his coat, belabored Billy with his umbrella, and thrust one of the kittens down Billy's overalls.

"That was very childish and stupid," said Mrs. Waters. "But when Mr. Pennington called Billy the son of a silly old hen, I ordered him out."

Joan had never liked Mr. Pennington, but she knew her mother was fond of him. "Mr. Pennington's probably sorry, mother," she said. "That's why he had me elected today."

Mrs. Waters shook her head. "Mr. Pennington never gives anything for nothing."

And neither did Bridgeville, Joan discovered. The founding fathers had created the office of dog warden with an eye to thrift. There was no salary. Instead, the warden received fifty per cent of the license fees, set at five dollars for males and twice that amount for females. Unlicensed beasts were subject to confiscation. If the warden was sentimental, he could feed them. If practical, he could consign them to the gas chamber. Whatever his pleasure, he paid the bills himself, were it feed or carbon monoxide.

However, the warden had privileges. He could use the pound, in the basement of City Hall, rent free. He was given a truck and extra gasoline stamps. And "in the event of epidemic or emergency" he could deputize any citizen.

SITTING in her cubbyhole office three months later, Joan shut the door and balanced her accounts. After fifteen minutes she entered the figure in the ledger: "Net profit . . . $1.75." Then she went to see Mrs. Gridley.

"Mrs. Gridley, I am resigning," said Joan, "and you must help me."

"But why, Joan?"

"Eugenics and economics. They don't apply to Bridgeville."

Mrs. Gridley was somewhat puzzled. So Joan explained. Since licenses for female dogs cost twice as much as for males, the females had practically disappeared.

"The town is crawling with males," said Joan, "and a girl can't live on that."

"But there are enough of them to make your job worth while."

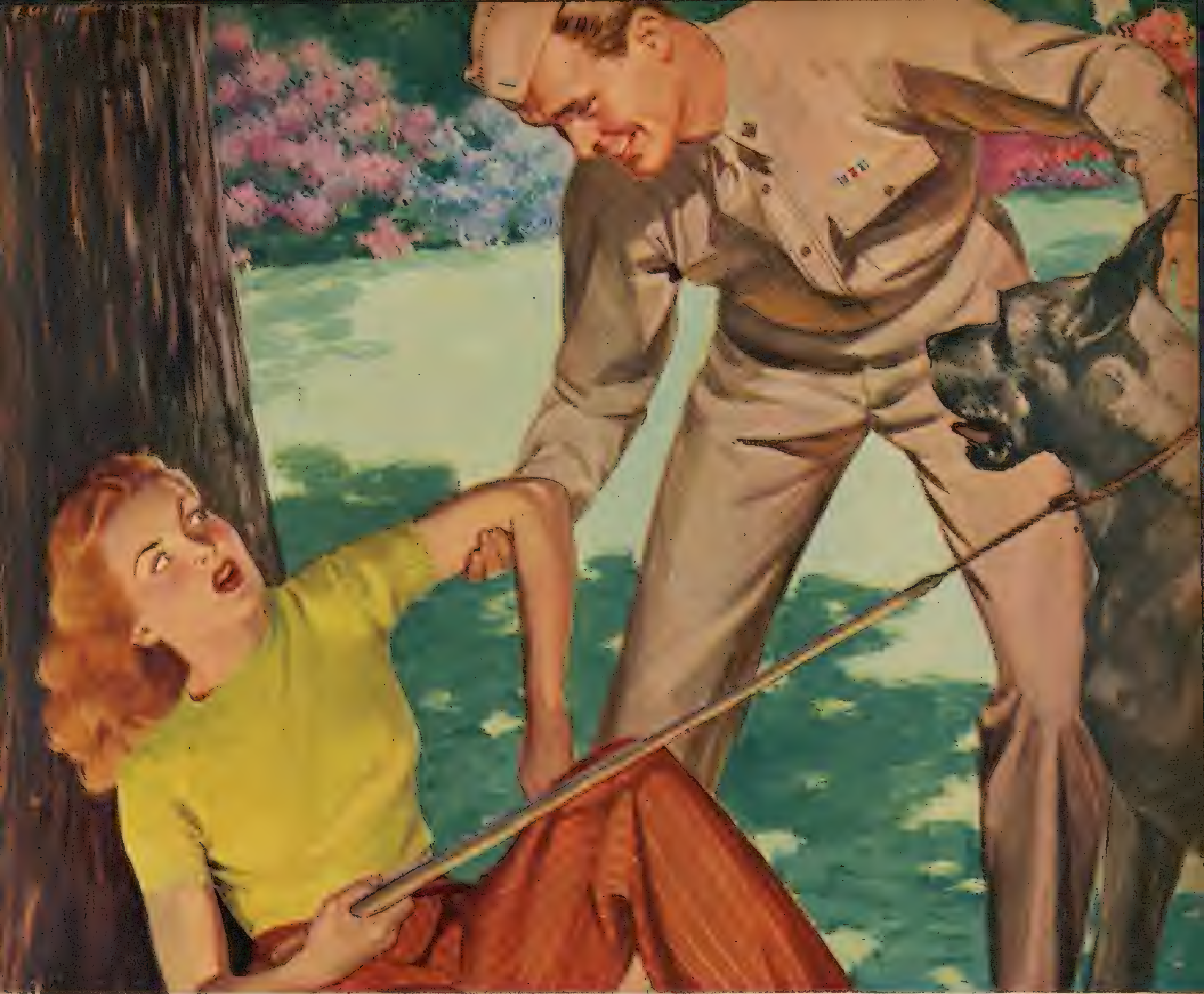
"Enough?" said Joan. "There must be at least a thousand. But they were all licensed by the other warden."

"That's terrible," said Mrs. Gridley.

"What makes it worse," said Joan, "is that, since they're all males, they are constantly fighting. And not so much with each other as with cats. Did you ever see so many vicious cats in one town, Mrs. Gridley?"

"But handsome, too, Joan. They seem to have a strain of Siamese. But of course that's nonsense."

"Of course," said Joan, thinking of Billy and changing the subject. "Anyway, the whole thing is intolerable. And since the dogs are licensed, all I can do is confiscate the cats. The cages are crammed. I can't bring myself—"



Joan stopped suddenly against a pair of khaki-clad legs. An arm reached down, put her against a tree.

"I know," said Mrs. Gridley. "Once the doctor had a turtle dying of old age. He couldn't destroy it, either. It committed suicide by drowning."

This expression of sympathy was the opening Joan had been waiting for. "In that case, Mrs. Gridley," she said, "since you are partly responsible, you must help. It was at your suggestion I took the job. Now I am resigning. The least you could do is let me have the doctor's practice."

"Fifteen hundred dollars," said Mrs. Gridley firmly.

A TEAR of disappointment ran down Joan's nose. Mrs. Gridley mistook it for anguish. "Well," she said, "two hundred —and the remainder in installments."

"Even that is too much," protested Joan.

"I simply couldn't make the down payment less," said Mrs. Gridley.

"But where would I get the money?"

"Well," said Mrs. Gridley doubtfully, "there are Mr. Pennington's Danes—"

"What's that?" said Joan.

"His Danes," repeated Mrs. Gridley. "He must have at least three dozen. And mostly females. But you'll never get him to pay. No dog warden ever has."

"Oh, they haven't?" said Joan. "Just who does Mr. Pennington think he is?"

"He is Mr. Pennington," said Mrs. Gridley.

The following week found Joan taking a short cut across the flower beds as she drove her truck through Mr. Pennington's estate.

Mr. Pennington flew through the door, and rooted himself in front of the truck. "Stop!" he shrieked.

Joan got out. "Mr. Pennington," she said, "I have come for the dog-license fees."

Mr. Pennington regarded her badge with disgust. "That's gratitude!" he snapped.

"Wrong," said Joan. "That's the law."

"Bridgeville's law," said Mr. Pennington, "not mine." He glared, "Young woman, get out of my forget-me-nots."

"Mr. Pennington, get out of my way." Reaching into the truck, Joan withdrew a bamboo pole to which was attached a short noosed rope. She dangled it over Mr. Pennington's polished skull. "Either you pay or I take the dogs."

A sinister expression crossed Mr. Pennington's face. "I suppose your mother put you up to this?" Joan ignored him and walked toward the kennels. "Well, she can't henpeck me, young woman." He stomped into the house.

Joan was amazed at the lack of resistance. Also at the kennels. They were twenty-five Pennington estates in miniature. Each had flower beds and a little brook. And, like the master's acres, they were individually surrounded by granite walls with grilled gates.

THEN Joan made an irritating discovery. The gate in front of which she stood was padlocked. So were the next twenty-three. But the last one was not. It bore the name plate, "Hamlet," and as she approached she noticed that Mr. Pennington was watching from an upstairs window.

Joan flung the gate open. Hamlet bounded out. She thrust the noose over his head. Hamlet reared up. Joan arched through the air and landed violently on her slacks. Hamlet trotted over and licked her lipstick and powder clean.

Springing up, Joan tugged at the noose. Hamlet tugged, too. Joan skidded and sat down. Before she could get up, Hamlet was dragging her down the path, picking up speed as he went. Joan hung on. From his window Mr. Pennington smiled as they vanished round a turn.

Suddenly Hamlet stopped. And Joan, too, against a pair of long, khaki-clad legs. An arm with a lieutenant's bar on the shoulder reached down, put her against a tree.

(Continued on page 48)

LUMBERJILL

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

MARGIE PAGE glanced at the notice—and was fighting mad. "It's from the draft board," she told her mother, "and they're inducting Dan." She started for the telephone. "I'm going to tell them a thing or two." Then pride stopped her. "No, I can't do it, even if it isn't fair. They told him they wouldn't draft him. They let him get out on a limb, then double-cross him."

Margie's thoughts went back to that Sunday of Pearl Harbor. Dan had helped her put the children to bed—Dan, Junior, four; Jim, two, and Janice, nine months. Then he had said, "You know how I feel about the damned Japs. We Puget Sound folks know them from personal contact. They're fanatics and it may take years to exterminate them. I'd like a crack at them; but it isn't what a man *wants* to do, it's what he *should* do. I think I'll talk over things with Thatcher, at the draft board."

And to Thatcher he had said, "I want you fellows to tell me my job, then I'll stay put. I'll be a soldier or I'll get out logs. Whatever you say. But a man can't do his best not knowing where he stands. Right?"

"Right," Thatcher had agreed. "Come back tomorrow, Dan." The next day there were Army brass hats in, and Thatcher had said, "Dan, this is General Meehan."

After a few questions, Meehan had said, "Page, you're worth more getting out spruce timber than packing a gun. We're going to need the kind of spruce that grows on your Blueberry Bench. We're going to need it like hell. But we don't see how you can get it out until a bridge is built over Conner's Gulch. And the steel isn't available."

"It's a gravity haul," Dan had answered. "How about a road down the hogback?"

"Suicide. You couldn't build a road that would hold a truck and trailer loaded with logs; grade would be too steep and the curves too sharp. The first man down would lose logs, truck—and his life, if he stuck with his load.

"Since when has war been a safe business?" Dan had queried. "Is that where you want me for the duration?"

"There and nowhere else. Good luck."

Combat fever ran swift and hot in Dan's veins, and it was a real struggle not to join the queues at the recruiting places. But a lumberjack was a specialist.

In peacetime Dan would never have gone to Croswell, a canny old timber wolf who owned the stand beyond, and suggested that they gamble on building the hogback road. Croswell had made several million dollars double-crossing loggers, and Dan wasn't one to *ask for it*. But he argued that Croswell would like to contribute something to Tojo's elimination.

Croswell had said, "Not interested, Page. I've retired. Besides, if the government wants spruce bad enough, it'll find steel for a Conner's Gulch bridge."

Dan had borrowed to the limit on his timber, and had built the road—a road with switchbacks so steep and sharp that a driver would have to back up and go ahead several times to make the turns.

Newsreel cameramen and reporters had come to watch Dan bring out the first load. When the insurance people saw the newsreel pictures they raised Dan's accident premium. Dan merely grinned. By that time he had learned that his spruce was going to furnish plywood for swift Mosquito bombers.

By skimming the cream of the stand, Dan was paying off the loan. Meanwhile, as the war progressed, spruce was becoming a critical material. Scarcity had increased the value of Croswell's uncut stand, and Dan's road had made it available.

It looked to Margie as if Dan's induction would play right into Croswell's hands. "Just as we begin to see daylight," she said to her mother indignantly, "*this* comes along. If you take care of the children, I'll break the news to Dan."

Margie waited at the crest of a steep grade known as the Hill. Long before Dan came into sight she could hear the rumble of truck and trailer's eighteen huge tires grinding on the road, high in the timber. Braking against the compression created a series of backfires that sounded like artillery.

Danger paved the road across the hogback, and Margie Page needed all the spunk she could muster to drive a log-laden trailer where a double-crossing profiteer dared not go

Then Dan's juggernaut broke from the timber, pounded past their cabin, and crawled over the crest. Margie jumped onto the step and pulled herself into the cab. "What's wrong?" Dan anxiously asked. "One of the kids sick?"

"No, Dan. You've been drafted."

"Drafted? I don't get it. Only last week I was held up as a shining example of what one man and a truck could do to supply aircraft timber."

He shrugged his shoulders. "O. K., if that's the way they want it. We'll lose our shirts, but we won't be the only family to start all over again when the war ends. . . . I'll be given a couple of weeks to wind up my affairs. But, still . . . I don't get it. I wonder if Croswell's fine Italian hand— Naw! He wouldn't dare pull anything raw . . ."

"When he pulls a raw deal, Dan," she reminded him, "it never looks raw." They said little on the thirty-mile run to the millpond; then Margie broke a long silence. "Look! Cameramen."

"Cameramen and Croswell," Dan said.

"Hang onto your temper, Dan."

He flashed a smile, "Who's telling who to hang onto tempers? You're so mad sparks are coming out of your ears."

As Dan stopped, a cameraman said, "We want a shot of Mr. Croswell taking over."

"So Mr. Croswell is taking over?" Dan murmured. "Well, he won't need much rehearsing for the role, but I'm new in the role of being *took*. How about a glance at the script?"

The cameraman said, "Mr. Croswell, a retired lumberjack, is emerging from his retirement to release a younger man for active service. May we have your opinion for the sound track?"

"Dan thinks it's just swell, don't you, Dan?" Margie said.

"Yeah," Dan echoed, "just swell."

They rehearsed the scene several times, with Dan shaking hands with Croswell, smiling happily, then fading from the cab as Croswell slid in behind the wheel.

Later, Margie and Dan had dinner in a little mill-town restaurant. He summed up the situation: "We've built the road. Croswell takes over. He's an authority on timber and selection will be left to him. Damned few of our trees will go to war. He hopes to force us to sell out to him. In the meantime his number one stuff—and number two when he can get away with it—will be bringing the present high prices. If we squawk about his using our road, it'll look unpatriotic. People will say things that will be repeated to our kids later."

"I hate to see him get away with it," Margie said.

"It's that note at the bank that's worrying me—the dough for payment comes from logs and timber still standing," Dan said. "Say, I've got an idea—"

"Let's have it."

"I can almost clean up the note if I work eighteen to twenty hours a day for the next two weeks," he answered. "Then, given time, you might unload the timber at a fair figure."

"But it doesn't beat Croswell," she said, "and as long as he's mixed up in the deal no one is going to pay a fair price." She knew that lumberjacks with nerve enough to haul logs down the hogback were young enough to fight. Older men wouldn't gamble. She knew, too, that Croswell had no intention of doing the driving. The sanctimonious old crook had some trick up his sleeve.

"No," Dan agreed, "it won't beat Croswell, but it'll put us ahead on our quota and give you time to cook up something."

THAT evening Dan found an ancient bucker to saw the down trees into log lengths. Dan did everything else—on the run. Margie watched him lose weight and grow irritable as the days passed. The tenth morning she heard a crash and ran out in time to see the truck leave the road, mow down a dozen young alders, and smash through a picket fence. It crossed the yard, carried away a piece of the porch, then, with throttle wide open, smashed more fence and lurched back onto the road.

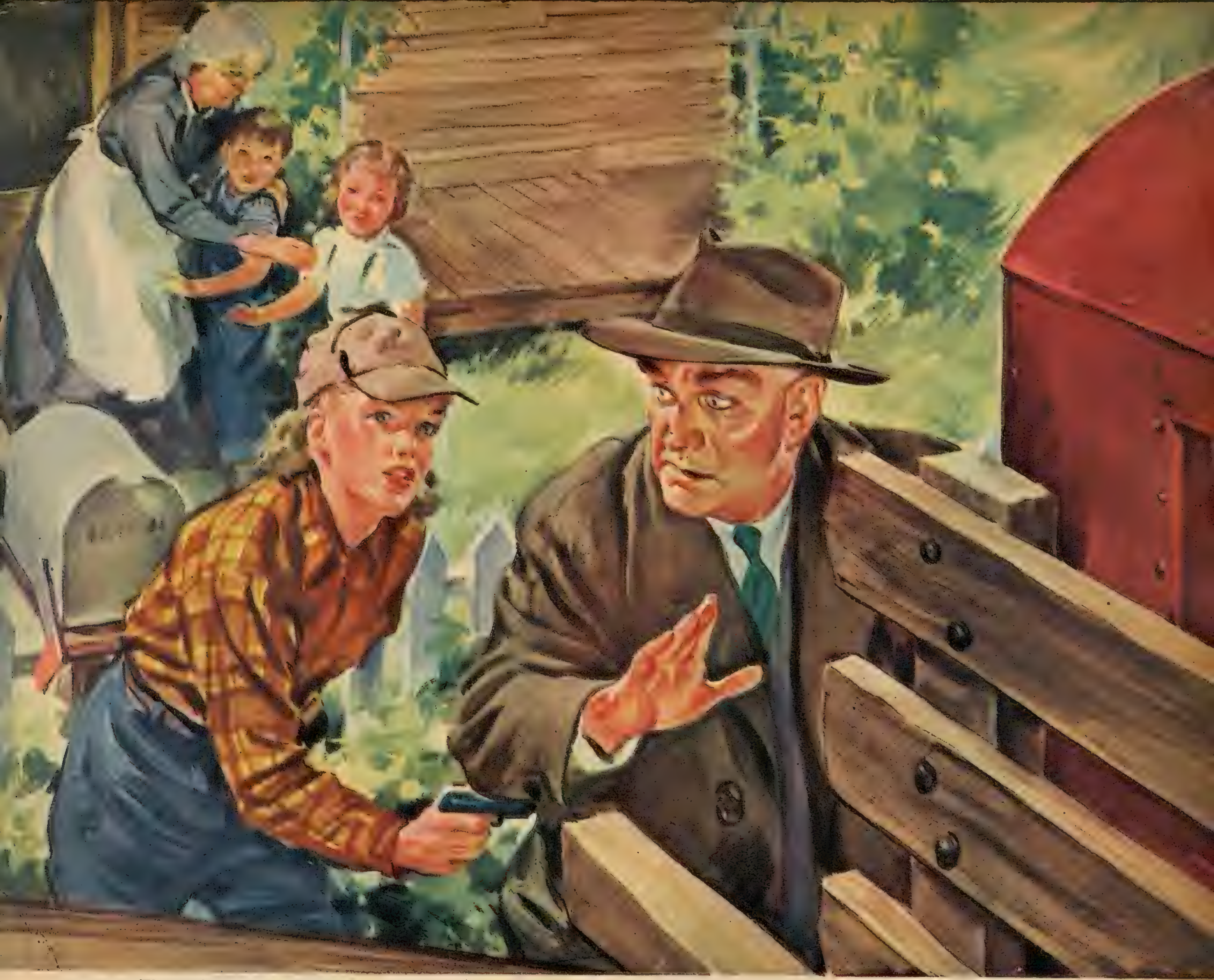
White-faced, Dan jumped from the cab. "I thought it was going through the house," he said. "I guess—I dozed off."

"You're quitting," Margie declared. "You've been *out* on your feet three days."

"No," he said slowly, "I'm not quitting. We're almost out of the red. With luck, if the equipment hangs together, we'll be in the black when I report for induction."

"Then I'll ride with you."

He started to argue, then shrugged his shoulders. She rode with him, giving him black coffee, rousing him when he nodded.



The children looked frightened. When Croswell turned, Margie pushed the gun against his spine. "Get on that truck!"

The afternoon of the twelfth day, they were thirty days ahead of their delivery schedule. Dan turned in at ten o'clock that night, after loading the truck. Margie awakened him at three and they ate breakfast, then drove up to the truck in a light car. Dan warmed up the motor and at dawn they started downgrade. He had an overload—twenty-one tons—and in spots it was all that the air brakes could do to hold.

It was daylight when they thundered past the house and began climbing the Hill. They crawled over the crest, then began the long run down a slight grade.

Dan kept the motor cut-out open to warn approaching traffic to slide into one of the frequent turn-outs. Margie was nervous, haunted by the fear an approaching driver might become confused by the swaying load and go into the ditch or over a grade. There was always the chance a driver might stretch his luck, speed to the next turn-out and not make it.

A big sedan came over the crest. "Dan," Margie warned, "he won't make it."

"Hang on!" Dan answered—and edged toward the ditch. The heavy tires tore trenches into the highway shoulder for a hundred yards, then plowed through the ditch to a stop. Outer wheels lifted and truck and trailer crashed onto the right side. Chains snapped and logs rolled into the brush. Dan's hands were torn from the wheel and his body fell heavily against Margie's. He worked himself under her, then lifted her upward. "Claw your way out. The truck may burn."

She was dazed, but she could smell gasoline.

When she got clear of the cab, Dan was already emerging. "Are you O. K., Margie?"

"I guess so," she answered. Then, "Dan, one of Croswell's drivers was in that car. He deliberately put you into the ditch. Everyone knows you'd ditch your load rather than risk hurting anyone. Croswell cashed in."

Dan followed the sedan's tracks over the crest and saw where it had stopped. Several cigarette butts proved that the driver had smoked and waited. "Yeah," he said, "it was deliberate, and it worked. I'm out of business—and three days to go. It'll take a couple of weeks to get this into the shop and repaired."

"Three days to go," she said quietly. "We're walking back home, Dan. You're getting your first good sleep in nearly two weeks. Then, with the children, we're going to spend your remaining time having fun. It may be a long time . . ." She drew a long breath. He gently lifted her chin with his big fist and kissed her. Together they trudged home.

Dan slept fifteen hours, then got up with a headache. "I slept too hard," he said. "Let's see about the truck and—"

"I'll get busy on the telephone as soon as you leave," she interrupted. "No business these last short hours, please." She slipped her arm about his neck and kissed him.

"O. K.," he said, "but—skip it!"

"I'll say this much to put your mind at ease," Margie said. "Mother will take care of the kids and I'll get a job. There are all kinds of things a woman can do these days."

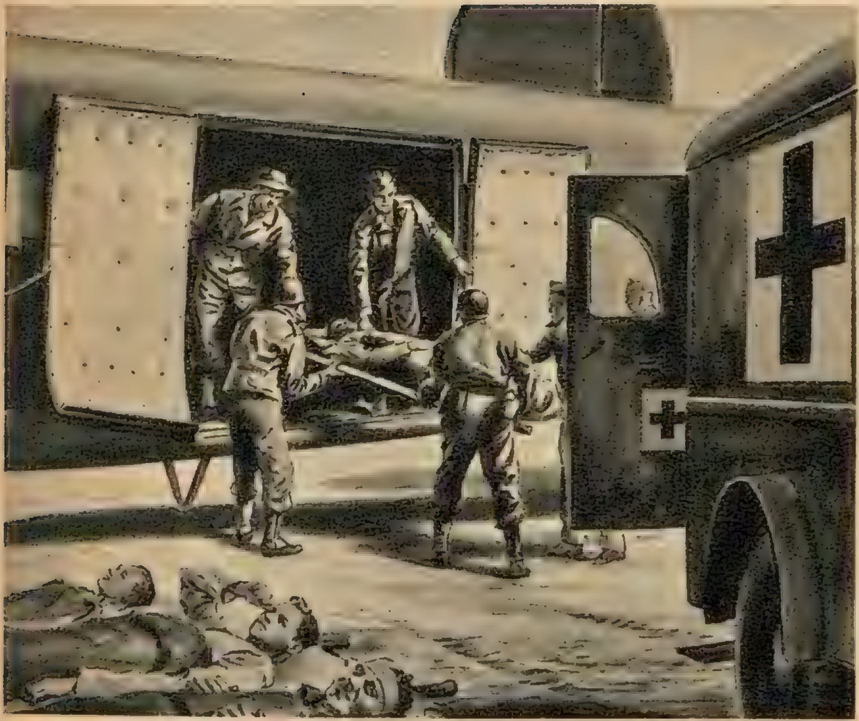
THE last hours were the best they had known in years. When Margie drove Dan to the stage depot, he sighed heavily as they passed the wrecked truck. It was a depressing monument to hopes, plans, and man-killing work.

Several days later Margie ran an advertisement in a newspaper. The tract, road, and equipment were for sale. She invited bids for the entire property or each item. Rusty Lander offered to buy the truck, and his price was fair. "But I can't take on the timber," he said, "because nobody can buck Croswell's game. He should be strung up to a tree for his dirty work."

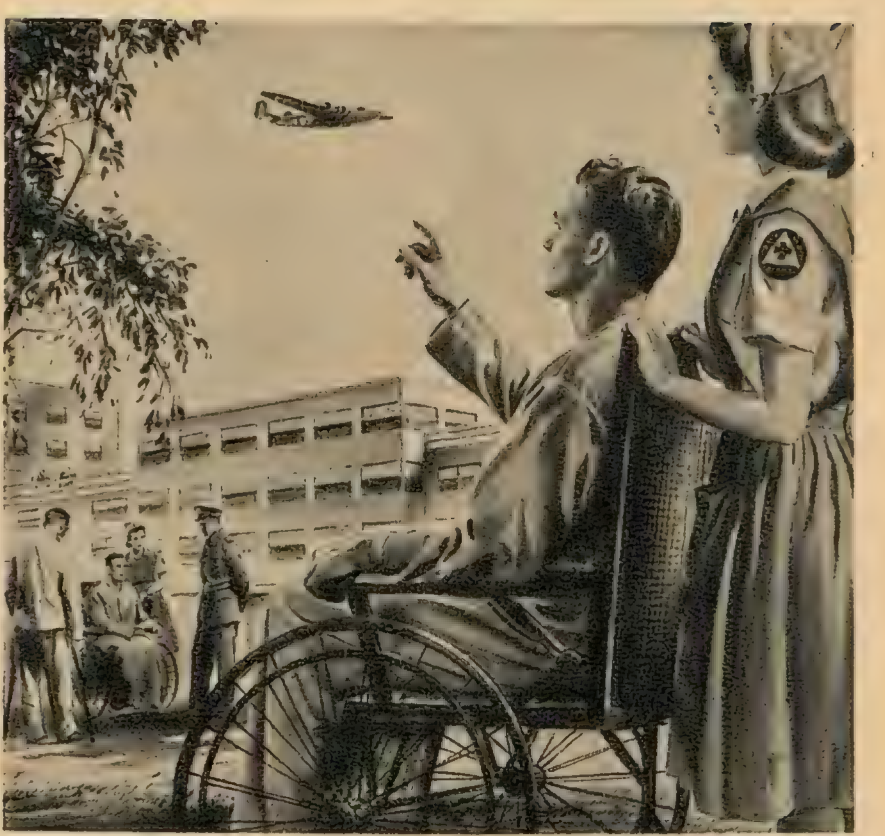
That was the way it was—men were too busy to buck Croswell, or they couldn't risk the cost of a fight. In the end, Margie rejected all offers; then she called on Croswell. He shifted uneasily before her

(*Continued on page 69*)

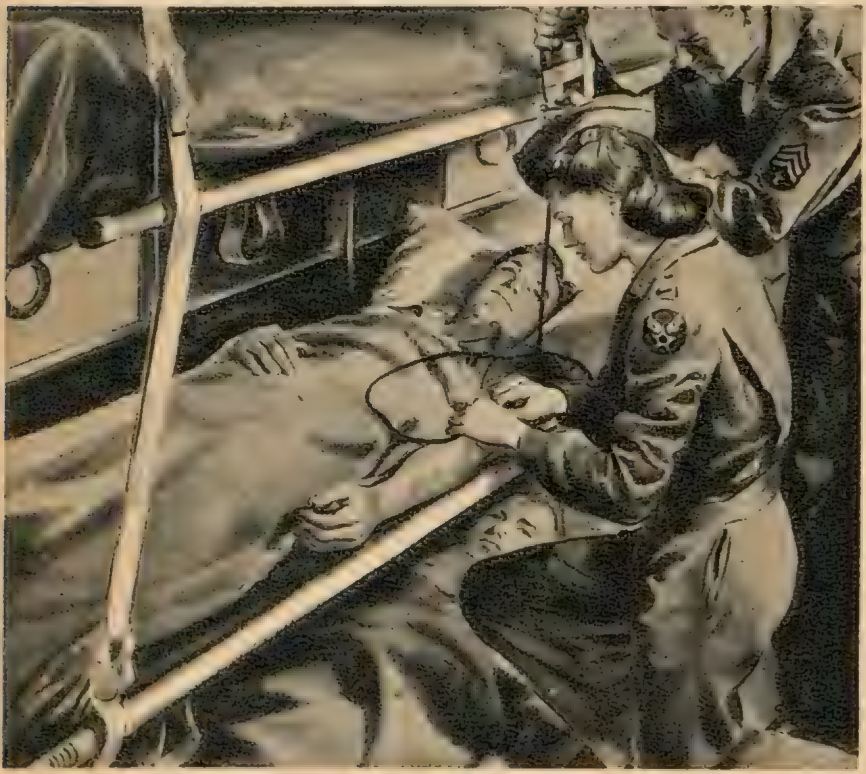
Sulfa, Plasma—and Air



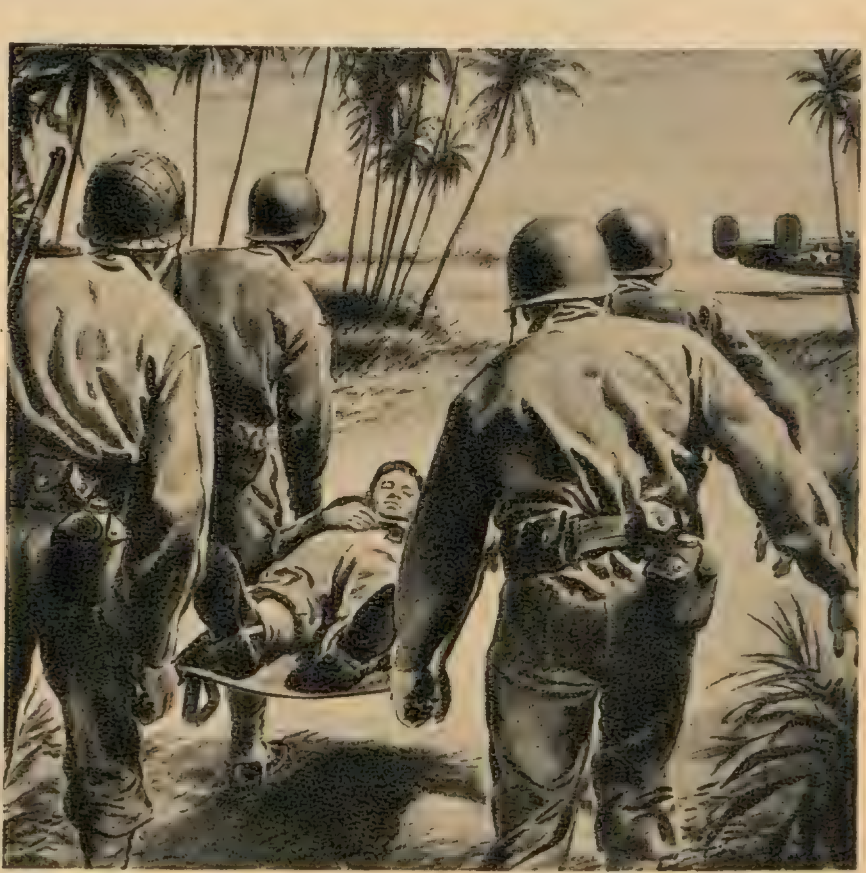
1. Since the start of the war, thousands of wounded Americans have been evacuated from battle zones by air. Said the Air Surgeon General's report: "The record places air evacuation in a group with the sulfa drugs and blood plasma as one of the three greatest lifesavers of modern military medicine."



2. In long-range transport planes such as the Liberator Express, no wounded American fighter is more than 60 hours' flying time from the finest hospital in the U. S. A.

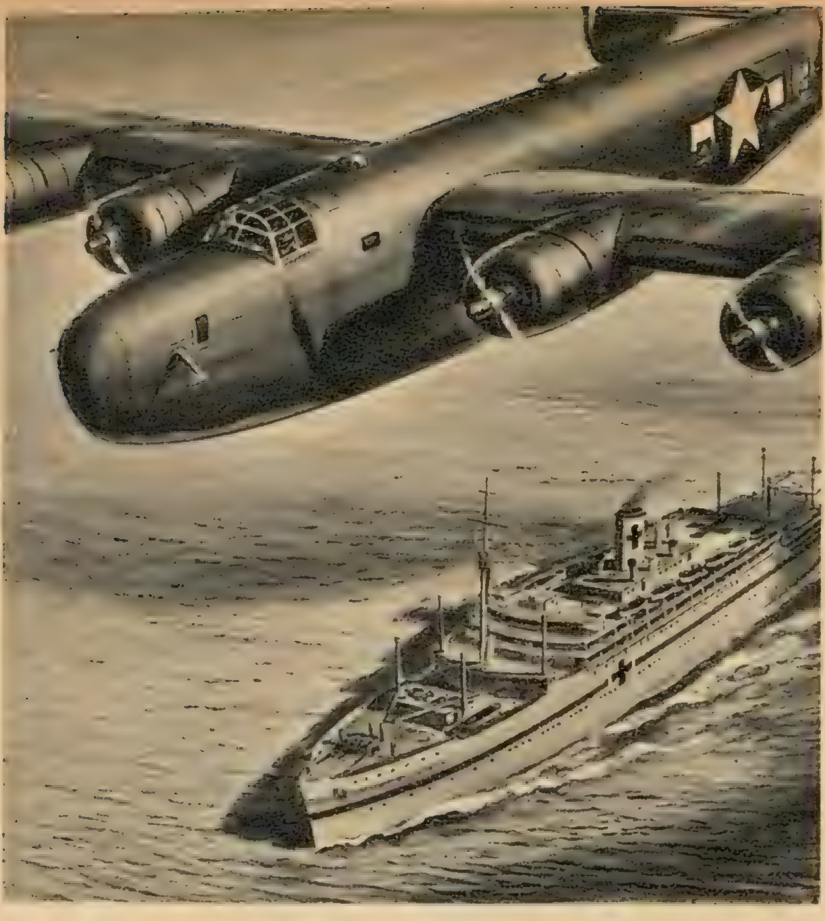


3. As the hospital plane streaks across the ocean, a flight nurse gives somebody's blood — perhaps *yours* — to this wounded soldier, who might otherwise never get home for the special care that will restore him to health.

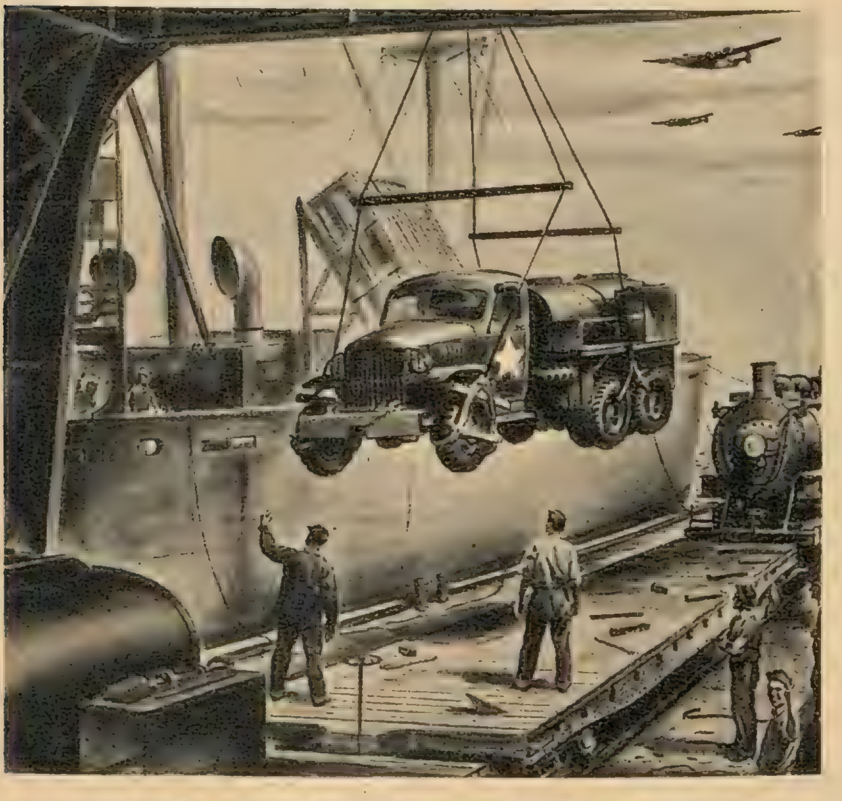


4. From many a remote combat zone, the plane is the *only* means of getting casualties back to base hospitals.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT



5. **The ambulance, hospital train, and hospital ship** still transport most of our war casualties. But many a time when *minutes* can save a life, the 4-mile-a-minute speed of the flying ambulance does exactly that!



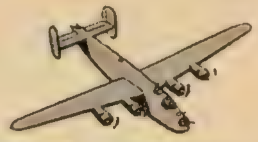
6. **One reason we are winning the war** is the way in which the truck, the train, the ship, and the plane are teaming up together. And the task of rebuilding the peacetime world will be a challenge which all forms of transportation must meet in the same way.

• • •

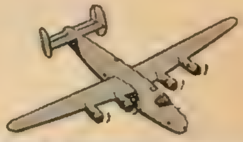
But the plane, in addition to its use as a global air transport, will have still *another* role to fulfill: a permanent postwar Air Force can well become the ever-watchful guardian of the peace we shall have won so dearly.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

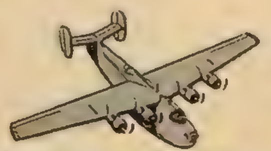
From "Flying Jeeps" to Leviathans of the air — *The planes shown below were all designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small, privately owned "air flivvers" to huge, transoceanic cargo-and-passenger planes.*



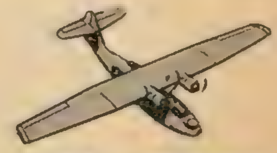
LIBERATOR... *4-engine bomber*



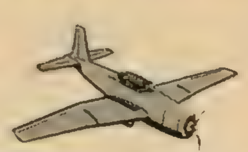
LIBERATOR EXPRESS... *transport*



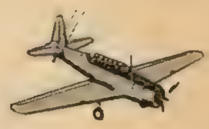
CORONADO... *patrol bomber*



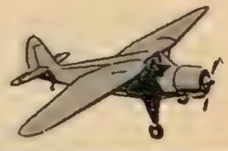
CATALINA... *patrol bomber*



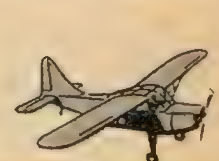
VENGEANCE... *dive bomber*



VALIANT... *basic trainer*



RELIANT... *navigational trainer*



SENTINEL... *"Flying Jeep"*

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

Air Giant — The new Consolidated Vultee Model 39 transport plane—the Liberator Liner — has passed its test flights successfully. Capacity of this 4-engine transoceanic airliner: 48 passengers—or, as a sleeper, 24. Top speed: 275 m.p.h. Flying range: over 4000 miles.

• • •

1000-mile Shuttle Trips — The Naval Air Transport Service in the Pacific now flies 320,000 miles per week, carries over 5500 passengers monthly, reports that it "adds another stop every time the Japs lose another island."

Airport for Air Giants — New York City's projected airport will have runways totalling 13 miles in length, one of which will be over 2 miles long. This airport can handle 1000 plane movements per day. (Capacity of present N. Y. airport: 270 plane movements per day.)

• • •

Tomorrow's Airmen: The total strength of the Army Air Forces now exceeds 2,300,000 officers and enlisted men—a vast reservoir of skilled pilots and aircraft technicians which will insure postwar America's remaining "a nation on wings."

Consolidated Vultee is the largest builder of airplanes in the world.

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Member, Aircraft War Production Council

G. I. JOE: WEAPON MAKER

The experts think up the weapons, but G. I. Joe quickly discovers their faults. His battle-front gripes are rapidly translated by the Army into improvements

BY
GEORGE H. COPELAND

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS KODACHROME

G. I. Joe spotted "bugs" in the bazooka and his squawks brought swift improvement.

WHEN the Yanks landed in France on D Day, 1944, they had the exact weapons they wanted. The heavily laden paratroopers even had homemade brass knuckles and long machetes, newly sharpened. The superiority of those weapons which did so much to make the invasion a success can be attributed largely to two factors: the grousing of G. I. Joe, and his genius for changing things he doesn't like. Even when a gun or gadget is very good, Joe often finds a way to make it better. A continuous process of ingenious lily-gilding by the man at the front, and by industry and science, has been going on since Pearl Harbor.

We started the war with good stuff in the line of weapons and equipment, even if there was too little of it. But today much of it has been changed. Some is entirely new and some modified almost beyond recognition owing to conditions in the field.

You find threads of the development of our fighting equipment in the tricks of the foxhole tinkerers; of youths who in peacetime fooled with jaloppy engines, built miniature planes, and experimented with mechanical toys. You find others in the complaints of soldiers who wanted something better, and you find still more in the tremendous organization of service which gets Joe what he wants, and fast, even if the shift in weapons means shutting down huge factories.

Lessons learned the hard way in early campaigns help us today. Successful "field expedients" of North Africa and the Solomons are now G. I. on all fronts.

For example, the cry "The hook!" which sounded from our troops trying to bridge a stream in Tunisia was not provoked by an exhibition of hammy vaudeville. It was heard during a bloody operation in which crude tactics were used.

The Engineers were having a rough time getting a first connection across the little waterway. One man put the end of a rope in his mouth and started to swim. When a sniper bullet got him, another took his place, and another and another, until one made it.

This was an expensive process, so a field expedient was worked out. A three-pronged hook, forged together from pieces of metal, with a rope attached, was shot across the stream. It imbedded itself in the ground firmly enough to permit a half-ton leverage and to start the bridge. This was reported to Washington, and soon a real grappling hook to fit into an 81-mm. gun was turned out as standard equipment.

This type of hook was also used in Italy where retreating Germans had strewn the ground with all sorts of mines and hidden explosives. Our troops worked out a method to trip wires and set off the mines harmlessly by firing a grapnel attached to a cord into enemy territory and then pulling it back. Of course, not all field expedients are practical. There was the old-timer in a North African foxhole who thought the war should be made safe for machine gunners. He fashioned a cradle for his gun out of some hunks of iron; then welded together a Rube Goldberg contrivance which raised the gun to firing position with a pull on a lever. Next he rigged an extension on a tank periscope with some old three-quarter-inch lead pipe, and finally he tied a string to the gun's trigger. Thereafter he remained snugly at the bottom of his foxhole. When the Nazis hove in sight he pulled the lever to lift his gun, sighted through the periscope, and yanked the string to fire his "disappearing gun."

He liked his contraption so much he took it to Sicily. Major Lynn D. Fargo of Ripon, Wisconsin, tells of seeing the soldier trudging along a dusty road lugging his pet gadget. The pleasure it gave him more than compensated for its twelve-pound dead weight.

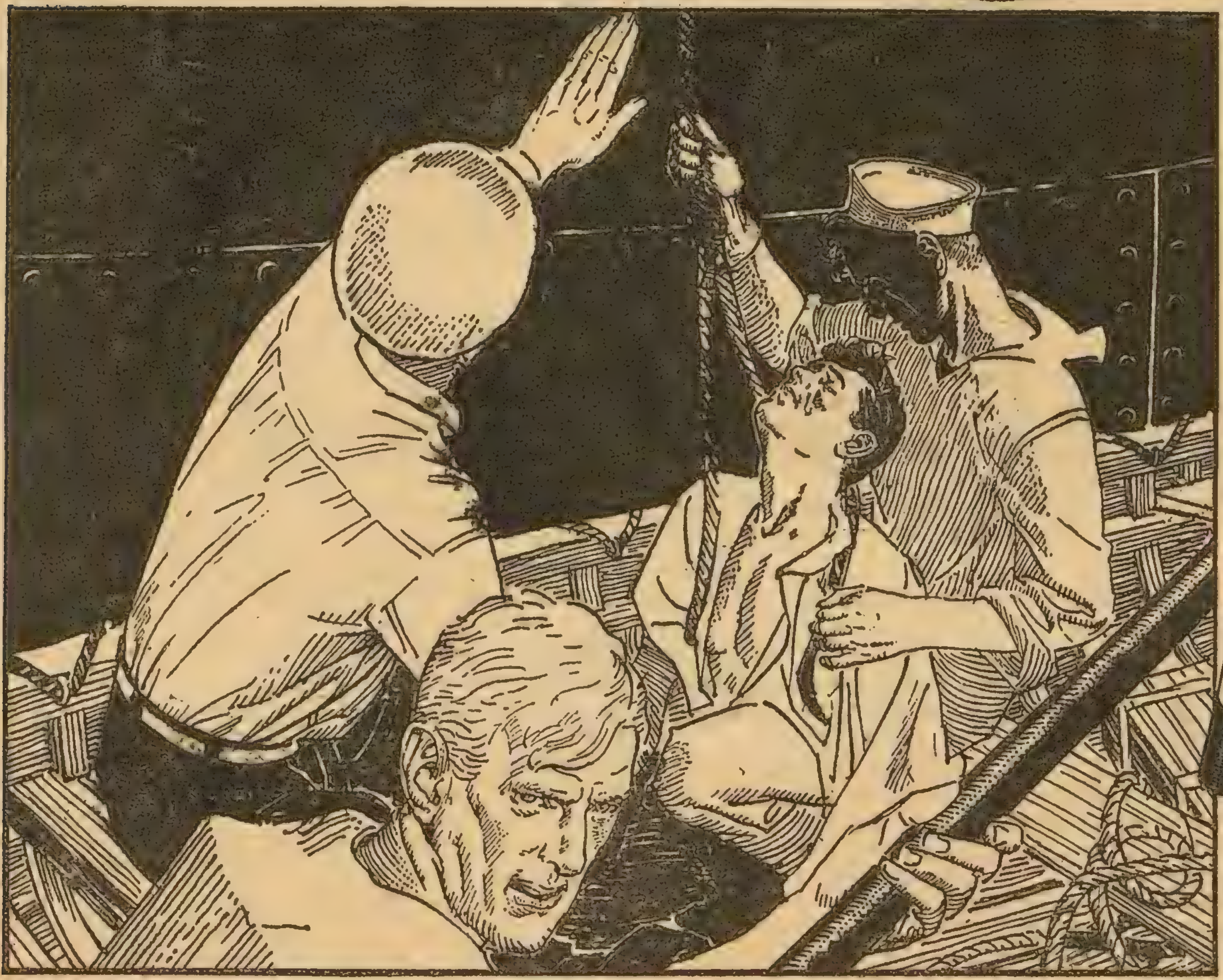
Yet, while the inventor was commended by a general for his ingenuity, the invention was not made G. I., because the

(*Continued on page 58*)

SAILORS OF FORTUNE

BY COLIN MACKENZIE

Rejected by the Army and Navy because of a bad heart (a little detail he neglects to mention), Colin Mackenzie joined the merchant marine. Torpedoed three times within twenty-four hours, and once given up for dead, he went on blithely to further adventure on the beach heads of Italy.



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

THE moment I came aboard the Cold Port I recognized her as an old Hog Islander. She was a bum, a tramp posing as a hero. So was I. So were we all. Mostly we were misfits, we men who came forward to man the merchant marine through the war. We were the modern soldiers of fortune, heeding this time the call of the sea.

There was Bill Martin, the oversensitive Canadian fleeing from the hurts and outrages of the world, who was my buddy. Together we stood by to sail on the Cold Port. Bill and I met at Pier Sixty-two in New York where we were applying to the United States Lines for merchant marine berths on anything they could keep afloat long enough to load. I had been to sea twice and I think Bill had about the same experience. Neither of us had shipped lately and neither of us could prove guts or know-how enough to get us a second look. When the Cold Port thumbed a tow up to the pier I said to Bill:

"Here's our tub." She had been on the back roads of the sea for years, hauling molasses or whatever anyone would trust her with. Bill Martin and I both knew about her. We didn't doubt we'd get billets aboard her—we actually wondered if she could get a full crew. She needed fifty-two sailors of fortune to man her at a time when sailors of fortune could choose other ships. We thought she would welcome us with bunting. But she didn't give a damn about us. She had her full complement of men. She left us standing on the pier, disappointed and forlorn.

But in three weeks she was back. She had been around to other ports taking on cargo, and had tanks and bombers all over her deck. A bomber was made fast to each hatch, tanks bunched around each bomber.

No. There was *not* a bomber on each hatch. There was nothing on Number One hatch—it was as deserted as a bald head in the sunshine.

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Bill Martin and I watched the Cold Port warp into the pier. As soon as her plank was lowered two men came down, hurrying. I grabbed one and Bill grabbed the other.

"Are you signing off?" I asked my man, a gray salt.

"That's right," he said. "That tub's got ammunition in her Number One hold and she's headed for Murmansk or some damn place like that. I got enough of her."

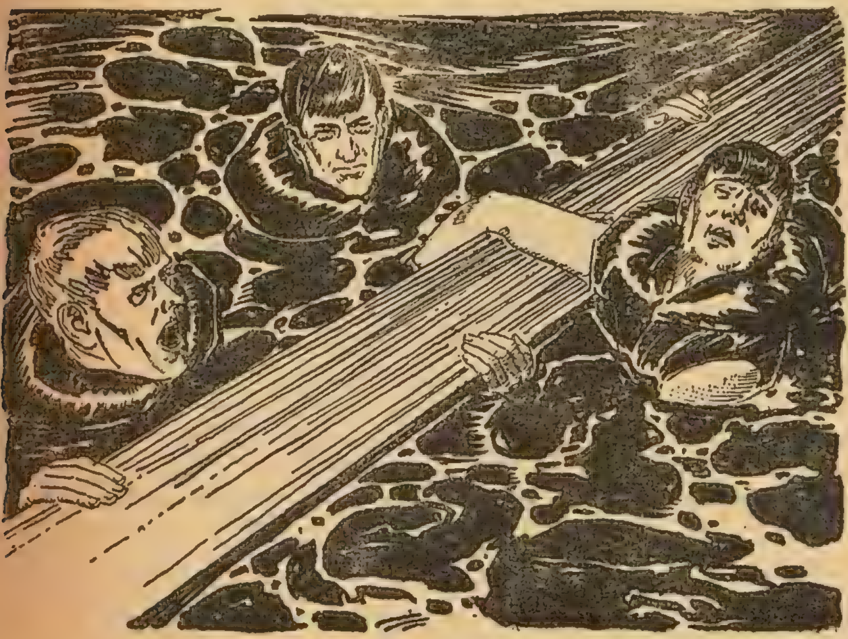
Bill Martin came running to me.

"Hey," he yelled, "my man isn't shipping! What about yours?"

"My man's got enough of her, too," I replied. "I ship with you."

We went back to the office of the United States Lines on the pier and signed on the Cold Port. We shipped on her that night. Destroyers and blimps came to us as escorts and we headed, in a southerly direction, toward the Caribbean Sea. We stood out to hell. Murmansk was not hell. Hell was in the Caribbean. Lurking.

We soon dropped our escort and stood out across the blue expanse. Some of the ships sailed the horizon ahead and some the horizon behind. This was the Caribbean in June; hot, stuffy, and humid, and air seemed to be at a premium.



I was a wiper. I turned to in the engine room, below. It was hotter down there. The devil himself would have been at home in this inferno of oil haze, heat, and noise. One hundred twenty degrees, rising to one hundred thirty. The chief engineer was Henry H. Carney, an Englishman, running the engines on an American ship. Our captain was Mr. Barnett; our radio operator was a young kid named Jerry Atkins, who kept saying he hoped if anything happened to the ship he'd have courage enough to stand by his post. We had a Norwegian who had the letters H-O-L-D F-A-S-T tattooed across the backs of his eight fingers.

When I wasn't oiling and wiping machinery, I found myself in company with Bill Martin, Jerry Atkins, and the Norwegian sailor whom I called Hold Fast because of the tattoo across his fingers. And of course I worked for Mr. Carney, the chief engineer. Things happened to us in common.

The third day out of Key West I went to the radio shack and called on Jerry Atkins, the radio operator. We started playing indifferent chess. He kept his headphones on, and every now and then he would say "Pardon me" and he'd turn away from the game and write down a message he took out of the air.

It was while watching Jerry Atkins taking messages that I sensed danger ahead. The third time Jerry interrupted our game to take a message, he said to me, "Ships being torpedoed up ahead." He was getting their SSSs. An SSS means attack by submarine.

We played on in silence and then he wrote down another message. He frowned at the message he had written and said he guessed he'd better take it to the captain. "Ship torpedoed just eighty miles ahead," he told me. "That's getting closer."

By dusk the crew quarters were buzzing with talk of submarines up ahead. But I don't think anyone was scared. Anyone but Jerry Atkins, who told me that he believed stronger than ever that we were heading into a submarine trap.

"I hope I can stand by my post," he repeated. "I'd hate to find out that I'm yellow."

I didn't think he had it in him to desert his post in an emergency and I told him so. It made him feel better.

The crew got together in little groups and talked about small matters until turn-in time and then all brought their bunks out to sleep on deck. The heat in these waters under normal conditions is bad enough, but with all portholes closed and blacked out it was too much like a tomb inside to suit us.

I took my bunk out of its frame and carried it to the Number Two hatch. I put the bunk on the hatch cover and then I put my mattress on it and made my bed. I had been to Culver and had learned there how to make a military bed with the sheets mitered at the corners. If you make your bed that way you can slide in knowing that your covers are not likely to come untucked.

I noticed just before I dropped off to sleep that no one was sleeping on the Number One hatch and of course I realized why. But I didn't worry about the danger ahead or the fact that we were carrying ammunition and explosives.

I MUST have fallen asleep almost immediately, uneasy dream-filled slumber full of submarines and torpedoes—in the midst of which we were really hit. The torpedo must have struck right under me and one of those freak blasts deposited me, mattress, bunk, and all, over a hundred feet from the ship. Whether asleep or stunned I will never know, but my first sensation was water coming into bed with me. I remember being annoyed that I could not extricate myself for a moment; the sheets were still tucked in. Then I came to clear consciousness, scared as the devil. I guess I yelled—I really don't remember quite clearly—and started swimming in the direction of the ship, which was still under way, but listing heavily to starboard. All I wanted at that moment was something solid to hold onto. A measure of composure came back with the swimming and I took stock of myself. I seemed to be whole, except that my right foot was numb—perhaps, I thought, from the water.

I was riding those swells and thinking that it was considerate of the sea not to be too hard on a guy out there alone in the dark when I heard Bill Martin.

"Help! Help!" It was a routine yell, the way he made it, and I figured he was simply calling attention to his whereabouts in case anyone was near by.

"I'm coming, Bill," I yelled to him. He did not answer me. I don't know whether he recognized my voice.

I swam toward him. Then I heard him again. This time he was not giving his position.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Hey!" His voice was at first excited and then terrified. He screamed in agony and water rushed in to stifle his voice, which seemed to hang in the air until it died out without moving away.

I kept swimming toward him. I did not hear him again and had to guess when I reached the spot where he should have been.

Then I saw him, or rather what sharks or barracuda had left of him. Bill Martin was dead; his life's blood must have gone out of him in those few seconds since his call.

The torpedoed Cold Port loomed ahead. All around her and all around me the water shimmered and capered in the moonlight like the fade-out scene in a movie travelogue. It was hard to believe that beyond my ear and beyond my eye, men—my shipmates—were fighting for their lives in this silvered scene and that many of them were losing the battle.

The Cold Port had traveled a deceptive distance from the position where the torpedo had kept its rendezvous with her. It's a funny thing about distance in water. There are no little landmarks to mark it off for you as there are on land. You think you are a hundred feet from something and you are a mile—you think you are a mile away and you are a hundred feet. I thought I was a mile away from that ship. I wonder what other poor devil from her crew, having just enough courage for a hundred feet, thought she was a mile away and gave up. I wonder what made me calculate the possibility of reaching the ship. Maybe it was the sight of Bill and the fear of staying still lest the same happen to me. I swam like hell.

Do you know the answers to the little whimsies of the sea, why and how she beguiles some men and bedevils others?

I swam on my stomach, on my side, on my back. I got sick from swallowing sea water and sicker from swallowing oil. But I somehow continued swimming. Every muscle in my body was in distress and all my bones were aching, particularly the shin bone of my right leg.

And in the midst of my travail I turned to my side, and there, hovering above me, listing as though she were about to roll over on me, was the Cold Port. It scared hell out of me until I realized that it was the climactic end of the nightmare.

I SWAM to her midship well deck. I was on her starboard side, the side to which she was listing. The rail was only about three feet from the water. I reached up and got my fingers over it, and hauled myself aboard. I heaved and blubbered water and oil like a baby in distress.

The ship moved up and down like the shifting level of my stomach. Willingly I would have died.

Someone hailed me, then hailed again.

I lifted my head and blinked my eyes in the direction from which the voice had come, and made out three shadowy figures on the bridge deck forward and above me. The voice called again. This time it asked:

"Who are you?"

"Mackenzie," I yelled back. My voice sounded as if it were coming out the other end of a long piece of pipe.

One of the figures on the bridge deck came toward me. I had a feeling that at last I was safe and I lay on the deck and closed my eyes. Footsteps were coming to me from the bridge. Opening my eyes, I saw it was Captain Barnett.

"All right, Mackenzie?" he asked in a strangely considerate voice.

"I think so, sir." I'll bet I sounded like a motherless calf.

"Can you get up?"

I pushed myself to an upright sitting position. "I'm sitting up," I boasted. My voice had a gurgly sound now.

Captain Barnett bent over and put his arm around me.

"Now," he said, "let's try to get all the way up."

I can tell you that if you are a stricken seaman and your own captain comes to you and attends to you like a solicitous father, you feel much better.

I came right to my feet.

"Here, let me give you a lift," Barnett suggested.

I put my arm over his shoulder and started to walk. I could walk on my left leg, all right. But my right leg gave way under me. I trailed it and hopped along, pushing with my trailing foot. The captain helped me all the way to the bridge deck, up the companionway from the midship well deck. Two others were there. They were Carney, the chief engineer, and Hold Fast, the Norwegian seaman.

Carney came to meet me. His hard reassuring grip of my hand restored a lot of confidence. "Good fellow," he said. "What's happened to your leg?"

"I guess I bumped it when I was blown off Number Two hatch. It'll be all right now that I've got it out of that oily water."

"Scary out there, isn't it?" the chief engineer mused, looking out over the night sea.

"Submarines," I said. "And sharks. One of them got Bill Martin. There was a lot of hollering going on. I wonder what became of all those poor guys." I stopped, out of breath. I had said what burdened me—had got it off my chest with a rush of words.

"You don't have a life jacket," Carney observed. "Can you make it to the steward's cabin?"

"Yes, sir," I replied mechanically. "I've made it this far. I can make it the rest of the way."

Captain Barnett and Carney were in earnest conversation when I got back with a life jacket. Hold Fast was listening in, turning his head from side to side to watch the face of each superior as he spoke. Carney was saying:

"She's stout. She can take it. Why, cap'n, in the last war she got it almost this bad and she made it to port."

"I know," Barnett replied. "But she's an old ship and old ships break up. I don't think it's in her to make it, but I am not going to say she won't be given a chance. How's the engine room?"

"Dry as powder," Carney said. "Ship's got all the power she ever had."

"Counting Sparks up in his shack sending SSSs," the skipper said, "there are five of us left out of the crew of fifty-two. Small enough crew to put this ship under way again. We're well over a hundred miles from the nearest port. That would be the Port of Spain in Trinidad."

"I don't think," Hold Fast put in, "we can make it with this ship."

"What do you think, Mackenzie?" the captain asked me.

"I think this ship can take us anywhere she wants to take us," I replied.

"What about the subs around here?" Hold Fast reminded us.

"Up here," Carney said, "on the deck of this ship, we've got only the submarines to worry about. Out there in the water we've got submarines, sharks, exhaustion, exposure, and hunger. Man, don't you know anything about the dangers of being in the open sea without a ship under your feet? I know this ship. She's not the best ship in the world, or even in the Caribbean at this moment. And I admit she's been given a mean blow, but she'll take us to Trinidad if we have to coddle her every inch of the way."

"All right," the captain said. "We'll put her under way and try for port with her. But just the same make sure the life raft over there is not fouled. I'll go and get the ship's papers just in case we have to abandon her."

Hold Fast shook his head. "We ought to get the hell off this jinx ship," he protested. "Two of my buddies got off her at New York before she started this trip. I ought to have as much sense as they had. Sticking out of the ocean this way like a beacon with God knows how many subs blinking at her through their periscopes and wondering whether she'll have to have another shot in the belly before she'll keel over and die."

The captain looked at Hold Fast thoughtfully as though he were thinking what to say to the seaman. But apparently deciding to say nothing, the captain turned and went to get the papers. "I'll tell Sparks," he said over his shoulder to Carney. "You stand by with the other men."

Hold Fast stood there. The chief engineer waited him out and then, seeing that Hold Fast was not going to be insubordinate, spoke to both of us in a kinder manner, yet still with authority.

"Let's have a look at the raft," he said.

WE CROSSED the bridge deck to it, with me still trailing my right foot. The raft was opposite Number Five hatch. I could see limned against the sky an army tank lashed to the hatch as we made our way to the raft. The tank was made fast, else it would have crashed across the sloping deck; but, nevertheless, it was above us as we reached the raft and sort of dangled there like an elephantine dagger.

The raft was hanging over the starboard side, held by a pin. It looked ready. But Carney examined it carefully to make sure. Finally he turned to face us.

"The raft is fouled," he declared bluntly. "The pin is jammed. That's why the raft was left behind. Go and get me a flashlight and I'll see if I can fix the raft."

Hold Fast, for all I know glad to get out of the taut situation, started off at a trot to get the flashlight.

My clothing was half dry again. My illness had moderated enough for me to think and react to things around me. The sea was getting heavier and the night was sultry. All around us flares still thrust at the sky, begging for help—flares being sent up by the helpless seamen of a dozen torpedoed ships, relics of our once proud convoy.

"Poor devils," said Carney. "Many of them would be better off dead this minute. A man on the seas with no ship under him is lost."

A beam of light lay across the deck. It was from a flashlight. Hold Fast was returning with it. He had gone away in the darkness on the double; but, now he had a flashlight, he was returning very cautiously and slowly.

As I watched I saw the beam of the flashlight dance crazily. At the same instant I felt the ship shudder as though she had suddenly met something face to face, a terror which she recognized from a previous experience.

And finally, long after I knew what had happened, I felt the explosion under my feet. The Cold Port had been torpedoed again.

Hold Fast made a sound that seemed not to come from this earth. The deck burst open under him and the force of the explosion hurtled him high into the air.

But the explosion was also blasting through Number Five hatch. When Hold Fast disappeared before my eyes, I could see the Army tank which had been lashed on the hatch take his place in the air, only closer to me and falling my way. My life very suddenly depended upon my doing something. I started to move from under that tank. I ran into Carney, who was standing beside me.

"The tank!" I yelled. I don't know how I did it. But I piled Carney and myself both on the deck even as the tank crashed down beside us, but not on us. It crashed where we had been standing.

Carney said without appreciation, "I suppose you saved my life." The fall had shaken him up. He sounded as though he was not sure his escape had been worth his rough handling by an ordinary seaman.

Steam began to pour and then to hiss from the after hatches. Carney knew what that meant. It meant the engine room was flooding. His eyes were wet.

"Do you think we can release the life raft?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "We won't have time. I can feel the ship sinking under us. Make sure your life jacket is secure. We're going over the side. I hope the captain and Sparks made it. Come on."

We went to the port rail. I still was trailing my right foot but I no longer was conscious of having it at all. The ship was sinking so fast that the water was up to the port rail. It was oily water, messy and uninviting. It lapped at the sinking ship. It lapped at our feet. Carney was leading the way. Suddenly he stopped, turned to me, and stormed:

"What are you waiting for? Come on!"

"I'm coming, sir," I replied. I jumped into the water. Looking back, I saw Carney was still aboard. His head was bowed. I thought he was not coming. But he did—he slipped into the water and swam to me.

The ship was going fast now. We had to swim to get clear of her suction. We swam directly away from her. All around us were flares, all along the horizon. None were close.

We looked back at the Cold Port. She was rearing up by the stern, down by the bows, and then she was plunging down.

WE HAD no ship under us now. Nothing but the oily undulating water which lifted us and dropped us, toying with us. My stomach began to rise and fall with the water. I knew I was getting sick again.

We heard a voice near by. "Help!" It was not a cry of distress. It was a hail in the darkness.

Carney treaded high in the water and answered, "Hello!"

"I'm coming," the voice came back. It was a confident, fresh voice. It belonged to Jerry Atkins, the radio operator.

I knew he had remained at his post until he had given the position of our ship to all possible rescuers and had received from at least one ship or shore station an assurance that help was on the way to us.

Jerry swam to us. He, too, had on a life jacket.

"Hello, Colin," he greeted me as though he had not seen me in a long time. "Hello, Carney. Where is Captain Barnett?"

"We don't know," Carney replied. "He may have gone down with the ship. When did you see him last?"

"Right after the second torpedo struck. He ordered me off the ship." Jerry Atkins turned to face me triumphantly. "Colin," he said, "I stayed right there sending. I didn't even think about the danger I was in. All I thought about was sending SSSs and getting Rs. And you know what?"

"What?" Carney cut in.

"The Navy shore station on Trinidad promised that rescue ships will be in the vicinity by tomorrow morning!"

It was a great moment for Jerry Atkins. I can see it more plainly *now*, however, than I could *then*. I wasn't going so good then. My immediate predicament seemed to dim my thought of predicaments to come. I was a case apart from the others. I already had been in the water once. I already had been through the first excitement. Now I was dull. Sickness, which at first had been something new, was now a commonplace. My right leg, which had been a novelty when it first failed me, was now a routine ailment taking its routine toll. I had found, also, that exuberant water is not the only thing which the presence of oil slick bridles. It also bridles the human spirit.

I was conscious of Carney speaking. "Morning," he was saying, "is a long way off. It's now eleven thirty. Rescue, even if it comes, may be too late. We may as well face that possibility."

"But I'm sure," Jerry expostulated fervently, "I'm sure help is coming, sir! Navy patrols will be in the vicinity by morning. And you said it's almost midnight. That's not long, sir. I'm sure we'll make it!"

Carney spoke impatiently, but he spoke to me. "Objects floating in the water," he said, "have a tendency to separate. We'll have to hold hands in order to remain together. Whatever is in store for us, it'll be better if we remain together while facing it. Form a circle. . . . Come on, hold hands."

BOTH Jerry and I closed in, catching Carney's hands and each other's. I suppose you could say there we were out in the Caribbean with the moon and the stars overhead, sharks underfoot, water all around, playing ring-around-a-rosy.

The faces of my companions were a study in contrasts. The face of Carney was gray and veteran and learned in the ways of the odds. The face of Jerry Atkins was young in hope and in spirit. Both faces revealed knowledge, but each of something entirely different.

"I've been to sea all my life," Carney said soberly. "I know the chances. I tell you that the chances of our getting picked up alive are in direct proportion to the hazards of the sea as against the flimsy luck of man."

Thus spoke the veteran of the sea.

"But, sir," Jerry Atkins came back, protesting, "the Caribbean is full of ships. All of them know where we are. So does the Navy shore station at Port of Spain. Our own Navy has promised help will be here in the morning. I don't want to appear to be a know-it-all, sir, and I do appreciate your long experience with the sea, but I simply think that this time once again men floating on the sea after a submarine attack will be rescued. Many other men have been rescued, and in this same war, too."

Thus spoke the young kid in faith. I was a young kid, too. I, too, should have had faith. But back in an oily sea from which you had miraculously rescued yourself, and faced with a future so bleak, would you have been able to side with even a friend like Jerry Atkins against the gray opinions of a man like Carney? I have heard of men who willingly released their hold upon floating debris and thus of their own will sank below the water to drown in peace. Or maybe they simply were exhausted and could no longer hold on. I've been there and I'm still damned if I know.

I could see, though, why Jerry Atkins did not want to face death. He wanted to be rewarded with his own life and the lives of all of us for his valor in staying at his post.

If we died, all his heroism would have been in vain. I don't believe he cared about a medal. He wanted results, results that would play upon the mind of some other youngster in a similar quandary and help that youngster come through.

"How long can we last in the water?" I asked Carney.

"We—Sparks and I—cannot last much longer than morning. You cannot last that long, perhaps. I hope your leg isn't bleeding."

"Why?"

"Blood attracts sharks."

"You were a good member of the ship's crew," Carney told me a little later. What he said was intended as a compliment and also as a prelude to parting. To me it sounded like a lousy epitaph.

The night which had stood away now pressed closer upon us like a shroud. I dozed fitfully, only to awaken fitfully. The shock of that first explosion still had me partially stunned, I guess. I only wished the distance would come on with whatever it had on its mind. I wanted to get it over with, one way or another, before agony set in.

"Do you believe in God?" Carney asked me.

"Yes," I replied. "I think so."

"I sure do," Jerry Atkins came in high again. I could not take heart. I honestly didn't know what I believed in. I do not think that at a single turn of my thoughts I was able to remember Jean, the girl I loved. That's the funk I was in, and that small part of my mind that still could think was too busy trying to forget.

"I believe in God," Carney said simply.

I said nothing then, but I would like to go on record now: I believe in God, myself.

"I believe our situation is hopeless," Carney plunged on.

"Oh, no, sir," Jerry Atkins objected. "We are going to be saved in the morning. That I know." He would not be downed.

"That is your faith?" Carney's voice was heavy.

"That is my faith, sir. I believe we are going to be saved." Jerry Atkins was hope springing eternal.

"I put my faith in God," Carney announced.

Now I knew he was going to pray.

I said, "Faith and hope and prayer have nothing to do with it. Either ships will come to pick us up or we will die. Our position is known. Little is left to chance. If we are to be saved, the ship that will pick us up is already on its way to get us. The only chance left is whether the submarines will get these ships before they reach here." I did not dare mention a lot of other less cheerful things darting around under us.

I didn't want Carney to pray. I wanted to be let alone. A prayer would not let me alone.

Carney licked his lips with his tongue and cast his eyes to heaven. "The Lord is my Shepherd," Carney said. . . . He said it all the way through and I thought: *That's over.*

And then from the other side of me, Jerry Atkins started up. The damn guy was singing:

Roll out the barrel; we'll have a barrel of fun,
Roll out the barrel; we've got the blues on the run.

MY HEAD was very heavy and unwieldy. My face dipped into the water and for a speeding instant this refreshed me; and I strangled, but that was all right, too. Some one said that if I passed out I would surely drown. It sounded like a good idea. If only the fever in my face could be quenched as I drowned.

But something else came up. Jerry Atkins yelled to Carney that he saw a hatch plank floating by. An average hatch plank is fifteen feet long, eighteen inches wide, and four inches thick. It looked like the bed to end all beds to me; to lie down on it in comfort was what I desperately wanted. It would be better than floating around in that salt water in the galling cork life jacket. It would be easier to die that way. Jerry left our circle and swam to get the plank. He came back with it and I was able to get both elbows on it.

Carney and Jerry helped me up on it and I rolled over on my back. Jerry took off my life jacket. For the first time I noticed I had on no clothes. I had kicked them off, either in the excitement when I discovered I had been blasted off the deck of the Cold Port by the first torpedo or in my subsequent hours of agony. The life belt had chafed my body and, besides, from the various explosions and knockings-around I had sustained multiple rips and cuts in my hide and flesh, many of which had already started to fester.

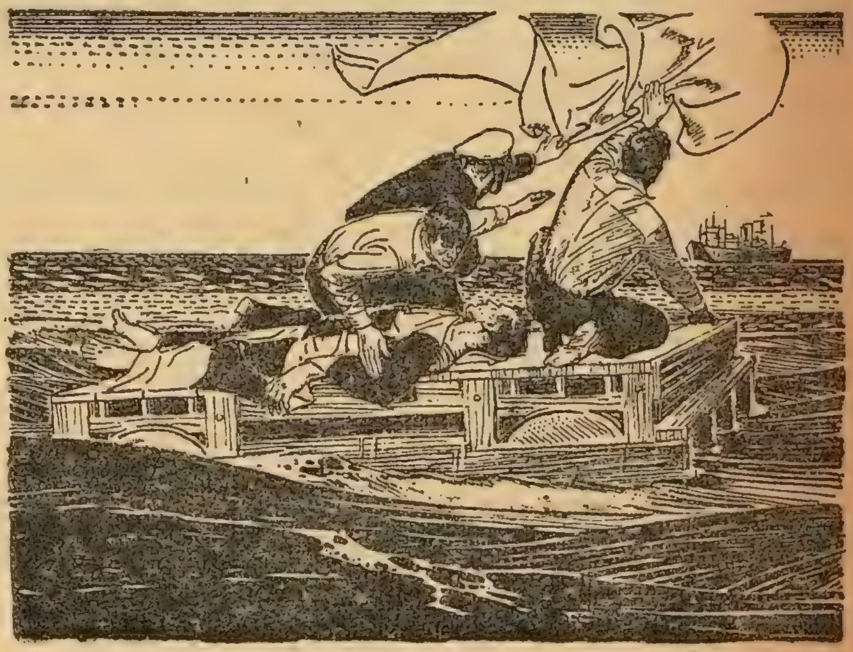
I rested on my back on the plank and blew oil bubbles from my nose and mouth. I was more comfortable than I had been in endless hours. That was the most important thing in my life. Next in importance was my belief that I was now in the final stages of dying. Funny how sure I was of that—I'll never be quite so sure of anything again.

Then suddenly out of that God-awful darkness the swift tropical dawn came racing. And Carney's voice droned into my consciousness, exclaiming about something on the eastern horizon.

"I see it, too," came from Jerry. "Looks like some sort of debris."

"Or a life raft," Carney added.

I rolled over on my side and stared into the sunlight slanting over the horizon to the east. Bobbing on the far edge of the sea was a small speck.



"We'll try to move toward it, towing our plank," Carney said.

I rolled over on my stomach. I kept my feet on the plank, but I paddled with my hands, out of sheer unwillingness to the last to be an easy rider. I'd paddle a few minutes and then rest a few minutes, laying my head on the plank until I had recovered the expended energy. But I realized I wasn't recovering from the expenditure. Thereafter I simply lay on my face and lapsed into semi-consciousness, regaining two-thirds control of myself at intervals, but never complete control. I heard Carney announce:

"It's a raft and there's someone on it. It's Barnett!"

I tried to lift my head but found that I couldn't. I heard Carney hail Barnett: "Cap'n, we thought you had been lost."

And Barnett: "Not this time. Who's that on the plank?"

"Colin Mackenzie." I was aware of Carney's reply. "He's about done for, I'm afraid."

I was conscious, too, when they lifted me from the plank and transferred me gently to the raft. But what brought me to was a stiff slug of rum which Barnett poured down my throat.

"There," said Barnett. "That'll help you, young man."

I had been lying on my back on the raft because that was the way they placed me. But I wanted to see, now I had the stimulus. So I sat up to look around.

The captain was sitting cross-legged in the center of the raft smoking a cigarette as he talked. I was more aware of it than fully conscious of it, for now I seemed to be giddy from the rum.

"Nasty leg Mackenzie has there," he said.

I looked at my leg. It was broken. A white, sharp sliver of my shinbone stuck out above my ankle. I could see it sticking out there.

I said, "Yes, sir. I got it from the explosion of the first torpedo." I said it without any effort. It had not changed anything in my life. I had been dying. I still was dying. A broken leg doesn't complicate the life of a dying man nearly so much as you might suspect.

But there was something about sitting there in the middle of a restless sea and looking at a broken leg, no matter whose, that was not good for an ailing stomach and an oil-soaked system.

"You'll be all right, Colin," Jerry Atkins said with feeling.

"The devil I will," I snapped back. "I am going and you know it." I could hear my voice getting louder as I talked. "All of you know it. But I don't want any Psalms or Beer Barrel Polkas. Do you hear?"

"You're not going to die," Jerry Atkins insisted.

Well, was I? A man is not the best judge about something so personal. I looked at Barnett. He lowered his eyes away from mine.

"Look," Jerry exclaimed. "What is that?" He pointed at an object in the water.

"That's the signal flag box from the Cold Port," Barnett said. "Swim out and get it, Jerry." Jerry Atkins dived into the sea and swam back to us with the signal flag box.

"It's still got some of the flags in it," he announced as he climbed up on the raft.

I sat there knowing what was going on, but having no particular interest in it.

Captain Barnett was moving around. He lifted the lid off a compartment in the center of the raft and took out some bandages and medication and crawled to me. He put some iodine on my leg. I didn't say anything. I couldn't feel the iodine. He wrapped a bandage around my leg. The bandage covered up the ugly mess, but I could still see the outline of the jagged bone through the bandage which covered it. So it didn't make any difference.

If you cover a dead man with a sheet, you can still see his outline under it and it doesn't make any difference, except in the niceties of the occasion. This occasion had no niceties, and that's the point.

I was getting sicker. I was dizzier than I had been before and I was weaker, I think. Blackness was crowding in on me again and in this blackness there were sporadic crimson flashes. I lay down on my back. The raft was hot and burned my raw flesh. That seemed to hurt me a whole lot. I tried to sit up, but I couldn't do it.

"He's not doing well," Barnett said.

He came over and poured rum into my mouth. It wouldn't go down. It spilled out. I couldn't even taste it.

THEN I passed into a twilight. I was on a train, I thought, going through Utah. I had a great appetite. I waited for a bell to ring and then I went to the diner. I ate some fresh northern crabs *diable* with pure cream, old sherry wine, and green peppers, and some lobster meat sprinkled with grated cheese and with butter oozing out; and for dessert I ate plain butter sliced like cheese.

In my delirium, I started to leave the diner but collapsed on the floor and was carried by half the people on the train to a compartment, protesting all the way that they were hurting me. Many doctors gathered around me in the compartment where I lay on the berth, and after a lot of babbling agreed that I had eaten too much oily butter and that I would have to die because of it. The butter taste in my mouth was exactly the taste of fuel oil now.

I imagined I died and that everyone went off and left me there on the bed in the compartment, naked. Hours later a giant Negro porter came in and, seeing me naked and dead, asked me whether I wanted him to repeat the Twenty-third Psalm or sing the Beer Barrel Polka.

I implored him to do neither; and he did both, reciting the Psalm first and singing the song afterward.

When he had finished he came over and spread a sheet over me, muttering, "People ought to cover up dead folks."

I deemed this an outrageous way to be treated and I reached down with my hands to make sure the sheet was covering me completely.

I actually felt the sheet in my hands. There was something wrong here.

I sat bolt upright. I was awake now, you can bet.

I looked down to see that sheet. It was not a sheet. It was one of the signal flags from the Cold Port!

I was wrapped in a flag at sea.

I looked around at the three men, their faces. Their eyes were large and unbelieving. I looked back at the flag that draped me.

Captain Barnett smiled sheepishly. Jerry Atkins let go pent-up breath. The water around us was as bottomless as it was limitless and contained many more sharks than submarines.

"What the hell," I demanded in honest indignation and fear, "goes on here?"

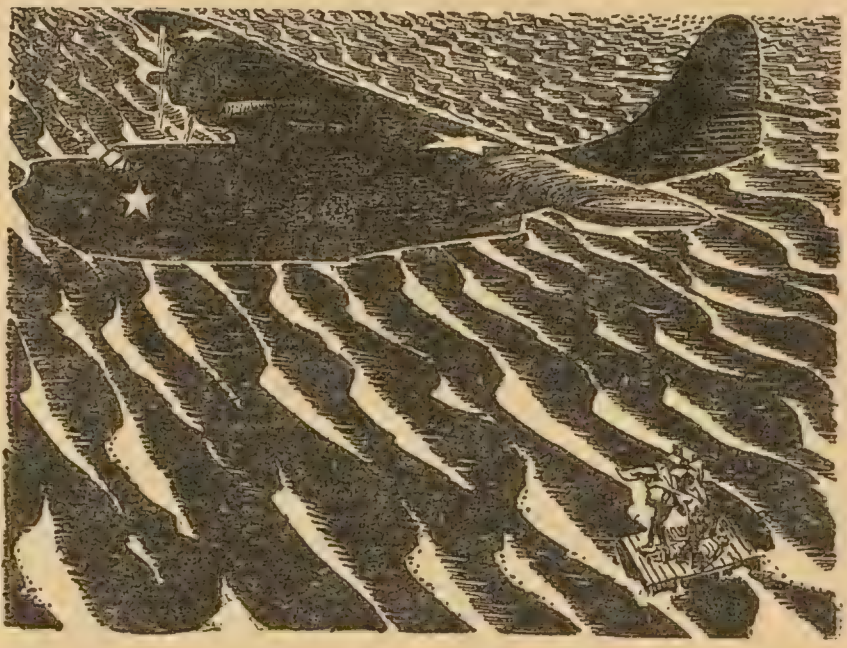
They had been getting ready to bury me at sea.

They had been getting ready to bury me even as I had been recovering my will to live.

The face of Carney was granite gray. "We thought you were dead, lad," he said solemnly.

But Jerry Atkins was more excited now than sorry. "You almost got buried alive, guy!" he exclaimed.

Captain Barnett was content to let the situation speak for itself. The opinions of captains of the seas are never questioned in emergencies. Their judgment is the payoff. It had been Captain Barnett's judgment that I was dead. Having made his decision, he might state it, but not feel the necessity of justifying it. To him I had been dead; now I was alive. Stranger things than that have happened at sea. It was probably of more importance to Captain Barnett that his own dignity and pride had been hurt by the blasting from under him of his ship.



Carney, having made his solemn declaration to me before God, was now absolved. Neither he nor Barnett was accountable to me except from choice. Yet here I was, a citizen with a monstrous complaint, entitled to seek redress.

Both officers were beyond my reach. But Jerry Atkins wasn't—no, by golly. I squawked to him.

"Can't you tell a dead man from a live one?" I demanded indignantly.

"Why, no," he answered simply. "I can't. This is the first time I've even been around where people were dying."

The veteran officers turned to look at me with frank disapproval as though I had violated some obscure law.

"Great God," I exclaimed recklessly, "I think I've got a reasonable complaint!"

Captain Barnett spoke to me in a calm voice. He answered my complaint. He said, "I listened for your heart beat. I couldn't hear any. I felt your pulse. I couldn't feel any. The sea was running heavy, and the raft was bouncing around."

"You *looked* dead," Carney added.

"I'm sorry," I blubbered.

"How about some water?" Jerry Atkins interposed brightly.

"That's it," I agreed.

Jerry filled a tin cup from the raft's jug and brought it to me. It was wet. It moistened my parched lips, at the same time reviving my thirst and quenching it.

The captain and the chief engineer were scanning the far reaches.

"Do you still think we're going to be rescued?" I asked Jerry.

"They were supposed to have been here this morning," Jerry reasoned. "Something must have delayed them. But the Navy'll get around to us. You watch and see."

"I'd just as soon they didn't rescue me if I'm going to lose my leg. I wouldn't know what to do with just one leg, Jerry. There is a girl waiting back home. Her name is Jean, and I am damn sure she would be very uninterested in a peg leg."

Then, out of nowhere seemingly, came an electric sound. Our heads almost fell off our shoulders as we looked up. There in the blue sky was an angel—its motor the sweetest music I ever heard. It was a Catalina flying boat.

"Break out the signal flags and drape the raft with them," Barnett exclaimed with more excitement than I had ever seen him show.

The plane was coming from the east, flying at about two thousand feet. It came on, losing altitude until it looked finally as though its belly might hit a high wave. But as it came closer, I could see it was several hundred feet in the air.

The pilot came by, not over us, and circled around us. A hand waved from the plane.

"Did you see that hand waving?" Barnett asked Jerry. "That's how the pilot let us know that help is on the way."

I lay back flat. I wanted to rest now more than anything. I dreaded the ordeal of being hauled aboard the rescue ship. I didn't want to move a muscle. Especially I did not want to move my broken leg, which had been quiet now since I got it laid out on the raft. I put my arms over my face to shield it from the blazing sun. I dozed off to sleep. When I awoke, Jerry Atkins was shouting in my ear:

"Colin! We can see a ship! It's coming this way over the eastern horizon."

I sat up. "How long did I sleep?"

"Only a few minutes. Did you hear what I said?"

"That's not enough sleep. I need more. Much more." I closed my eyes again. "Wake me up again when we reach New York."

"Colin," Jerry screamed, "we've sighted a rescue ship! We're saved! Do you hear me?"

I sat up. The ordeal was torturous. My back and neck and rump joined pains together. I looked around. Coming to us, two hundred yards dead east, was a freighter, a dirty dun-colored freighter which looked familiar. The lifeboat she towed also looked familiar.

OUR raft was alongside the tall gray freighter and the men aboard her had lowered a bowline with a bight. I looked at it in terror. The bowline bight is a loop. This loop was to go under my shoulders so that I could be swung aboard. That meant it would dig into my raw and torn back.

Jerry Atkins helped me to my left foot. He brought me the bowline and aided me in getting my arms through it. He padded me against the harshness of the rope with the V-flag I wore, and he put my life jacket in my right hand to take along with me.

They swung me clear of the raft. The rope dug into me. My right leg dangled and pain knifed through it. I gritted my teeth and ground my eyes shut.

Hands on ship took me and laid me on deck. I sprawled there, panting, my eyes still closed. There were walking feet all around me.

I heard Johnnie Downs, the other Cold Port wiper, in his impudent voice, "Swell evening dress you got there, Colin."

I opened my eyes to fifteen others from the Cold Port who had been rescued by the freighter and were ringed around me. It was the best sight, I believed, in all the wide world. And sometimes when I get sentimental, I still believe so. They were faces, not names. I knew few of them by name. We had not had time to get acquainted by name, but there is something very deep in the word *shipmates.*

A young, blond, lumpish fireman whom everyone in the Cold Port engine room called "Swede" was taking the bowline off me with an easy touch. "How you doing?" he asked almost tenderly.

"O. K.," I told him. "I haven't been doing very well, but now I'm all right."

The Swede and Johnnie Downs got arms around me and lifted me up. I put my arms around their necks and hopped along on my left foot, jarring my right leg every time I landed. Thus we followed a seaman who was taking me to his bunk. Johnnie Downs and the Swede put me in it. I started to doze off immediately. The last thing I remembered was the seaman whose bunk I had saying to Johnnie and the Swede that the freighter was now headed for Port of Spain in Trinidad, where I would be placed in a hospital. . . .

THE next thing I knew, the seaman who owned the bunk was shaking me roughly.

"Get up," he was saying. "Get out on deck fast. We've been torpedoed."

I wrestled myself awake. I reached down and got my hands on my life jacket. Now I was fully awake. I looked at the ship's clock on the bulkhead.

"Damn it," I said. "This is the third time I've been torpedoed in twenty-four hours!"

"Never mind that," the seaman admonished me. "Come on with me. Let's get the hell off this ship." I put on my life jacket.

He helped me out on the after deck. Men were running in every direction in the semidarkness. Jerry Atkins and Johnnie Downs ran up. They were on their way to get me and recognized me as they were about to pass me.

"Come with us," Johnnie said. "The Cold Port's lifeboat is being towed behind the ship. We'll make it there." Jerry got under my other arm and they dragged me to the after rail of the ship. From the ship a two-hundred-foot painter led to a lifeboat in tow. The Swede ran up to us.

"I'll go first," he said. "Then Mackenzie and then Atkins and Downs. Ready?"

He started down the rope hand over hand. I started down behind him. Before I had gone twenty feet down the rope I could hear men falling from it to the water ahead of me, but I felt that I could make it, however painfully. When the Swede yelled, "Here I come!" I knew that I would be next.

When I reached the spot from where the Swede had fallen into the water, I fell. I don't know whether I suddenly gave out or whether my hands slipped. I simply fell into the water. Dull pain again assailed me. My leg hurt. Every muscle in my body hurt. I was already getting sick at my stomach again. But I remembered that the towed lifeboat would hit me if I did not swim out of the way, and I got out of the way just in time.

I couldn't see anyone in the boat as it passed, and I doubted if anyone made it. Either they became exhausted going down that rope hand over hand or their hands slipped off it.

The freighter itself was still under way but apparently was no longer under her own power. She drifted into the gloom of the night just as the Cold Port had done.

The sound of swimming men grew fainter. But the sound of *one* swimming man came nearer. He was calling my name. I recognized his voice. It was the Swede.

"Colin!" he yelled. "Colin, where are you?"

I finally summoned enough voice to answer him. "Here, Swede! Here I am! Where is Jerry?"

Turning in the water, I tried to look in the direction from which the Swede's voice came. I couldn't see him. But I did see something else, some huge and ship-like thing bobbing up right out of the water. It was a submarine. A wave from off her back turned me over in the water. That is how I knew for sure. That submarine looked three hundred feet long.

From the conning tower of the submarine there came the sound of a hatch opening, followed by a thin beam of probing light. The beam of light found me and shone upon me full. A voice from the submarine hailed me: "Hello, there. What's the name of your ship?"

"I don't know," I replied truthfully. "I'm a rescued seaman from another ship—or was."

The light moved from me to another seaman in the water fifty feet away.

I could now see the man who was asking the questions.

"What's the name of your ship?"

"The Kahlooni," the seaman replied.

This was the first time I had heard the name of the ship which had rescued me and now had been shot from under me.

The submarine skipper gave a guttural order to the conning tower and the motors began to whir. The screw started turning and the submarine lurched forward. As it streaked into motion, I heard the outcry of a man. The cry was snapped in two as if by some violent blow and it seemed to hang in the air over the wake of the submarine, a disjointed shriek of pain and horror. It was a hideous thing to hear.

One of the lifeboats came back to pick us up. It was a Kahlooni lifeboat. The Cold Port lifeboat was still made fast to the Kahlooni, or was when I last saw it.

As the lifeboat approached, I heard Johnnie Downs call my name from its bow. "Colin. Colin Mackenzie. Where are you?"

"Here I am," I called back.

The lifeboat came to me and Johnnie and another seaman lifted me out of the water and sat me down in the boat between two others.

I dozed for what may have been only half a minute. I came to with an inner twist. "Hey, Johnnie," I called out. "The Swede. He was about fifty feet over to starboard the last I saw of him. He was coming to help me. For God's sake let's get the lifeboat over there and pick him up."

Johnnie was up in the bow of the lifeboat and he called back, "I hear you, Colin. We're looking for him now. Take it easy."

One of the men stood up in the boat and looked back at the Kahlooni and the submarine "Hey, that bastard's going to shell our ship!" the standing seaman shouted.

At the same time a sharp report cracked out. All hands turned to look back. The sub kept pouring shells into the Kahlooni and as each shell struck the ship, the flash lit up the whole sky.

Soon the ship was a towering pillar of flame, lighting up the sea as well as the sky.

"Don't forget the Swede," I called to Johnnie.

A seaman called out. "Hey, I see something out there."

I sat up. The seaman was pointing. I looked where he pointed and saw something floating there in the water but I couldn't make out what it was.

I struggled to my feet to get a look at that floating object. When we reached it, someone reached out with a boat hook and prodded it, and then turned it over in the water.

It was a body, kept afloat by the life jacket. But there was something grotesque about it. I had to look twice to realize what it was: the body was headless. The neck had been cut in two, low—almost at the shoulders.

The body was short and thickset. The arms were short.

"That," I heard Johnnie Downs say with a choke in his voice, "is the Swede from our ship."

"The submarine's screw cut his head off," I called to Johnnie. "I heard him scream before it happened. He was coming to help me."

"There are too damned many people around here, dead and dying," Johnnie Downs observed bitterly.

THE Kahlooni blazed furiously. Flames from all over her stood up to the sky, flooding the stage of the great disaster.

Our lifeboat, now that we could find no one to rescue, drifted. No one wanted to touch an oar; and what was the use, anyhow? Pain still twisted me. Pain and memories. Freshest and most poignant was the Swede. Minutes ago he had been coming to me to help me. The memory pierced me. Atop my other emotions, dominating them and agitating them, was bitter anger.

I heard Johnnie Downs's voice near me. "What's happened to Mackenzie of the Cold Port back here?" he asked. He had come from up forward to make sure I was all right.

"We're taking good care of him," a seaman told Johnnie.

"O. K.," Johnnie replied. "So long as you don't try to bury him alive. Poor devil. He's had about all the bad bundle he can carry."

At those words I suddenly sat bolt upright. "Where are Barnett, Carney, and Jerry? For God's sake don't tell me that after all we had they had to go!" The thought made me almost hysterical.

"Take it easy, Colin, take it easy," Johnnie said. "They will be all right, I am sure."

Somehow that, plus my exhausted state, finished me. I just slumped back and this time I really did not give a damn any more about anything.

The torch of the Kahlooni was still towering high into the sky when suddenly it went out. The ship had sunk. This really was "bank nite" for Davy Jones. It was as though someone had turned out the light of the world. Now all we had was the moon.

The pale dawn brightened into full daylight. For a few minutes daylight was pleasant after night. But daylight in the Caribbean in June means a hot, burning sun. There is no end to hell on the open sea. Everything, cold wind, hot sun, wet water, dry air—everything adds to one's suffering.

My skin was red and raw and the sun was getting to it to make it more so. I still had the flag and I spread it over as much of me as it would cover.

Two other lifeboats were together, a mile or so away. Both were rigged with sails. Someone in our boat suggested that we rig out a sail too, and there was considerable talk about it, pros and cons, but nothing was done. We continued to drift, taking our fate straight.

IT IS the sober truth about me in the Caribbean that I slept through much of the excitement. Thus, I was asleep when a PC boat and an auxiliary cruiser hove into view on the eastern horizon. I awoke amid cheers that rocked the boat.

The PC and the auxiliary were making for the other two lifeboats when I first saw them. But before they reached the lifeboats, the PC put around and streaked toward us, making time like a water bug. In no time at all, she was throwing us a line. She was a pretty little thing, some 110 feet long, and trim. Her number was 453. She carried a powerful deck gun as well as two anti-aircraft machine guns.

But, best of all, she had a shallow draft and a standard torpedo would pass under her belly. We made her line fast to our boat and some of the boys started scrambling up the line, hand over hand.

Johnnie Downs came to me from up forward. "You'll have to go overside in a bowline, same as before," he told me.

The PC lowered a bowline and Johnnie helped me into it. "Be sure and keep the flag between me and the rope," I begged Johnnie. "Otherwise the rope will eat into me. I'm as raw as a piece of chopped beef."

The PC hauled me away and I swore out loud and clenched my fists so that my nails cut into my palms; but it didn't hurt much, actually. By golly, you know, I think I was even getting used to *that!*

But after I was lowered to the deck of the PC, I must have sort of passed out, because the next thing I clearly remember is that I was on a bunk in the crew's quarters and someone was fooling around with my right leg, the one that was broken.

The man working over my leg was a boatswain. Johnnie Downs was standing beside him.

"It's all right," Johnnie said. "The bosun is acting pharmacist's mate."

He bathed off an area on my right thigh with alcohol and stabbed a needle deep into it. I almost jumped off the bunk and it took all available hands to hold me. Damn it, that hurt!

"It's the sunburn," the bosun told me. "You have second degree burns with whatever else ails you. I'm trying to cut down on your pain."

"We either have to fix your broken leg or shoot you like they do horses," Johnnie Downs said, trying to be helpful.

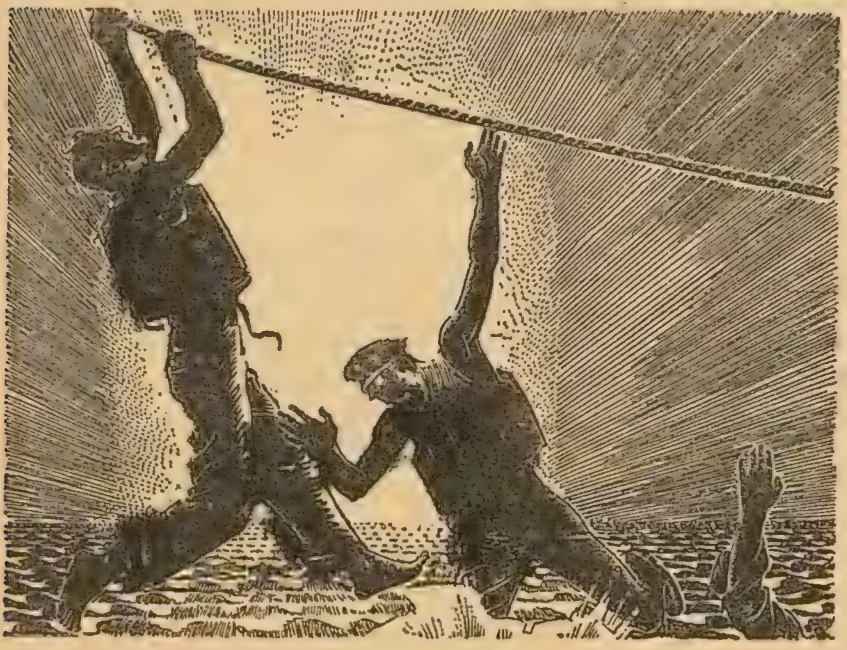
The bosun put wooden splints against my leg and bound them tightly with gauze. It didn't hurt. I couldn't feel it. But I watched him do it. When he had finished he gathered up his medical gear and left, and I went to sleep.

It was approximately two o'clock in the morning when we entered the harbor of Port of Spain. Two sailors came to my improvised hammock with a stretcher. "All right, Mac," one of them said. "Skipper says for you to be carried ashore in this. I understand he has asked for an ambulance to take you to the hospital."

Johnnie Downs came up and looked me over. "You'll be all right now," he assured me. "I'll see you at the hospital as soon as you can receive visitors."

The Colonial Hospital was a white, one-story affair that sprawled over a relatively large area, and it was open on all sides like a pavilion. It had no windows but was screened between the tall columns and arches.

A Negro nurse and two Negro hospital orderlies took me in. They carried me into the main ward and lifted me into a narrow hard bunk with white, clean, fragrant linen. The nurse removed the improvised splints with scissors.



"I am afraid," she said in precise British English, "that you constitute an emergency case. Will you please pardon me for not detecting this sooner?" She motioned to a passing orderly, then to another. The orderlies wheeled me into the surgery room and a Negro doctor came in with a strange sort of rhythm in his walk.

"Now, look," I told him. "First of all, my leg don't come off. Is that understood?"

He looked at the broken leg and frowned. "We shall try to save it, of course," he said. Again that very British English accent. I recalled then that Trinidad is a British possession. "But," he added, "you know, old chap, that the bone will have to be set. Is that clear?"

One of the two Negro nurses, the anesthetist, came over to my head and clapped the ether mask over my face.

"Breathe deeply," she said. "Deeply, deeply . . . deeply."

When I came to I was back in the ward in bed. My belly was in turmoil. There was sensation in my leg now, but no pain.

It was daylight and very bright, and hot—even while I was considering the heat it seemed to grow hotter. The sun burned through the screens, making heat patterns on the floor.

It was difficult for me to breathe—I felt as if I had two lumps of iron in my chest.

The doctor with the catlike walk came and stood at the foot of my bed, looking at me thoughtfully.

"The symptoms, yes," he said. "We know them here. You have oil in your lungs, my friend. It means that your lungs will have to be tapped and drained. The matter will require several days' confinement, but you should suffer no inconvenience, inasmuch as you shall be required to remain confined to bed for an indefinite period, regardless, while your leg knits."

A nurse came from the rear of the ward. "The patient in the back is behind the screen," she said.

The doctor hurried away with that remarkable gait of his. I watched him go behind a screen in the back of the ward.

A Red Cross worker, prim and blonde, came to me. "Do you wish to send a message to any one?" she asked.

I got her to send a message to Jean, saying that I was in Trinidad safe and sound.

The nurse who had called Dr. Edwards' attention to the patient behind the screen came by and I beckoned her over. "What's the matter with the patient in the bed behind the screen?" I asked.

"He's dead," she replied. "Hopeless case." Then quickly: "Do you know who Dr. Edwards is?"

"I think I've heard of him in athletics," I replied. "But just who is he?"

"Dr. Edwards is a former Olympics runner," she said, very British.

He came from behind the screen and motioned to a pair of orderlies who accompanied him to a bed on the other side of the ward. From this bed they lifted a middle-aged man swathed in bandages from head to foot. As they placed him on the wheeled stretcher, the man whimpered.

A man in the bed to the right of mine cleared his throat. The sound came so feebly I turned to look at him. He smiled wanly, and I smiled back, I guess. "That bed behind the screen," he said weakly. "That is where they die."

I said, "You better save your strength."

"I've been here three weeks," he said. "I don't have to save strength any more."

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"Back broken," he said. "And both legs shattered. But I believe now that I'll be able to walk again. For a long time I didn't. For a long time I even thought I was going to go to that bed behind the screen."

DR. EDWARDS came from the rear of the ward and back to my bed. "Must drain your left lung," he said. A nurse came with a bucket and a tube and a small box.

Dr. Edwards took the box, and from it a hollow needle. He connected the butt end of the needle with one end of the tube. The other, or loose, end of the tube he let fall into the bucket on the floor. He ran searching fingers along my ribs on the left side until he found a spot he sought. Into this spot without warning he rammed the needle. I damn near jumped out of the bed, torturing muscles which had not hurt me for hours.

"You must be less active," Dr. Edwards admonished me. "Now, lad, lie quietly, and drain. You should feel somewhat better for that."

I lay quietly and went to sleep. I slept around the clock. I might still be sleeping; but, damn it all, if I didn't dream I was being torpedoed!

Then I woke up, and Dr. Edwards was standing at the foot of my bed. The needle was gone from my lung, the bucket was gone from beside my bed.

"How much oil was in my lung?" I asked.

"A teacup full," Dr. Edwards replied. "Quite a cargo."

The nurse came with half a broiled chicken, casaba melon, and milk. I wolfed it down. It was something fine. I said as much to Jack Reid, the fellow in the next bed.

"I'm glad you liked it," he said, "because that is what we get three times a day. The island is under airtight blockade, as you probably guessed."

Funny how your opinion can change. I did not think then that I could ever get tired of native Trinidad chicken, casaba melon, and milk. In three days it didn't taste so awfully fine. In three weeks, I was tired of it.

And one morning I was picking over a piece of chicken with complete disinterest when a mosquito came and lit on it. I shooed the mosquito off with a gesture of my hand. A few seconds later a nice little lump on the back of my hand testified to the fact that somehow he had got me, after all. The rest of that day I seemed to be the feeding ground of every hungry insect in the place.

I complained to Jack, who said, "Try to keep covered. It's just once in a while they come like this, and some of them carry malaria."

HIS advice, I was afraid, came too late.

Fever blazed through me. It burned its course, leaving me slimy with sweat. I chilled through, and I quaked. My flesh stood away from my bones and shook. My teeth clacked. I huddled under the sheet—and fever blazed through me again. My head buzzed and my eyes swelled against their sockets and smarted.

Dr. Edwards came in and sat on my bed. "You've a high temperature; you also have malaria," he told me.

"I'm going to whip malaria," I told him. "I'm going to whip everything. I'm going to sea again. Between times I'm going to marry my girl Jean."

"Men have whipped malaria before," Dr. Edwards said with a curious little smile. "And men have married girls named Jean before."

Well, I whipped malaria. I whipped it simply by riding it out and letting it buck itself to the end. That's not fun, though.

Jack Reid said to me one day, "You've won."

"Yeah," I said. "I got that over with, almost."

Dr. Edwards came by later in the day. He seemed worried. His face was lined. "I'm sorry, old man," he said as he sat down. "We're dreadfully pressed for room. Casualties from the Caribbean are arriving faster than we can find accommodations for them. Many cases are of more serious nature. You are weak, I know. And I also know that your leg is not mended. But you have on a traction splint which will hold the bone in place even as you limp around and you can regain your strength."

I said, "When can I get out of here?"

He replied, "In five minutes."

The Red Cross brought me khaki trousers, civvy shirt, and a left shoe. The nurse brought me two crutches; and Dr. Edwards returned with two orderlies, a stretcher, and a casualty to take my bed even before I was completely out of it.

Seamen on the street directed me to the Merchant Seamen's club where I was boisterously greeted by other survivors of the Cold Port and the Kahlooni. They told me that out of the sixteen ships of our convoy, only one got through to Trinidad, and that even she was sunk when she attempted to make it on across.

There must have been over two hundred merchant seamen at the club, survivors of torpedoings. Each had a fistful of money and it was easy to borrow what I wanted.

MORALE, like bravery, is seasoned. Men may have it when it is required of them. Between times they may or may not have it, depending upon imponderable factors. An excited American without it is a sight to behold.

When I arrived at the Merchant Seamen's Club, I found the seamen in tumultuous meeting. You can take a thousand seamen and coop them up on a ship for any period and have no trouble. But try doing it to even a hundred-odd of them on land and you have hell to pay!

The reason for the meeting was the news that the Robert E. Lee, a combination freighter and passenger liner belonging to the Aluminum Company of America, had departed for New York two weeks previously with space for two hundred and fifty passengers and that somebody deemed it inadvisable for her to use the space to repatriate merchant seamen. Hell was raised at that meeting. A committee was appointed by someone to protest to the American consulate and I heard my name called out as a member.

We went to the American consulate and were received by a man named Smith. Our committee leaders sang out at him.

"We don't have anything to do with that phase," Mr. Smith told us. "Why don't you go to the harbor master?"

We went back to the club and another committee was selected to present our case to the harbor master, an Englishman. The committee went to see him. He told them that it was entirely up to the "Navy of the United States."

Another committee went to call on the commandant of the United States Naval base. He said the matter was entirely in the hands of the United States Army. Another committee was appointed to call on the United States Army command. There the committee was told, in very serious confidence, that the matter was entirely in the hands of the British harbor master. The buck had made its rounds.

We held a gigantic indignation meeting, attended by nearly a thousand seamen, and we drafted two letters.

The first letter to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, White House, Washington, D. C., began: "We respectfully call your attention. . . ."

The second letter was to Joseph Curran, President of the National Maritime Union, and began: "We call your attention to the fact that we are being pushed around. . ."

The next day, however, even before the letters could have cleared, Captain Barnett, our Cold Port skipper, who had been coming by the club every day or so to advance money and help us in any other way he could, came to see us again.

"You boys stand by to go down to the Alcoa Line this afternoon," he told us. "There you will fill out passenger tickets for your return to the States."

We filled out passenger tickets and were told to stand by. The next morning before daylight, we boarded the S.S. George Washington. The ship had lifeboat accommodations for three hundred passengers. Four hundred and fifty of us crowded aboard her. Included among those four hundred and fifty men who packed themselves aboard the Alcoa liner were the remnants of thirty-seven torpedoed crews.

WE STEAMED up the good ol' Miss. I had $200 in my pocket. I was all set for New Orleans.

Ashore, I was met by an agent of the company which had owned the Cold Port, who took me to a hospital where I had the cast taken off my leg. I could walk without a limp and without pain. The company agent then took me to the Hotel Lafayette.

He told me that reservations had been made and that all repatriated seamen in New Orleans would be taken to New York by train the day after next, and he gave me the time we would arrive in New York—8.30 A.M. I had to pinch myself all the time to really believe I was home.

I immediately called Jean, at the Seymour Hotel in New York, by telephone and asked her to meet the train when it reached New York. She said she would. I felt very glad about everything—I was home and I was soon to be met in New York by my best girl.

The train was on time leaving New Orleans but an hour and a half late in arriving at New York. But Jean was there. That was the finale. I damn near busted right down and cried and I would have punched anyone in the nose who called me sissy. Men have always come back from the sea to just this. It means an awful lot. Unless you've sailed you can't appreciate it.

I went to the headquarters of the National Maritime Union the next morning prepared to plead for a berth out again.

"Man, the government is looking for you," they told me at union headquarters.

"What for?" I asked, not particularly caring.

"You're one of those heroes of the sea everyone is talking about. The National Service of the Maritime Commission is looking for heroes to send around to war plants on lecture tours. Do that hitch first, and then come back and you can go out to sea again."

I called Jean and she had a date that night. I went to her hotel and waited until she came back from a date and then told her I was getting ready to tour the country and make some speeches to speed the victory building program.

"What in the world will you do next?" she demanded.

"Marry you," I told her. "Then I'm going back to sea to find out how the subs are doing."

"Listen, darling. I love you very much, but you can't induce me to jump into your meteoric existence—one minute wondering if I am a widow, the next minute flying all over the country learning how closely you missed. I am only an ordinary little human and I would be a hospital case before long. You just take off on your mad way, get it all out of your system, and then we will see."

When I returned to New York after the first round of speechmaking, I said to Jean: "This nonsense has gone far enough. You are going to marry me."

It still was not easy. "The answer is no," she said.

Well, it took me about four hours of really earnest talk and pleading—maybe my speechmaking had given me the key. Three days later Jean was Mrs. Colin Mackenzie and I was the happiest guy in the world. We did not have time for a honeymoon, as my schedule was right on my neck. I had to leave for Rochester, and we went together.

ONE night, back at our hotel after a big victory rally, I remarked to Jean, "Think I'll go to sea." I tried to make it sound casual.

"I knew you'd come to that," she said. "I've been watching you."

"After all," I plunged on, "a man—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted me. I could detect now the note of resignation in her voice. "When there is action, men like you have to be in it. I knew that about you before I married you. So I married you with my eyes open. And thanks for lingering in port long enough for me to really get acquainted with you." Her lips trembled a little, but she was smiling.

It was early in May, 1943, when we got to New York. I went to union headquarters. "Can you find a berth for a veteran hand?" I asked.

A convoy of several score ships was gathered in New York Bay off Stapleton, Staten Island. On May 8, I boarded one of them.

She loomed up out of the fog and rain, proud and tall, a Liberty. I wondered what her name was; it was, of course, nowhere to be seen, for ships in war are nameless. We'll call her the Wilson Welch.

We were at sea before dawn. I had signed as quartermaster, and was doing my trick at the wheel (course east, southeast) when I got my first look at a real convoy. I damn near went off course, I was so astonished. There were more ships around me—north, south, east and west—than I thought were in existence in the whole world: aircraft carriers, destroyers, mine sweepers, and just about every damn thing that could sail, I guess. With blimps and aircraft all over the sky, it was a fantastic sight.

We also had a few of those queer-looking tank-landing craft that look as if they could not sail a duck pond but take to the open sea very well.

We made a compact company and for several days we fared without incident. Then one morning our escort steamed under forced draft to the outskirts of our convoy and started blasting away with depth charges in all quarters. I could feel the thuds coming up through our decks. I was hoping they got the ones that got us. I never did know if we sank any or not. I kept watching our convoy, waiting for a ship to blow up. But none did. It was amazing to a seaman who had been in a convoy when nearly all ships were lost in the first round of a U-boat battle, to be now in one when none were lost.

Someone at home had been studying the problem. That was instantly clear. Countermeasures which were proving effective in operation now had been planned by the Navy. The submarine pack which had tried to close in on us was being caved in with depth charges.

At last off the bow we saw Gibraltar and entered the Straits. We steamed east along the coast of North Africa. And the next day we sailed into the Port of Algiers. We had to creep in as that harbor was literally jammed.

An hour later we received our first baptism of fire. German bombers came over and gave us hell. The cruiser threw everything but the stack at them and the din was terrific. The mad kaleidoscope of tracer bullets in the sky and red explosions all about left me stunned and shaking when, as suddenly as it had started, it ended. My first real taste of war from the air—and I swear I did not see one single plane!

By next day, stevedores had discharged our cargo and we were getting ready to reload with what we later were to learn to refer to as invasion cargo. To get ready to reload we had to rerig our ship. I climbed up the Number 2 boom to lash a guy line to it.

This was part of the rerigging which was going on all over the ship.

Well, I fell. I fell about fifteen feet to the steel deck of that ship and landed on the base of my spine, sitting up. I hit the deck like a metal monkey and felt my spine buckle. I set up a howl that towered as high as the boom and my mates came running from all decks to hustle me into a waiting car and dispatch me to a hospital in the French city. There X rays were taken which revealed that my back was not broken.

I asked to be taken immediately back to my ship, being afraid it would sail without me and that I would miss the adventure which lay ahead. They drove me back to the ship, but I stayed out of the rigging. I could hardly walk.

By this time the stevedores were hauling our invasion cargo aboard. The deck cargo consisted of landing craft, tanks, and jeeps. There were three LCMs, landing craft machines, which were part of the deck cargo. These craft comprised the ferry fleet to take our vehicles ashore. The craft were under the command of a young naval ensign named Clark. As soon as I saw this situation I decided to cultivate these officers. They might be willing to take me ashore when the invasion got under way. My chance to cultivate Clark came when he asked me how my back was getting along.

"Fine, sir," I replied. "Of course, it makes me useless for most of the deck work. But I would like to do anything to help you fellows along."

"You're not under my command," he explained. "But thanks, anyhow."

"Well, don't hesitate. Anything you would like, just ask," I said.

He smiled. "If I need you for anything, I'll call on you," he said.

WE WERE a small convoy compared to the one in which our ship had traveled from New York, but there were other convoys putting out from various North African ports, and all together we must have constituted a huge armada, perhaps the largest ever to put to sea up to that time. The whole affair was carried out with great forethought and finesse. The German and Italian command must have had no information at all. It is inconceivable that, if they had known, they would have made no aerial attempt to stop or damage us—and, believe me, we would have had a hell of a time against a good bombing from the air, for each one of our ships was a floating bomb.

Even before we steamed into the first night, word was all over the ship as to where we were going. The soldiers who had been briefed below in the Number Two hatch brought word topside to the others: Gela.

Led by a British destroyer which knew the way we snaked through the mine fields off southern Sicily. I remembered Ensign Clark of the LCMs and set out to find him. I found him standing by one of the LCMs.

"We're almost there," I said.

"Well," he responded, "my little outfit is ready."

"Mr. Clark, I have a personal favor I want to ask of you."

"I thought so. What is it?"

"I want to go ashore in an LCM."

"What for?"

"Just to say I've been ashore in Sicily with the first boys on the attack wave."

"It'll be dangerous as hell. This is no picnic."

"That won't be anything new in my young life."

"You seem to know what you're doing," Clark told me. "It's all right with me, but you'll have to get permission not only from your own skipper but from the skipper in the LCM which takes you."

No use to ask the permission of my skipper. He would say, "No; hell, no," and call me a damn fool. He'd tell me to stay the hell on my ship and leave the landlubbering to the Army.

We had been proceeding east off the southern coast of Sicily. But now our convoy line veered to port and word spread from the bridge that we were heading in. I had made up my mind by now. Nothing was going to keep me out of one of those LCMs when they went ashore, so off I went among them to see what promoting I could do.

"Hello, Mac," someone called.

"Oh, hello," I responded. The voice had come from the seat of one of the LCMs. I could make out the shadow of the man, now that I knew he was there. "You're just the man I'm looking for." It was a sailor named Brownie, from Brooklyn, one of the most friendly men on board.

"Looking for me, huh?" he said. "What's on your mind?"

"I want to go ashore with you on your first trip," I told him. "Ensign Clark says it's O. K. with him if it is with you." I had my fingers crossed on that one.

"I'll give you the lift," Brownie agreed. "Be glad to. But why? That ain't no Fourth of July in there."

We were coming into the sound of guns ashore. It was like thunder.

An LCM's purpose is to ferry tanks, half-tracks, jeeps and other machines of war ashore. It takes on its cargo from the overside of its mother ship and then runs them to shore, lowering a ramp so that they can be driven onto land.

The ship had been making such slow speed that we could hardly feel her moving underfoot; but suddenly she ceased to move forward at all and began to swing with the tide. Anchor had been dropped.

The crane over Number Two hatch leaned over and picked up Brownie's LCM and set it overside in the water where it took itself under its own power. I waited. The crane came back and was made fast to a half-track vehicle. A soldier was at the wheel. I jumped up into the seat beside him.

"I'm going ashore with you," I said.

The soldier's face was grim and white and he only nodded to me. The crane lifted us up and swung overside with us and put us in the LCM.

I got away with it because I was wearing a khaki shirt I had swapped for with a soldier for a cigarette lighter. A pair of dungarees, shoes, and my deck knife made up the rest of me. I really did not have any conception of danger and, besides, I wanted to see what Gela looked like.

The LCM swung away from alongside the ship and set out for shore, which was about two hundred yards away. There was the distinct rumble of heavy battle coming from shore.

BROWNIE ran his LCM upon the white beach; the soldier and I drove off onto the sand. Startlingly near by, as he stopped the half-track to get his bearings, was a blownup jeep. In the front seat were a United States Army major and a captain, dead. I began to have a few misgivings and my stomach got tight. Neither of the bodies was disfigured by what had killed the men. Their faces were clean and unblemished. Stretcher men from the advanced evacuation station on the beach were approaching.

The soldier got his bearings and turned to me. "I go to the left on the shore highway just ahead beyond the railroad tracks," he said, remembering his briefing.

"I'll go with you," I said.

He looked at me sadly. "O. K.," he said. He drove the half-track (which, by the way, is a truck with wheels in front and tracks behind) past the jeep with the dead officers, and my face passed no farther than a yard from the lifelike face of the dead major, who was on my side.

We crossed over the beach and came to a railroad embankment. Turning left into what the signposts said was the Licata-Vittorio highway, a concrete coastal scenic road which would have been a credit to our own country, we saw a sign which indicated we were going toward Gela. Traffic was thick on the highway: jeeps, half-tracks, standard trucks, tanks, command cars, mobile artillery, kitchen units were all moving forward, with a double stream of motorcycles going and coming on both sides of the traffic lines. Most of the traffic was turning off into the road leading inland, the one going to Caltagirone. It was plain now, too, that the heavier and more dominant sounds of battle were coming down that road.

Gela, straight ahead, seemed quiet.

"I turn up to the front here," the soldier said. "What about you?"

"I'm going to Gela first," I decided. So off I went afoot. Once at Gela, I soon came to what appeared to be a high school building. This was the headquarters. American officers of all ranks and insignia streamed in and out of the building.

I went around back where I would be less conspicuous. There in the middle of the spacious rear ground was a huge heap of captured enemy booty—rifles, ammunition, helmets, knapsacks, shoes, boots, bayonets. Over all this booty a lone corporal stood guard.

"How's chances of getting me a gun out of that pile?" I asked him.

His answer was a stream of tobacco juice worthy of a western mule skinner and a quiet look the other way.

First I picked up an Italian carbine. Next I got a knapsack. Into it I put fifteen rounds of carbine ammunition. Swinging the gun over my shoulder, my arm through its strap, I set out back toward the highway.

I really had my neck out now. Let's see: I was absent without leave from my ship, I had just swiped government property, and if Intelligence picked me up they would probably throw the book at me. More likely, in my present mixed garb, they'd book me as a spy.

I TOOK the Licata-Vittorio highway and went back to the intersection outside Gela. Here I had to make a decision. To go straight I would return to the beach off which my ship was anchored. I had a watch to stand at 4 P.M. And I would have time to make it if I stepped lively. But if I returned to the ship in time to keep my watch I'd miss the excitement ahead.

Besides, didn't I have a gun and some ammunition? It never occurred to me that I might have to use that gun. If it had, I would have gone back to my ship in a hell of a hurry. It was the silliest thing, when I think of it now: here was I, utterly untrained, wandering around sightseeing in the middle of a war.

At the intersection I ended by turning left into the road leading up toward the battlefront.

This road was still heavy with traffic. Wave after wave of tanks, trucks, and all manner of equipment passed me and hove out of sight up the road like a very long freight train, and for a while I had the road to myself.

In the fields alongside the road there were battle-blasted tanks. German and Italian were on the left side and American on the right.

A truck rolled up behind me and stopped. It was a signal corps truck and it was manned by a squat sergeant and four soldiers. They were laying a telephone line up to the front.

"I'd like to hitch a ride with you," I said to the sergeant.

"How far you going, youngster?"

"Up to the front," I told him. "I'm a merchant seaman from one of the ships in the harbor and I want to get a look at that fight up there."

"From that gun you're carrying, looks like you might be tempted to get into it. Well, we're going up close enough to lay this line to an advanced artillery post. Not close enough for you to get a shot with that peashooter you got there, but close enough for you to see the war. Hop in." He was a grim-faced youngster. He laughed when he spoke, but his eyes didn't. The others had nothing to say. One could see that it was their first experience with the cold violence of war and they did not like it.

We went along the road unwinding that cable and splicing it onto the lengthening line and testing it to make sure it worked. We were passing through a sector apparently untouched by war. Orchards and vineyards spread away from the road on all sides and nestled small, neat houses in their midst. But up ahead there was a large house on a hill and it had a ragged hole in the roof. We had to stop less than two hundred yards from that house, down in a little valley, to make a new splice to the telephone line. The sergeant and the squad got out of the truck to do the job and I followed, still carrying my carbine and knapsack, to watch them. We were hardly out when the spiteful whine of a ricocheting bullet screamed away from the truck, followed by the sound of a rifle in the distance. We flopped in the road like scared rabbits.

There was a neat hole in the truck cowling where the bullet had gone in; it was followed by another one a second later. That was enough for us. Out there in the open road we were clear targets. We made the ditch in seconds flat.

"Those bastards are up in that red-roofed farmhouse," the sarge concluded. "It's going to be them or us, boys; keep down while we figure out an answer." He seemed excited and pleased.

WE HAD our rifles loaded already and were on our knees, holding heads sidewise and looking over the top of the ditch with the flats of our faces flush with the level of the ground at the top of the ditch.

Wham! I felt the whish of air as a bullet grazed my cheek without actually touching it. I sat down, quick. The bullet had bedded itself into the far side of the ditch. In the distance heavy guns whoomed and occasionally a shell whined overhead. It seemed very quiet for some reason.

Then another bullet smacked into the far side of the ditch. It got quiet again except for the whooming and whining, and then another bullet smacked into the ditch. The bullets were landing in a pattern which would have been encircled by an average marble ring. From the farmhouse there came a rataplan of firing. But my sniper kept plugging away at the spot where he had seen me stick my face up. I could distinguish the report of his rifle.

It was some moments before I knew why. Then it dawned on me that he was firing at regular intervals. That is how I could distinguish the sound of his rifle, plus the fact that I could always hear it immediately after the bullet smacked into the far side of the ditch in that pattern which testified to his shooting at the same place. But it was the report of the rifle rather than the smack of the bullet which was the key to my conception of the situation.

I started counting between shots. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five. . . .

One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five. That was his firing schedule. I crawled down the ditch farther ahead and waited for him to fire. Then, quickly, I got up on my knees and looked at the house. There were three windows in the upper story.

Suddenly a figure stepped out from behind the jamb of the window nearest me. I fell on my face, literally. I heard the smack of the bullet and then I heard the report of the rifle. This was *my* man. He was stepping across in front of the window to fire and then stepping back to reload. That accounted for the regular intervals between his shots.

"I think I know how to get a sniper," I yelled to the sergeant.

"Don't let me stop you," he called back. "But don't get your damn fool self killed."

The rifle I had my ears on cracked and the bullet thudded into the wall of the ditch. One . . . I got to my feet, put the carbine to my shoulder and aimed at the empty window . . . three . . . four. . . .

And in the second it took for me to flop down again I saw him stagger and fall away from the window. "I got him," I yelled back to the rest.

"Good work," the sergeant said, coming toward me in the ditch. "That makes all of 'em. We got the other two."

The sergeant put his helmet on the point of his bayonet and held it up to the top of the ditch just so the front brim cleared, and turned it slowly from side to side as though eyes under the visor were cautiously scanning the terrain. Nothing happened. No one shot at the helmet.

I went with them back to the truck where I took leave. The main highway was now deserted. As far as the eye could see in either direction there was no traffic at all. I walked for thirty minutes, and it was getting dark before I heard a car coming behind me. I stopped to thumb a ride.

The car came to a stop. It was a command car and two officers sat in the rear seat. I got in the front seat with a sergeant who was driving and he put the car into gear.

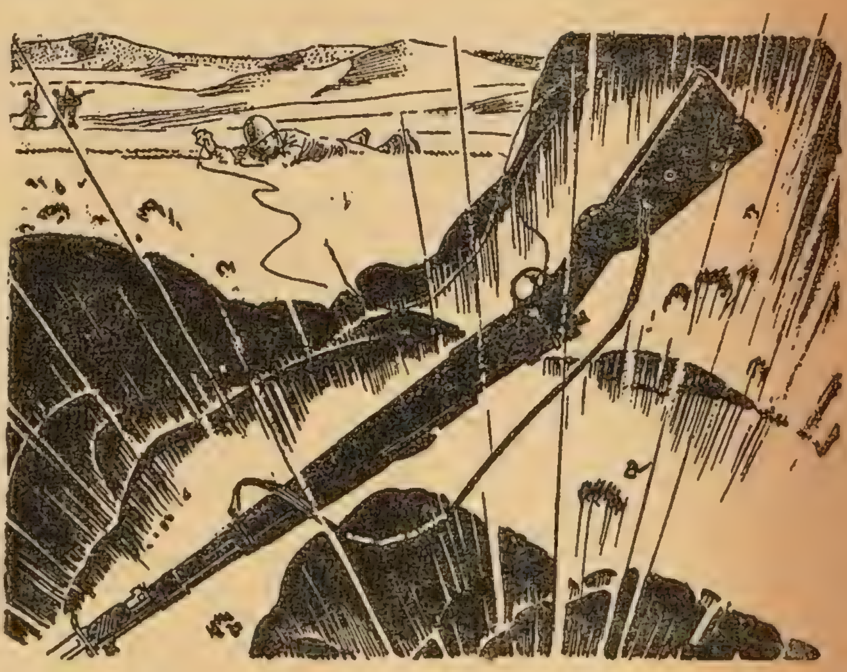
"Where are you going?" one of the officers asked me.

"Back to my ship off shore," I replied. "Where are you fellows going?"

"Why, we're on our way to see the junction made between our troops and the British north of Vittorio," one of the officers told me.

I looked back. It was getting darker all the time, and fast, now, but it looked to me now as though the officer who had been telling me where he was going had three silver stars on his helmet. However, he was not General Patton or General Clark. I'd have recognized either, even in this twilight.

I reached in and got out my wallet and from it took a twenty-franc note issued by the Bank of Algiers, and handed the note back to the officer.



"Would you mind autographing this for me, sir?" I asked.

"Not at all," he said, taking it from me. After he had signed it and handed it back, I held it out under the stars and looked at it.

The name signed on it was Lieutenant General Omar Bradley.

"Did you have a hard time taking Gela, sir?" I asked him.

"Not as hard as we had taking Bizerte," he replied.

The sergeant driving the car asked me sharply where I wanted to get off. I told him I would get off at the railroad station east of Gela on the road to Vittorio. Both General Bradley and the other officer, a staff man, bade me good-by and good luck, and I started across the railroad back to the beach.

Eventually I got back to shipboard, got a hell of a lacing from the skipper, but made up for it in the forecastle with my trophies and piled into my bunk for a much needed sleep.

MY SHIP, the S.S. Wilson Welch, eased into the harbor at Oran, her holds empty, her crew intact. We were all curious as to where next from Oran. It was obvious that coming to another African port instead of going back to the United States meant we were to continue taking part in the general invasions, which was fine with us not only because of the excitement but also because of the heavy pay we were receiving in bonus for being under fire.

When we had taken on our cargo, soldiers of the Thirty-sixth, the gallant Texas Division, came aboard to man the vehicles lashed to our decks. They quartered in our Number Three hatch. They brought tidings that Italy had surrendered and our ship filled with whoops of joy. Most of us thought this was the end of the war. Wishful thinking is funny that way!

Well, out to sea again—invasion bound—and Salerno.

Three hours before dawn on that D-Day we were traveling slowly, twenty miles off the beaches of a small town called Pasta, on the Gulf of Salerno.

It was my trick at the wheel and everything seemed to be routine when suddenly a flare burst overhead, tearing the hot darkness with sudden light. My head jerked back and my hands gripped the wheel hard. The ship and the sea all about us were bathed in the light as it hung over us.

Then came the unmistakable staccato rhythm of German planes.

Four red target flares dropped some hundred yards to starboard. Waiting, tensed, I heard the sickening sound of the whistling bombs come swiftly. One. Two. Three. Four. Then four terrific but harmless splashes. My knees sagged with relief. They were all misses.

The ship was feeling her way through the water and the dark, closer to the beach, and suddenly—there was the mainland of Europe! The sky was streaked with fire and the roar of artillery from the beaches was deafening.

THE day was breaking now and we could see the seething activity all about us. The battle seemed to be raging almost on the beaches. Even in broad daylight we could see the flashes and the dust thrown up by the explosions.

A PC boat came alongside and told us that army stevedores of the Port Battalion would soon come aboard to unload the cargo.

That was just fine with us. We all wanted to get rid of the cargo before it got rid of us.

Landing barges took off the troops and we watched them go, loaded with their equipment, some of them silent and tense, some of them wisecracking and nervous. They were swell guys.

We waited for the stevedores to come.

Suddenly the red flag went up on all the naval ships. The Heinies were coming at us again, a formation of Focke-Wulf 190s. They came power-diving at a terrific speed.

The antiaircraft aboard the Wilson Welch opened up and I could feel the ship quiver under me. The planes seemed everywhere. The ack-acks spat fire, but still the planes came. The batteries boomed and bellowed. One plane fell on a cruiser deck and exploded. A good many sailors died with it. The cruiser was the Savannah. Another plane slipped down at us, dropped its bomb load, then blew apart.

The enemy zoomed away with our P-38s on their tails. It had all happened in less than a minute. I was wringing wet and my hand trembled as I took off my helmet.

Still the stevedores did not come.

Captain Purvis ordered the signalman to flash a message to the beach: "We are ready to discharge cargo. Have you Port Battalion?"

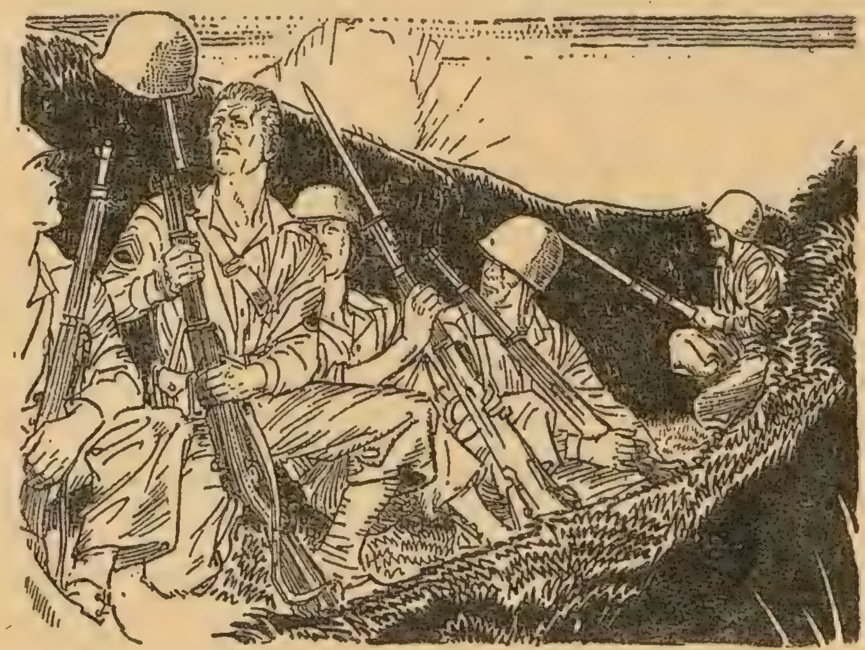
Two minutes later the answer flashed back:

"No Port Battalion. Do best you can with men at hand."

The skipper mustered all hands onto the boat deck.

Tersely, he explained our position. The stevedores might not reach us for a long time. Our cargo was of the utmost importance to our troops ashore. It was up to us to see that they got it.

"I'm not issuing orders," the captain said. "You know



the situation—it's up to you. I am just asking for volunteers."

A merchant ship with five hatches, such as we had, requires five men in each hatch and five men on deck or barge alongside for each hatch to unload.

Deliberately the skipper removed his coat and rolled up his shirtsleeves as he started for the hatches. Nobody said a word. We just followed the captain. Quiet heroism like that commands respect.

Before going below I cast a glance to shore. Just beyond the beach was bloody hell and you could almost see it surge and sway.

Everybody fell to, from the captain right down to the lowest mess boy. In the hatch with me were the first mate, a burly, red-faced Irishman with a wonderful vocabulary of oaths; the Dutch A.B.; a Jewish ordinary seaman; and a little Polish mess man.

We had been below about fifteen minutes when we heard the enemy planes come over. Before we could scramble up the ladders to the decks and our gun positions, the planes had dropped their bombs and gone. We were lucky again; they missed. After that the captain posted a lookout to ring the ship's alarm bell at the return of enemy planes.

Bang went the bell! A formation of Liberators went over. We swore roundly at the unnecessary interruption.

We sweated and strained and swore. Sometimes there wasn't time to sound the alarm, the planes came so fast.

At five o'clock the next morning we were still struggling with the cargo. We were rank amateurs at this work and it looked to me as though we hadn't even made a dent in it.

At about eleven o'clock a Naval boat pulled alongside and the officer in command asked if we had 155-mm. howitzer ammunition aboard. "The batteries are running short. Can you get some 155s out for us immediately?" he asked.

The boys who were taking a few minutes' rest on deck looked at him out of sleep-starved bloodshot eyes. "What in hell do you think we've been doing?"

But we kept on slinging out more, stopping again and again to scramble to our gun stations to fight off our tormentors. Our luck was amazing. We seemed to be carrying some charm against harm. All of us felt that way.

By noon, in a blazing, brassy sun, we had managed to get most of the 155s and some vehicles ashore. Had the firing come closer? The thought of our batteries running short of ammunition formed around my heart.

As I stood there, another Naval boat pulled up and we were given orders to get up steam preparatory to evacuating in half an hour. The Naval man had a face that was grim and gray with strain. As he delivered his instructions a little muscle jerked at the corner of his eye.

I rubbed my hand over my face, slippery with sweat and bristly with unshaved beard. The agony of sleeplessness, the ache of weary, strained muscles, the quiver and jump of taut nerves—these we could take. But the thought of evacuation, defeat, that was another matter. I almost blubbered. We went back to the hatches with a grimness and determination that nothing else could have inspired. We'd show those Nazi bastards; with our bare hands we'd show them.

Slowly, slowly the cargo went from ship to barge and from barge to shore, under almost constant attack.

As ordered, we had started our engines, waiting for word to evacuate, but further orders did not come. The hours crawled by, the unloading went on, and there was no word of evacuation.

At about four o'clock we received word that numerous squadrons of transport planes would fly over us very low, carrying paratroopers to be dropped behind the enemy lines. We were cautioned to hold our fire.

It was almost dark when the transports came over. We could see the landing flares where the paratroopers were dropped. They were covered by a terrific bombing barrage by our Liberators and Fortresses. The fact that paratroopers were being used at this point meant that things were still in the lap of the gods. We all sent them a wordless plea.

From the crew of a lighter we learned that things were not going well. The Forty-fifth Division, quartered in Sicily, which was to be used as a "floating division" to be thrown in only in case of emergency, had landed at the estuary of the Sele River. But we hadn't yet been ordered to evacuate. Actually, that night, the firing from the front lines seemed more distant. Our men were pushing them slowly back. We still saw the flashes and heard the roar, but it no longer seemed right on top of us.

Doggedly, we went on unloading all night, and all night we were under fire. Two ships were hit near by and we watched them burn as a thin pink dawn came slipping over the sky.

Later that morning the stevedores came aboard. We learned from them that they had been sent to the front to fill the gaps—they were primarily soldiers, assigned as stevedores. But now things were not so desperate and the stevedores had been relieved to unload the ship.

Eighty-three exhausted men practically dropped in their tracks. Now we could sleep, surely. But we didn't get much. The German planes were back again and again and we had to fight them off. A British lighter came alongside, and after talking with one or two members of the crew I was possessed by an irresistible urge to go ashore. After Gela, I had to see the beaches of Salerno. Among other things, they mentioned the trouble some of our men had had with booby traps. For a long time I had entertained a theory and worked out a booby trap detector in my mind. This would be a chance to see how it would work.

Getting a fish line and a hook from the disabled raft and putting it in my shirt pocket, I boarded the lighter with the English crew and we started for shore. When I reached the beach I found myself in a jam that rivaled the Times Square subway crowds at rush hour: men and vehicles moving back beyond the beach, Red Cross workers and ambulances.

I PUSHED along until the crowd thinned and I was able to make my way inland about three quarters of a mile. It is difficult to know what the country had looked like before the war had crashed through. It was pitted and scarred and ugly. The dead lay everywhere. Tanks had met in deadly combat. The great metal monsters lay scattered about, gutted with fire and pierced with shell. Dead men were here, too. Germans, Italians, and Americans.

I walked on until I reached a road where tanks and jeeps were rolling. The road ran over gently swelling fields. Beside the road, in the dusty grass, lay a German rifle. I considered it thoughtfully and decided that here was my opportunity to try my booby-trap detector.

I took out my fishhook and line and rigged them; then I unreeled the line. I approached the rifle and cautiously dangled the hook over the trigger in such a way that it would catch when the line was tugged and move the rifle sufficiently to jar any concealed mine. I walked away softly to the end of the line, and flattened myself on my stomach in the field. I waited for a break in the parade of tanks and jeeps, and at the first break I gave the line a sharp jerk. The resulting explosion rolled me over twice. I sat up and looked with awe at the smoking crater where the gun had been. It had been a booby trap, all right.

I got to my feet and dusted myself off before I went on down the road. Some distance from me I saw a jeep driver get out of a vehicle to open a gate that was ajar so that he might drive into a field. As soon as he moved the gate he and the jeep were blown up. That was enough of booby traps for me. I retreated.

CLOSER to the beach was an advance evacuating post. Over a small area were pitched several tents bearing large and prominent red crosses on their tops. A group of men were hurriedly rigging stretchers and doctors were working over the injured with incredible speed. This handful of men was performing miracles.

Finally I caught a boat going out to the Wilson Welch. The water was alive with craft and overhead the enemy planes ebbed and flowed. Activity aboard the Wilson Welch was still at high pitch. The cargo nets were swinging over the barges and stevedores were packing and stowing with an easy rhythm. Every few minutes everyone snapped his head back to look at the sky.

Somehow I staggered aboard and made my way below. I fell into my bunk and slept almost at once.

Although we were not fully unloaded, orders came through for us to weigh anchor and we plowed through the oily water, full steam ahead through a smoke screen laid down by our destroyers. The Germans had another go at us, bombs straddling the ship, and we stabbed the dusk with the orange glow of tracer bullets.

By the time darkness fell we had put twenty-five miles between us and the beach of Salerno.

Finally the big Rock hove up on the horizon. It seemed like a year since we had left it, yet it had been but a few days. Good old Gibraltar: our convoy was to reform here for home.

The next day our full convoy was assembled. Shortly after this word was passed we were going home.

AT LAST, out of the blue horizon, home shores peeped up and soon, in all her glory, Liberty. There were some moist eyes on that boat, and no sloppy sentiment about it. She had a different look to us now. We had all passed her before, just a statue; now we came back to a vibrant living thing in whose shadow our country stands, and we appreciated and understood.

It seemed hours before I was able to get ashore and find a phone. As far as Jean knew I might be anywhere from China to Russia, and she damn near passed out when I got her. Lord, her voice was like music. That evening was perfect; we did all the things I had dreamed about on the way home. It was different from the last time I had returned. She was my wife now and her life and mine were one.

My medical exam next day beached me for six months because of my spine, which I had damaged when I fell on the boat. It was with a mixture of disappointment and satisfaction that I received this news, as I still wanted to ship out again. But for once the fates decided otherwise, and I really did want to be with my wife.

It was a few days later we stood hand in hand watching the Wilson Welch warp away from the dock. I had wanted to go down and say good-by. Slowly she faded down river, the gulls circling and screaming. They seemed to say:

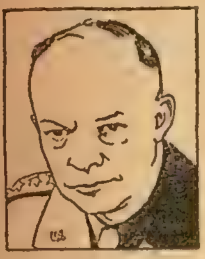
"So long, sailor. We'll be back for you."

THE END.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

THE story of General Dwight David Eisenhower's career, from boyhood to his appointment as commander in chief of the European invasion forces, has been told by **Francis Trevelyan Miller** in **Eisenhower, Man and Soldier.** It's as characteristically American as a McGuffey school reader, a cracker-barrel session at the crossroads store, a novel by Horatio Alger, Jr., or—Lincoln's Gettysburg speech.



Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower

The average American likes to believe that his country's great men are, after all, average Americans too. In the case of General Eisenhower, this paradox is brilliantly sustained. His boyhood was as normal, as fun-loving as a chapter out of Tom Sawyer. His record at West Point was likewise—on the surface, at least—an average one; the only laurels he won there were on the football field. A faculty officer of the Academy, resisting the temptation to be a second guesser, said frankly to the biographer: "We did not see in him a man who would throw himself into his job so completely that nothing else would matter."

Nevertheless, as the author of this biography shows in a rich store of anecdotes, Eisenhower's immense talent for leading people and making them like it was not a phenomenon that developed overnight, but a matter of quietly consistent growth. Increasing responsibilities revealed the tough fiber of his character, but the essential qualities of that character had been molded very early in the game.

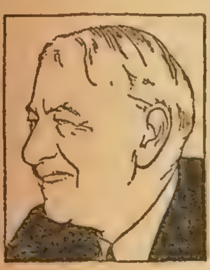
Here is a typical anecdote from the book telling of Eisenhower as commanding officer of Camp Colt, Pennsylvania, in 1918:

"He heard of a pair of privates who were constantly battling with one another. He solved the problem by assigning the two to a window-cleaning detail. They were ordered to work on the same pane at the same time, one doing the outside, the other the inside. . . . Soon they burst out laughing."

Even without the two pages of acknowledgments to the list of people who helped gather the facts on various phases of Eisenhower's career, the reader would recognize quickly that the material came from firsthand sources. It's a thoroughly interesting and an important contribution to informal history.

Published by the John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. Price, $2.

THE old maestro of political press agents, **Charles Michelson,** gives some very revealing behind-the-scenes glimpses of practical politics in **The Ghost Talks.**



Charles Michelson

Mr. Michelson, who was publicity director for the Democratic National Committee from 1929 until recently, and ghosted many a campaign speech for party bigwigs, is about the liveliest ghost in forty-eight states. The story he has to tell is a personal one, and he tells it with admirable objectivity; but in the course of hewing to his line he lets a lot of chips fall as fuel for political bonfires.

In this book you will find the story of the strangely polite Roosevelt-Farley battle; the Hull-Welles feud, which Michelson attributes largely to the overzealousness of Welles' "friends and partisans among the publictiy people"; and the rise and fall of Raymond Moley, Tommy Corcoran, and other "palace favorites."

Mr. Michelson has the ability to make people come alive in his crowded pages.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, $3.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

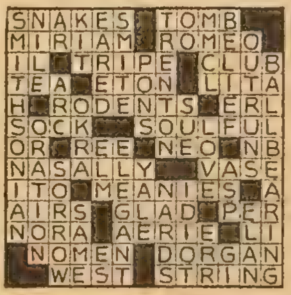
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 What thermometers do in New Guinea in August
5 It has struck for the G'rmans
14 Would you call sleepy ones bull dozers?
15 Butchopopolos
16 A lady welder asking a man to be her wife would be what?
17 Honeymooners' debate
18 Circus performer goes on a prepositional toot (anag.)
19 It takes a lot on the dentist's part to extract his fee for killing this
20 Last letters from Euclid
21 Could you spare one till payday, bub?
23 Cry of the spinster
24 Irish bone heaters
26 Hails
28 John Kieran's specialty (abbr.)
29 Place where a man has come out on top
33 G. I. Ritzes
36 What the Venetians said it shouldn't happen to a ——
37 Sapient sap
38 The empty place in Olsen
39 Snoot-elevated
40 Lipstick Eradicates Radishstains (abbr.)
41 Neal shows spirit (anag.)
43 The guys who thrill us
44 French do-re-mi
46 Charlie McCarthy's and Mortimer Snerd's ancestors
48 Streamio
49 First air transports
50 They suffered in the crash of '29
53 Dumb Mamas (abbr.)
55 Little widgets bigshots can't be annoyed with
57 It gets a plus rating
58 Doughville, America
60 Here's your dish, if you want to get stewed
61 What we should do to Huns (anag.)
62 Superman, about to land on his schnozzola
63 Call them what name you will, they still smell fishy
64 Decorate, as a Nazi a lamppost
65 It is dangerous to sit on these, as they may bite you . . .
66 . . . in these

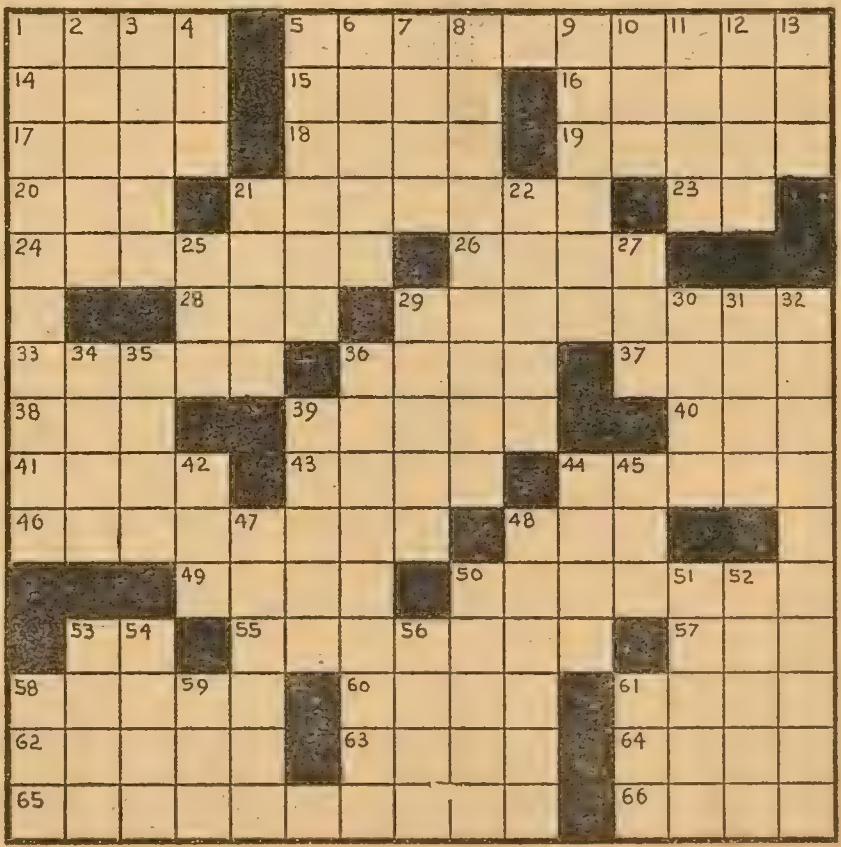
VERTICAL

1 People give blood to them unwillingly
2 Apply the boot at a seat of learning
3 Romance tak s lovers to dales (anag.)
4 What to use to uplift Nazis and Japs (abbr.)
5 Self-stokers
6 They take a lofty attitude toward golf
7 Impermanent unmilitary waves
8 Dumbwaiter to the stummick
9 Smacked between the eyes with a suggestion
10 It has goldfillings
11 Piscatorial roastbeef
12 Green stuff—will burn you up
13 Spirit of the American party
21 What little Ubangi girls' toes come in
22 In a spiritual state
25 Twitch the digits and bring out the air-cooled calico
27 Lock the front entrance!
29 People who stay too long, take your last cigarette, try to swipe your gal
30 First name of ex-movie star
31 It's the shadow of a coming event!
32 That moaning on the radio isn't indigestion; it's a gal suffering musically in these (2 wds.)
34 She's a part of every fella
35 A tidey thing
36 Pharmer's barn (ask for a mustard plaster on rye)
39 First man to winter at Palm Beach
42 Never Live Right (abbr.)
44 Part of the fish the Russians dislike (pl.)
45 It takes yards and yards to make one
47 A cutup's cocktail
48 A second tieup with the Navy
50 Soleful word
51 Allen who broadcast back in '76
52 Three minutes of waltz time in the Knockout Hit Parade
53 Johnny's ears are always receptive to it
54 A cutup from Rochester
56 You can't help getting bitter with it
58 Muttonheaded Ambassadors of Stupidia (abbr.)
59 The gentle creature of the Ozarks
61 Subjective creature you may become subject of

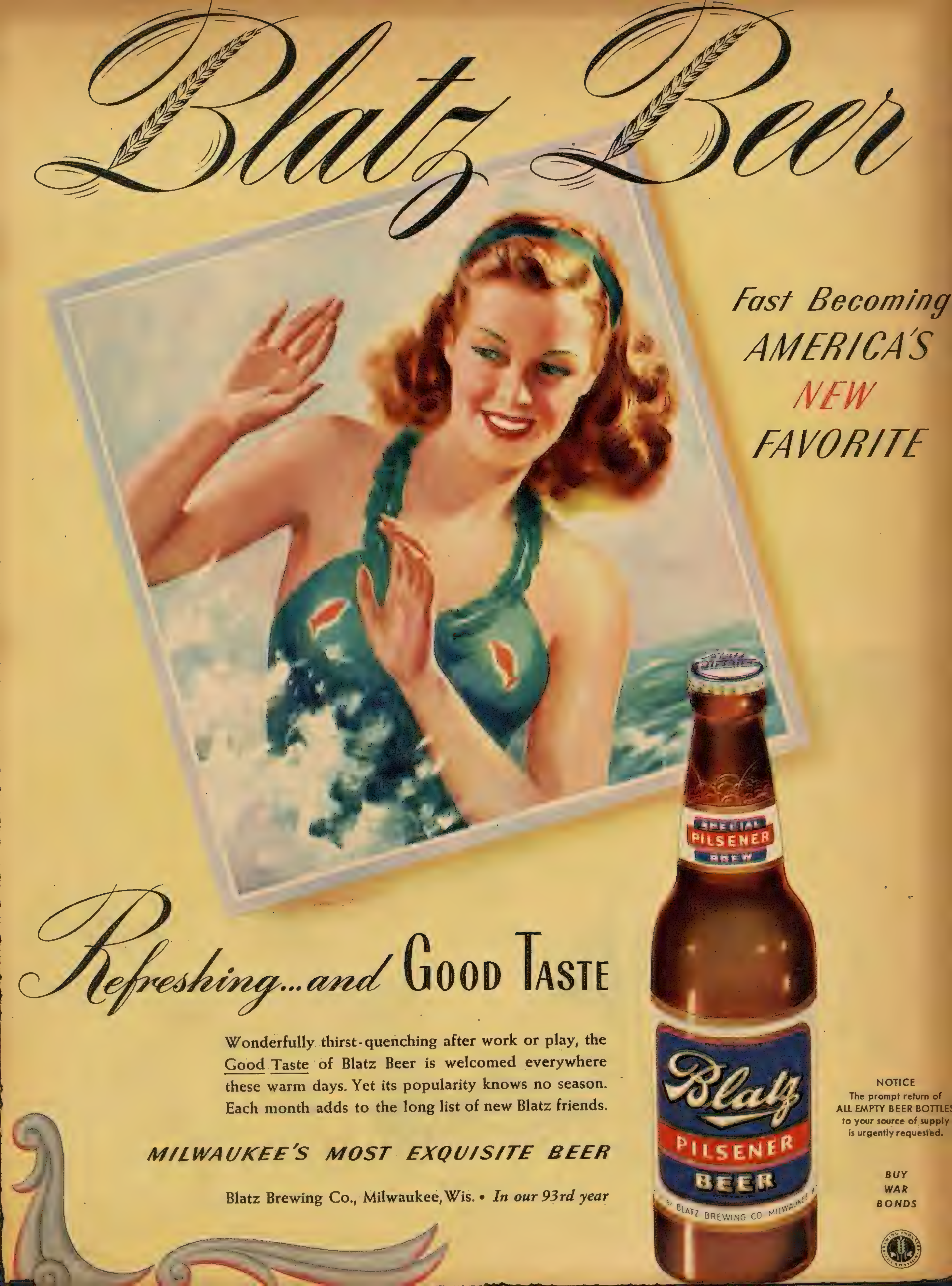


SNAKES■TOMB■■
MIRIAM■ROMEO■
IL■TRIPE■CLUB
TEA■ETON■LITA
H■RODENTS■ERL
SOCK■■SOULFUL
OR■REE■NEO■NB
NASALLY■■VASE
ITO■MEANIES■A
AIRS■GLAD■PER
NORA■AERIE■LI
■NOMEN■DORGAN
■■WEST■STRING

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.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BUY
WAR
BONDS

IN THE DOGHOUSE WITH LOVE

Continued from Page 25

"Little Joan the dogcatcher," said the lieutenant. "She still plays rough."

Joan stared. "Howard Pennington," she said. She had not seen him for eight years and she noted how the laws of biology had improved his profile.

"We've been expecting you, Joan—that is"—he patted Hamlet apologetically—"father has."

"So!" said Joan. Howard fidgeted and eyed her warmly. "Sorry," he said. "Father has an odd sense of humor."

Joan looked him over. Howard was an open book to anyone who had taken Psychology III. It was evident he was contrite. From his rapt gaze it was also evident he was vulnerable to red hair and green eyes. And from his Asiatic-Pacific service ribbon it was further evident he had seen little of either for a long time. Under these circumstances, a man could be expected to do anything.

"Howard," she said, "your father is a lawbreaker."

He nodded abstractedly.

"And you, his son, are fighting to uphold the laws of democracy."

"Uh-huh," said Howard.

Joan removed the badge from her cap and pinned it on his lapel. "I hereby name you deputy dog warden of Bridgeville, with orders to confiscate all canine property of Josiah Pennington, and bring them to the Bridgeville pound."

Howard gawked. Then he let out a roar of laughter. He was still laughing when Joan drove off in her truck.

Joan was not at all surprised when Howard delivered the twenty-five dogs to the pound the next day. Nor at his immediate attempt to kiss her. She understood the nature of men perfectly. Of women, too, including herself. It was merely primitive vanity which made her glow when Howard held her hand.

"Howard," she said, pointing to the dogs, "you have real moral courage."

"And, baby," said Howard, not pointing at all, "you have real super-oomph."

Since the pound was overcrowded with cats, Joan had no choice but to have Howard drive her home with the Danes. Mrs. Waters was disturbed when they started unloading. "Heavens," she said, "young ponies!"

"Naw, I've seen bigger," said Billy. "These don't weigh more'n a hundred and fifty pounds apiece." He patted Hamlet, who butted him like a goat.

Howard whistled, and Hamlet flopped onto a sofa. "They're no trouble at all," said Howard. "Very gentle. And all they eat is eight pounds of meat a day each."

"Eight pounds!" said Joan.

"Times twenty-five!" multiplied Mrs. Waters.

"Equals two hundred pounds," said Billy.

"They'll eat dog food and like it," said Joan. "I'm sure it will be only for a day. Mr. Pennington will probably be here in the morning with his checkbook."

Howard fumbled with his cap. "Well, good-by," he said.

"Good-by," said Joan, "and thank you."

Finding room for the Danes involved considerable maneuvering. By removing the bed, three were accommodated in the spare room. One each was assigned to the bedrooms of Joan, Billy, and Mrs. Waters. Hamlet, uninvited, took over the living room. The rest went into the cellar.

Mrs. Waters was disconsolately figuring expenses when there was a knock at the door. It was Howard.

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"Shux, Sarge, with a dream like that, I ain't got th' heart to 'wake him!"

"I'm in a terrible fix," he said. "I—can't go home." He looked at Joan abjectly. "I took the dogs while father was away, and left him a note—"

Joan noticed that Howard wore a Silver Star for gallantry. She was incredulous. "You mean," she said, "that you did it behind his back? That you didn't have the courage to face him?"

Howard hung his head.

"And now you're afraid to go home?"

"Well, not exactly afraid—but, knowing my father as I do—"

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Waters. "And knowing him as I do, I think you're right, poor boy. Stay with us, Howard."

"That's very kind of you, Mrs. Waters."

HOWARD slept in the cellar. As an engineer, he said, he found the furnace companionable. And his furlough was ending in a month. The memory of a bed would be disturbing to his future morale.

Contrary to Joan's expectations, neither Mr. Pennington nor his check arrived. The complications were immediate. One sniff at the food set out for them and the Danes went on a hunger strike. Hamlet sulkily paced back and forth. But the others whined in miserable chorus, both by day and by night.

No one slept but Howard. "I guess it's because I got so accustomed to mortar shells," he explained.

"Yeah," said Billy. "That's why you keep wads of cotton in your ears."

Howard changed the subject. "Poor brutes," he sighed. "They're getting thinner. They miss their meat."

"Maybe they'll die," suggested Billy.

Mrs. Waters was appalled. "A stew," she said. "Perhaps they'll eat stew." The stew was mixed with the dog food.

"It works," said Joan, after a trial offer.

The Danes thrived. They romped through the house, broke lamps, upset furniture, chewed up curtains, and otherwise behaved like the aristocrats they were.

It was obvious they needed more exercise. So each morning Joan tied them in spans of six behind her truck and drove slowly through Bridgeville. Howard always went with her, adding scandal to the sensation by hugging her on South State Street.

Joan did not bother to slap his face. Because Howard, in the irrational manner of men, might consider that as acquiescence. Neither could she honestly pretend that the hugs were repulsive. To slap him would require taking a hand off the wheel. So, being by nature both cautious and law-abiding, Joan just ignored Howard's enthusiasm.

Howard misunderstood. "Joan," he said, "dogs are a wonderful hobby."

"Rubbish," said Joan.

"O. K., honey," said Howard. "If you've had enough of dogs, we'll raise goldfish when we're married." He put his arm around her. "That's a proposal."

"That's your vanity," said Joan.

"Call it whatever you like, honey; the old-fashioned name is love."

"But I'm not old-fashioned," said Joan.

"Then we'll be modern," grinned Howard. "Maybe we can be married in a jeep."

"Better forget it," said Joan.

"Why?"

"Shall I be brutal, Howard?"

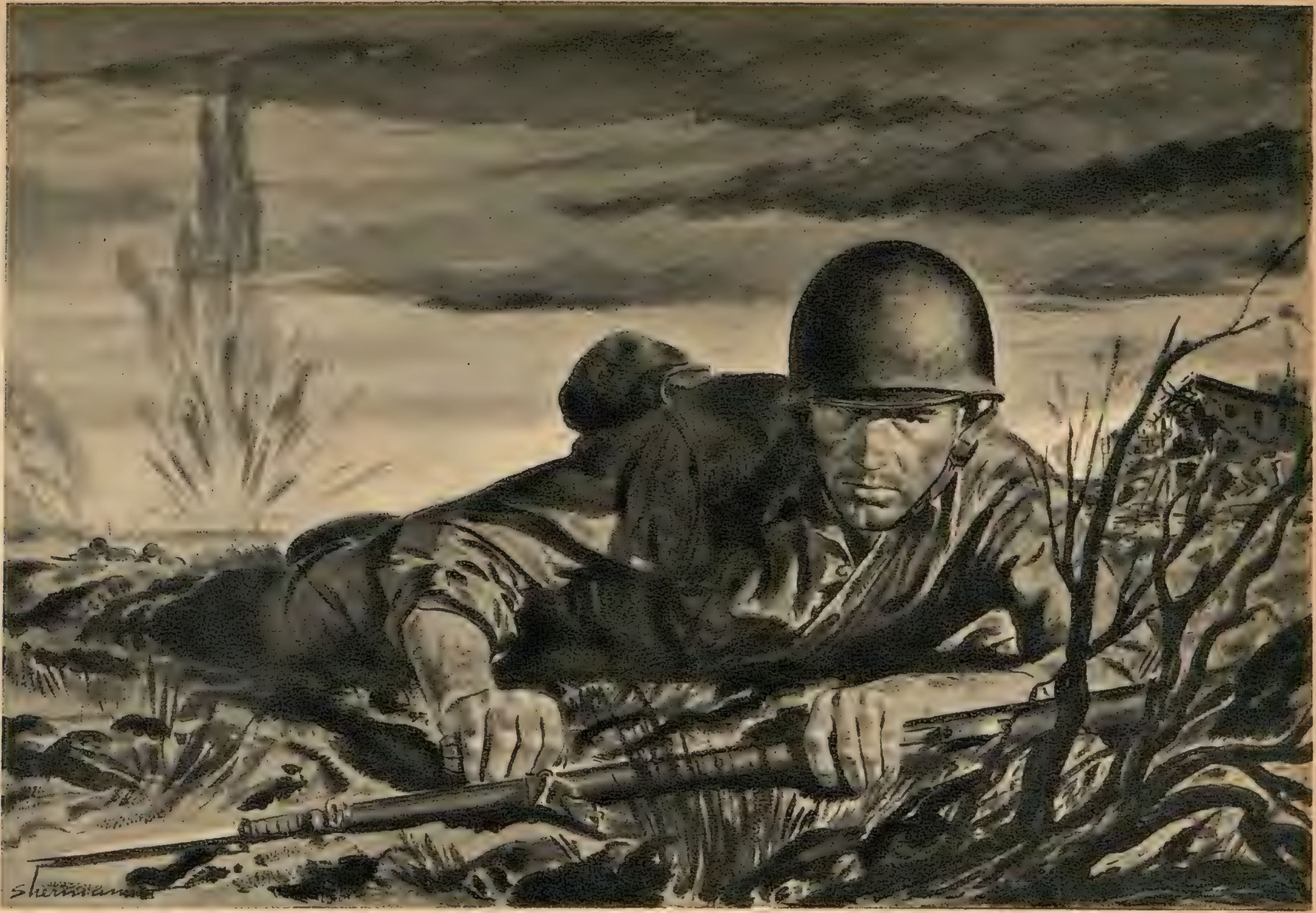
"Go right ahead." Howard solemnly indicated his lieutenant's bar. "I'm a professional brute myself."

"I have a career," said Joan. "But you have a father. And from the way you had to sneak off with his dogs, it is obvious you are afraid of him."

"Afraid?"

"Exactly. And what you call love is just an excuse to escape. It is a desire to domi-

(*Continued on page 51*)



Who travels the last hundred yards to victory?

THIS "TYRANTS' WAR" is a modern war, all right, but—
The Infantry is still "Queen of Battles" —still the decisive factor in combat.

For it is the foot soldier who travels the last hundred yards to a decision.

Of course, the magnificent contribution of the Navy and of the Air Forces is absolutely essential to victory. No less vital is the assistance of the Armored and Tank Destroyer units and the Engineers. And the Infantry could not continue to fight but for the Technical and Supply Services which are ever on hand to provide supplies and communications, and to care for the wounded.

But the great goal of the other Arms and Services is to bring the Infantryman to a position from which he may advance to hand-to-hand combat with the enemy.

Advancing across that last hundred yards of shell-torn field is the supreme test of battle. Generally it follows a nerve-wracking inching forward under enemy fire, under cover of the supporting fire of artillery, of the Air Forces, and of the heavy weapons of the regiment.

But as the Infantryman approaches the enemy lines, all this supporting fire must be lifted. He is "on his own." There is nothing in front of the front line of the Infantry except the enemy. Then the outcome rests entirely on the effectiveness of his own individual weapons—the rifle, the bayonet, the carbine, the hand grenade. And, most important of all, on the doughboy's courage and skill.

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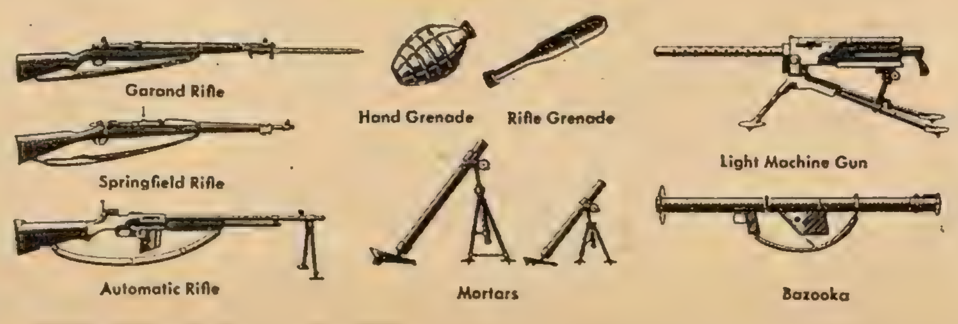

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DRY Paul Jones
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(*Continued from page 48*)

nate someone—anyone—me. Like Hitler when he ran away from paper-hanging and wrote a book."

Howard gasped. "Joan," he said, "you're a twisted genius. You must have figured that out with a corkscrew."

"It's elementary," said Joan. "I'm sorry, Howard, but I couldn't marry a man who would be dependent on me."

Howard whistled and withdrew his arm. Joan drove back to the house feeling strangely lonesome.

When they entered the dining room, dinner was on the table. So were Billy and Hamlet. Billy had put a napkin around Hamlet's throat and was making complimentary remarks about his table manners while Hamlet lapped up tomato sauce. Mrs. Waters was sitting on the sofa as if stunned.

Howard coaxed Hamlet away.

"What happened, mother?" said Joan.

Mrs. Waters shook her head numbly. "He won't take them."

"What are you talking about, mother?"

"Mr. Pennington," said Billy.

"I couldn't stand it any longer," said Mrs. Waters, "so I called Mr. Pennington and said, 'Please come take your dogs.'"

"And he refused?" said Joan.

Mrs. Waters nodded. "And very impolitely. He said, 'You can keep those blasted dogs, you fool!' And then he hung up."

"Father is very peculiar," said Howard.

"Very masculine," said Mrs. Waters.

"For pity's sakes, mother, you're not thinking of—" She patted Mrs. Waters on the shoulder. "Well, don't. You won't have to—not even if I have to get on my knees and beg Mrs. Gridley for a job to support us and the dogs, and"—she glared at Howard—"our guest."

"I have some money," said Howard.

"You can save it to buy a lollipop!" stormed Joan, flying out of the house.

Mrs. Gridley was sympathetic but firm. "I'm sorry, Joan," she said, "a job is out of the question."

"Please, Mrs. Gridley, those dogs! They're eating us out of house and home!"

Mrs. Gridley sighed. "Yes, yes. Once the doctor had four elephants—"

Joan was at the pound the next morning, bathing a cat and wondering how it would be with an elephant, when a newsboy delivered her copy of the Bridgeville Courier. The headline made her gasp:

PENNINGTON GIVING PRIZE
GREAT DANES TO ARMY

Joan telephoned Mrs. Waters. "Mother," she said grimly, "I think I have Pennington exactly where I want him."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Waters. "He's right here in the parlor."

Joan reached home as Mrs. Gridley was entering the garden gate.

"I've come to borrow sugar," said Mrs. Gridley. "I'm expecting company."

"Come in," said Joan.

IT was an unusual Pennington Joan saw in the parlor. He was sitting stiffly on the edge of the chair, mouth agape, while Howard paced angrily before him. An unusual Howard, too, Joan reflected.

"Honest, Howard," sputtered Mr. Pennington, "the Courier invented that story. I didn't tell them any such thing."

"Correct," said Mrs. Gridley. "*I* told them!" She waved her sugar bowl under Mr. Pennington's nose. "Now, you old skinflint, you'll have to give those dogs away, or deny you're a patriot."

Mr. Pennington wilted in his chair.

"Dog lover," sniffed Mrs. Gridley. "For ten years you've owed my husband, the doctor, a bill. Bah!"

Joan's eyes flashed green ice. "Well, Mr. Pennington?" she said.

"Well, I'm ready to take the dogs," said Mr. Pennington weakly.

"Really?" said Joan. "Under the law—Bridgeville's law, not yours—the dogs are the property of the warden."

Mr. Pennington gritted his teeth. "I'll pay the license fees."

"Plus the cost of the feed," said Joan. "Here are the bills. And, don't forget a check for Mrs. Gridley!"

Mr. Pennington scribbled reluctantly and handed over the checks.

"And now, Mrs. Gridley," said Joan, "about the doctor's practice. I believe you said two hundred dollars down?"

"Oh, my heavens!" said Mrs. Gridley. "The doctor! He's coming home today. Kicked by a mule and mustered out of the Army. I must make him a cake. That's why I came to borrow sugar."

"Then his practice—?"

"Oh, he'll pick it up again."

"The sugar's in the kitchen. Billy will show you," said Mrs. Waters.

Joan turned to Howard and his father. "Get your dogs out of here," she ordered. They nodded, but neither moved.

Howard looked at Joan pleadingly. Mr. Pennington looked pleadingly at Mrs. Waters.

"Joan, I love you," Howard said.

"And his father loves your mother," said Mr. Pennington.

"Bosh," said Joan.

"Fiddlesticks," said Mrs. Waters.

"It's the truth," said Mr. Pennington. "I even had Joan named dog warden to prove it. And after you chased me out of your house, too."

"You called me a silly old hen!"

"I really meant to call you darling."

"And I had a crush on you, Joan, the moment I saw you," said Howard.

Joan felt a warm glow, which she promptly suppressed.

"However," said Howard, "you were so businesslike it was discouraging. But when you deputized me to confiscate father's dogs, it gave me a chance to move right in with you."

"But you said you couldn't go home!" broke in Mrs. Waters. She turned to Mr. Pennington. "Josiah, you were in on this—this plot!" Mr. Pennington shrank into his overcoat. "For shame!"

"No, no, Mary, it was for love." Mr. Pennington rose resolutely. "I thought it would help both me and the dogs. I said to myself, 'When Mary gets a little—er—financially troubled feeding those dogs, she'll say yes.' You will, Mary, won't you?"

"Josiah, how could you?"

"I don't know, Mary. Except that after all these years, and you so stubborn—I just had to do something."

"Something!" echoed Mrs. Waters, beaming. "Why, Josiah, such romantic intrigue!" She gave Mr. Pennington her hand, and he clutched it fervently.

HOWARD grinned at Joan. "Looks like Mrs. Gridley's bill has repaid father with interest."

"And made a dog slacker look like a patriot," retorted Joan.

"Slacker, nothing! Those Danes were pledged to the Army six months ago."

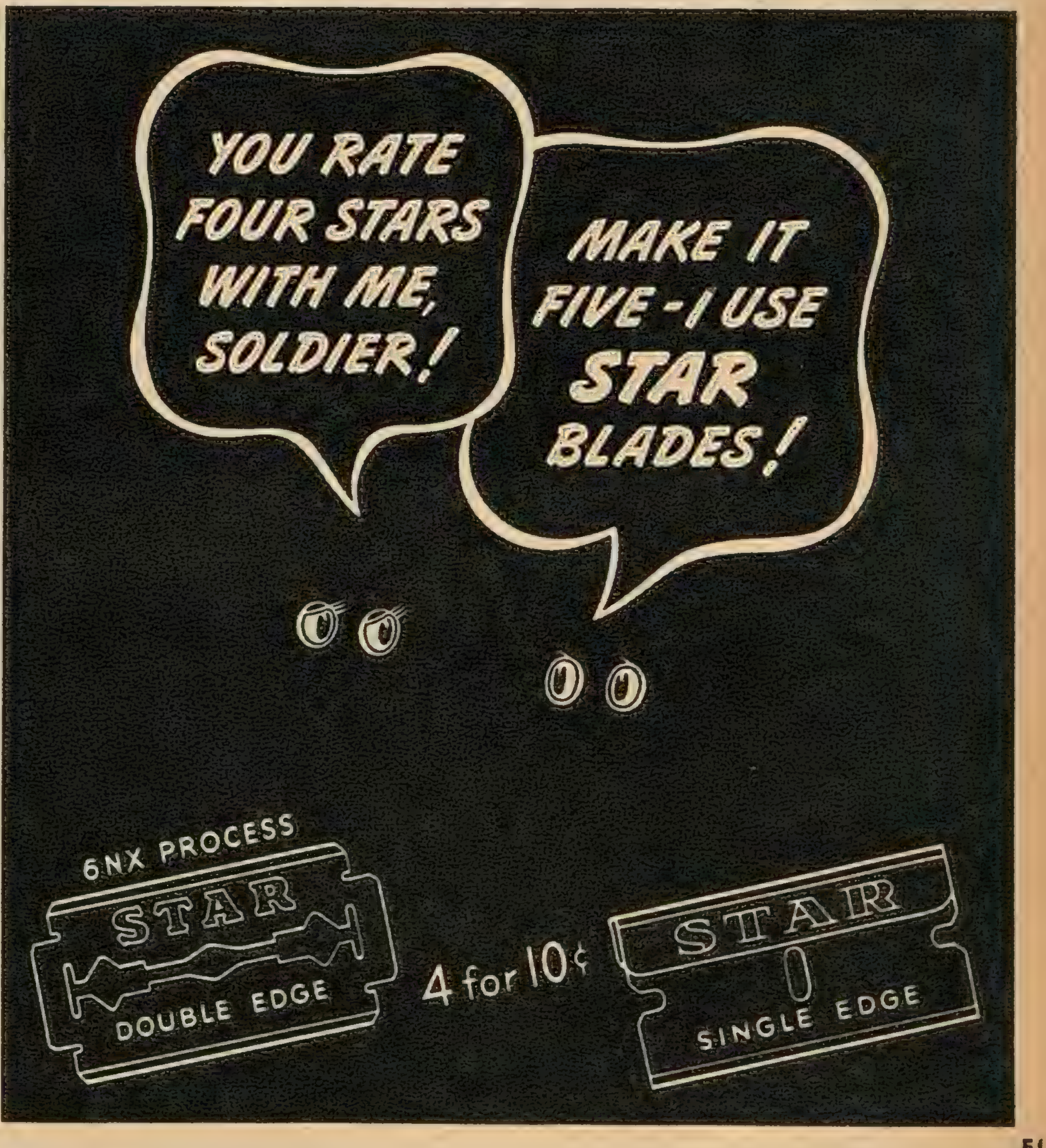
"You mean—"

"They were fat and out of condition. But father's sentimental. He just couldn't help overfeeding them." Howard hugged Joan and, much to her surprise, she hugged him back. "Sending them here was a painless way of putting them on a diet. And anyway, Joan—"

"Yes, Howard."

"Those dogs are mine, not father's."

THE END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WHERE ARE THE BALLPLAYERS?

Continued from Page 10

accomplishment, but don't get the impression that it was any slick strip. It was just that scarred, snagged glade leveled off—nothing more.

Buddy Lewis belongs to one of the best C-47 units in the Army, and an Army man who was there says he is one of the most highly esteemed and best-liked pilots of his group. It will come as no surprise to baseball fans that he is also one of the least talkative. His commanding officer, incidentally, is Major William Cherry, famous as Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's pilot in that incredible Odyssey afloat on the Pacific.

Lewis and his fellow pilots had to be good. For six days they shuttled back and forth between their India base and that clearing carrying terrific loads—thousands of Wingate Raiders, 500,000 pounds of supplies, and more than 1,000 mules and ponies. At times Lewis' C-47 staggered under weights 5,000 pounds in excess of its listed capacity. He completed as many as three missions a day; that means ten or twelve flying hours daily—a wicked grind for any pilot. And he did it without a bumble. Small wonder that he's Captain Lewis now.

BUDDY hasn't had much chance to play ball, but if he gets the urge—and the time—he might drop in on a certain Superfortress outfit in the China-Burma-India theater. It's one of the most sports-minded Army camps in foreign lands. There he will find a tall, powerfully built fellow lambasting a softball all over the lot. He'll have no trouble recognizing him as Captain Hank Greenberg, the Hammering Hank of prewar Detroit Tiger days. Captain Hank is a special service officer and he distributes his savvy and talent impartially throughout his league, playing for one team one day and for another the next. If Hank seems to be wasting his genius for slugging on a softball, it's only because of the shortage of baseball equipment.

Bob Feller, former fireball pitcher of the Cleveland Indians, is another big-league star who has been around. Feller, a Navy chief specialist, served an antiaircraft gun on the Murmansk run in the days when it was known as the "Boulevard of Bombs," and is now a gun captain on a battleship. When Admiral Mark Mitscher's carrier task force first hit the Japs at Saipan in the Marianas, only 1,400 miles south of Tokyo, Feller's ship withstood an eleven-hour attack by Jap planes. Bob's chief disappointment was that no enemy planes came within reach of his own particular 40-mm. mount.

He gets to play ball occasionally at shore bases in the Pacific and he finds himself in a pretty fast league. Last April 20,000 civilians, and soldiers, sailors, and marines, many of them just back from battle fronts, watched a million-dollar war-bond game at Honolulu Stadium, Hawaii, in which a team of former big-leaguers serving in the Central Pacific area defeated an all-star Honolulu League team, 4 to 2, in twelve innings. All the big-leaguers except Lieutenant Tom Winsett of the Army's Seventh Air Force, and formerly of the Dodgers, are in the Navy and most of them are specialists.

Here's the squad Lieutenant (j. g.) J. W. Falkenstine, U. S. N. R., had to draw from: Johnny Mize, Giants; Marv Felderman, Cubs; Johnny Lucadello, Browns; Ed Pellagrini, Red Sox; Peewee Reese, Dodgers; Barney McCoskey, Tigers; Joe Grace, Browns; Walter Masterson, Senators; Al Brancato, Athletics; Bob Harris, Athletics; Tom Ferrick, Indians; Jack Hallet, Pirates; Vern Olsen, Cubs; George Dickey, White Sox; and Hugh Casey, Dodgers. Coach for the big-leaguers, who also injected the comedy touch, was Lieutenant Wes Schulmerich, U. S. N. R., piano-legged outfielder for the Boston Braves a dozen years ago.

And while we're back there in another baseball generation, how about Lieutenant Commander George Earnshaw, pitcher in the great days of the Athletics? Earnshaw has seen considerable action in the South Pacific, and in one sea engagement was nicked by a piece of shrapnel.

But the cake for much-traveled pitchers probably goes to Lieutenant Frank "Ruff" Hoerst of the Philadelphia Phillies. The tall southpaw entered the service September 10, 1942, became a gunnery officer on a freighter, and made trips to Russia both by the Boulevard of Bombs and via the Mediterranean. Recently he returned from a tour of duty on a troopship in the South Pacific, and now he has been transferred to the sub-chasing school in Florida.

Best known of all are the activities of Zeke Bonura, the beloved "Bananas" who, as a big-league first baseman for many years, was a great hitter. Zeke was the first major-league player to go overseas and is known today as the Judge Landis of North Africa. However, according to Corporal Tom Shehan of Yank, The Army Weekly, who returned recently from North Africa and Italy, some of Zeke's methods of operation are strikingly unlike those of baseball's czar.

In October, Zeke was awarded the Legion of Merit by General Eisenhower for "exceptionally meritorious conduct" in organizing and managing a successful baseball program for the Mediterranean base section. "By his resourcefulness, enthusiasm and leadership," said the citation, "he was able to overcome many shortages in needed assistance and construction materials, and he established twenty baseball fields in the area through the use of volunteer assistants and salvaged material."

The citation doesn't say that Zeke overcame many of the shortages in construction materials by the method known to the Army as "moonlight requisition." Nothing is ever swiped in the Army; it is simply diverted to other and more essential uses. Nor does it say that some of the "volunteers" now take to hiding when Zeke, the supersalesman, appears, because where Zeke is, there also is work.

ON one occasion Zeke sent one of his volunteers in a truck to requisition some lumber by the light of the moon for the construction of some vitally needed bleachers. Zeke assured the volunteer that everything had been arranged, and that he'd have no trouble.

Unfortunately, the guard was changed before Zeke's assistant arrived at the supply dump, and while he was piling lumber into the truck, he was challenged. He heard nothing but the racket he himself was making—until a shot whistled by his ear. Then there was no mistaking the pickle he was in, and he highballed it away from there.

"Listen, Bonura," said the trembling stooge as he came to a halt before the astonished Zeke with a crash of brakes and a rattle of the few boards he had made off with. "That's the last time I do anything for you!"

Zeke heard the tale and tried to placate his man. It was all a mistake—but the man wouldn't listen to him. Finally, he struck a heroic attitude and beat his breast with stiffened fingers. "Look here," he said indignantly. "Is your life more valuable than mine?"

"Well, no," said the G. I. unconvincingly.

"O. K., then—if I go along, will you go back?"

"Well, I guess so—yes."

"Awright. Wait here a second," and Zeke disappeared for a couple of minutes. When he returned, the two set out together and the mission was a complete success. By his valorous example, Zeke had saved himself a valuable assistant. He didn't bother to explain that he had resorted to the telephone to make sure the arrangement had been made known to the new guard.

Later, during a tour of inspection by Major General Arthur Wilson, then commanding officer of the Oran area, Zeke was showing off his ball fields, but he carefully steered the general away from his prize, a field with bleachers for 10,000. The lumber was too new.

"Where's the other one?" the general finally asked.

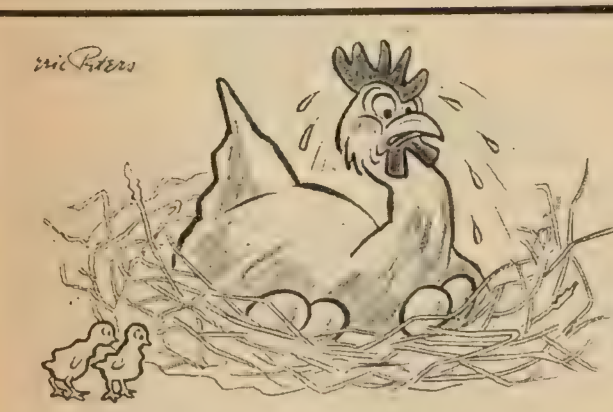
"The other one?" stalled Zeke.

"Yes," said General Wilson, "the big one."

"Oh, that one—the big one?"

"Yes," said the general, "the one you used all the lumber for."

It was General Wilson who recommended Bonura for the Legion of Merit, and that's a story in itself. When Zeke



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

LAYBOR: A hen in the process of egging.

PRYVATE: He looks into your most personal affairs.

RYE-FLE: A trigger on a jigger.

MECCA-NISM: A Mohammedan machine.

CO-WED: A married girl student.

KNEETHER: Not one knee and not the other, either.

PLENTYPOTENTIARIES: Enough ambassadors.

NIAGGRAVATION: Mad at the Falls.

MELK: Elk's milk.

FLOORIST: He sells flowered rugs.

first began his organizational work in Algiers, he found himself strait-jacketed by Army red tape. Colonels turned him down monotonously. The Army couldn't spare any stuff for that sort of thing.

Finally Bonura went to the telephone. He was a corporal then. Corporals don't even call colonels in the Army. Corporal Bonura got his number. "Hello," he said. "I want to talk to General Wilson." General Wilson wasn't there. "Well," said Zeke, "tell him Zeke Bonura called."

General Wilson is a West Pointer. He got Zeke's message and summoned him to his headquarters. Zeke found himself in the presence of a row of colonels also waiting to see the general. General Wilson entered. Spines stiffened and salutes snapped smartly out. The general spoke:

"Come in, Zeke. What is it you want to see me about?"

General Wilson, you see, is a baseball fan, and Zeke Bonura was a big name to him. Zeke told the general his troubles, and then, as the song says, "the general told the colonel, the colonel told the major, the major told the captain," etc., and thereafter Corporal Bonura got what he wanted. So did the G. I.s in North Africa.

Zeke formed company, battalion, and divisional teams and organized them into leagues. His North African World Series last fall was such a wow that he was decorated. His Arab Bowl football game New Year's Day at Oran drew 15,000 fans. This past winter he had 150 teams competing in volleyball, and the finals in May for both nurses and soldiers drew a crowd of 3,000. The brass hats at first frowned on the idea of permitting the nurses to play. They thought it was an excuse to put on "leg shows" for the boys, but Zeke hurdled that one by decreeing that the nurses' uniforms should be regulation fatigue clothes.

This summer there are three ball games a week at Oran. Further, Colonel Maurice E. Meyer, special service officer for the Naples area, whom football fans will remember as a big-time official, has completed arrangements for Zeke to take a team to Naples, where already 200 teams are playing ball.

FOR Zeke, now a master sergeant, it will have special significance. Nearly ten years ago he had planned a barn-storming trip with several other Italian-American big-leaguers, fellows like Frank Crosetti and Ernie Lombardi. The destination was Naples; the object, to educate Italians to the American game. The Ethiopian War spiked the junket.

But the Italians are seeing plenty of baseball now. They tell a story of how Private Bill Cox, Pittsburgh Pirate infielder, became a brigadier general during the invasion of Sicily as the result of a brilliant tactical stroke. Cox's infantry unit was playing another, and the score in the last of the ninth was 4-all. With two on, two out, and, of course, two strikes, Cox leaned on one to break up the game. His generalship was purely honorary, his pay and authority remaining those of a private.

Another Pirate infielder, Edgar Leip, was among the first troops to land at Anzio. Bert Haas, Reds' infielder, has seen action in Italy. Bob Savage, Athletics' pitcher, was wounded in the Italian campaign.

Some of these players who have been wounded and have received honorable discharges already are making their way back into organized baseball. Take Sergeant Gerald Juzek, a Marine paratrooper and a minor-league ballplayer with major-league courage.

Juzek was a first-class pitcher at University of Mississippi and had his sights lined up on a big-league job. Instead, he found himself among the first marines landing on Guadalcanal. Sergeant Juzek crawled to the assistance of a machine-gun crew whose gun had jammed at an advanced post, and just as he got there a Jap mortar shell fell squarely among the five men.

It killed every one of them except Juzek, and even he was left in a bad way. A gaping hole had been blown in his left thigh and his left leg had been riddled by shell fragments.

Further, the shock had been almost overwhelming. The unconscious marine was treated at a first-aid station and then flown to an Auckland, New Zealand, hospital. There he was told he would never walk again, never play ball again. But Juzek said he would do both. He was still in a precarious mental and physical condition when the hospital ship docked at California.

Treated "by some of the best doctors in the world at the Long Beach Navy Hospital," as he himself says, he recovered completely from shock, almost completely from his wounds. When the Los Angeles team of the Coast League held spring training this year, one of the pitching candidates was Sergeant Gerald Juzek, U. S. M. C., honorably discharged.

Tom Warren, Brooklyn Dodger relief pitcher and pinch hitter from Tulsa, Oklahoma, holds the distinction of being the first wounded veteran of World War II to join a major-league team. Warren enlisted in the Navy the day after Pearl Harbor, did convoy duty to England, served on aircraft carriers and a battleship, and was at Oran and Casablanca. He volunteered for a commando unit at Casablanca, and there it was that he was injured. After ten months in a naval hospital he became the Dodgers' "Casablanca Kid." Recently he was sent to Montreal, but he promises to be back.

THE Dodgers had another veteran at their spring camp this year—Elmer "Red" Durrett, who is now playing left field for Montreal in the International League. Durrett was in the first contingent to hit the beach on that memorable day of August 7, 1942, when the marines invaded the Solomons. He saw all the worst of the fighting at Guadalcanal, was in the Battle of Bloody Ridge, bayoneted two Japs and shot a third in hand-to-hand encounters, and had several close calls. On one occasion he was lying on the side of his foxhole, and he decided to get down into it. "Just as I moved," he says, "a bullet nicked a stick in front of my foxhole. If I had stayed where I was, it would have hit me in the heart." Another time a big Jap shell dropped a few feet from his foxhole—a dud. He finally got his in a bombing raid in November, 1942.

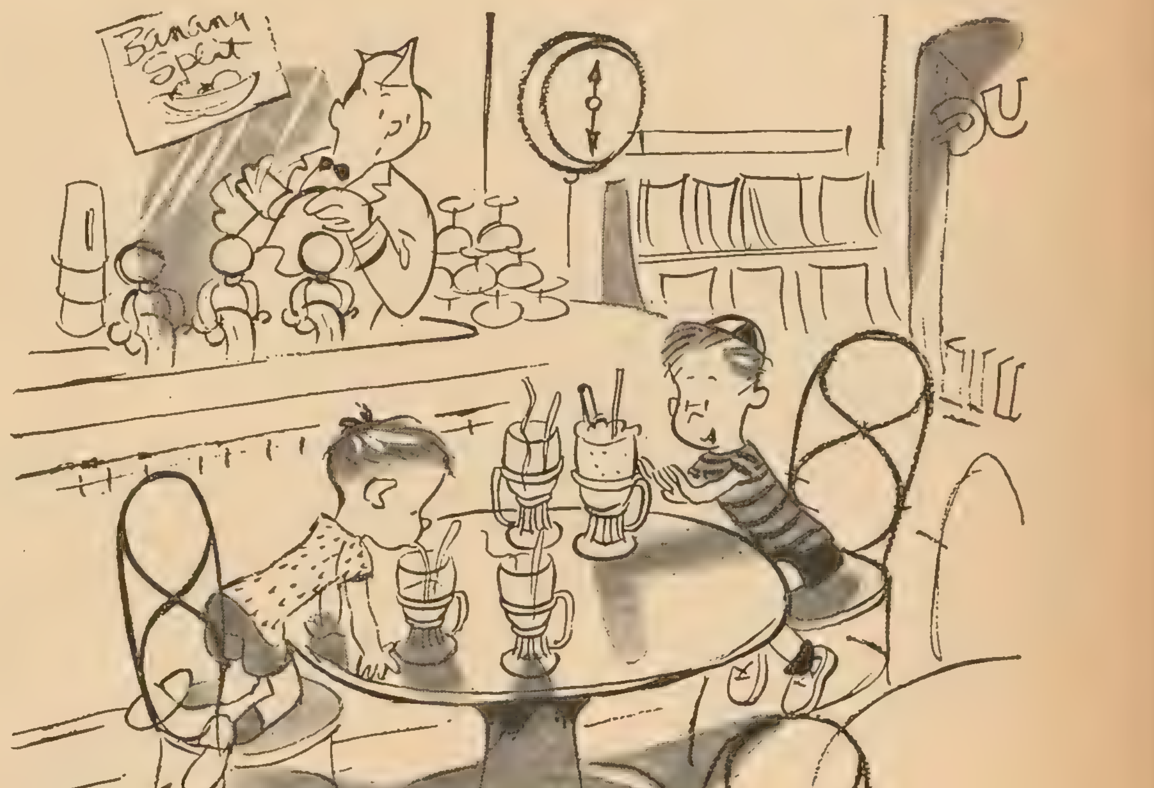
And so it goes. Sam Breadon, president of the Cardinals, recently received a letter from Steve Melaga, written while Steve was recuperating in a hospital in the South Pacific. Steve, wounded in the head during action in the Marshalls, tells how his base-

* * *

Walter Brennan tells how he was once stumped by a small boy. He was standing near a hedge, watching a spider industriously spinning its web, when the youngster came up, top in hand, and stared intently at the spider. Thinking he would teach him a nature lesson, Brennan said, "See that spider, my boy? Isn't it wonderful? Do you realize that no man could spin that web, no matter how hard he tried?" "So what?" asked the boy. "See this top? No spider could spin that, no matter how hard he might try!"

* * *

Advertisement



"On second thought, I guess I won't eat it. I'm liable to spoil my appetite for that second helping of Wheaties at supper."

Save room for Wheaties. When that zippy "second helping" flavor goes to work on your appetite you'll want more . . . and more. You're really eating when you have good whole grain nourishment and come-again flavor in a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."

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ball experience stood him in good stead when Japs rushed his position and he held them off with hand grenades.

Almost every major-league club has one or more of its men overseas, but information about them is still scanty. For example, Clyde Vollmer, the Cincinnati outfielder who homered the first big-league pitch he ever saw, in 1942, is "somewhere in Iran"; Bill Posedel, Braves pitcher who was one of the first ballplayers to enlist in the Navy, has been "in and out of San Francisco for the past two years"; Staff Sergeant Joe DiMaggio of the Seventh Air Force, Yankee larruper, is somewhere in the Central Pacific; Pilot Phil Marchildon, Athletics pitcher, was last reported to be in Ireland, and Master Sergeant Pete Pavich of the Giants, somewhere in England.

And "somewhere" are Captain Ted Lyons, Marine Corps, and Dario Lodigiani, both of the White Sox; Tom Earley, Lou Gremp, Johnny Sain, Art Johnson, and Lou Tost of the Braves; Jack Wallasea of the Athletics, and Lieutenant Hal "Prince" Schumacher, U. S. N. R., of the Giants.

And there are many more. Now that the Army is breaking up its station teams, the roster will grow ever larger. One day there'll be a great fanning bee, and from all corners of the locker room you'll hear, "Now, when I was in . . ."

And maybe, then, the boys will be saying, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir" to the umpires.

THE END

WE CAPTIVATE RUSSIA BY AIR

Continued from Page 20

contrary, such differences dissolve in amusement, jollity, and camaraderie. Underlying social similarities, psychological kinships, and the sense of equality that Russians and Americans feel toward one another neutralize these differences.

Yet, on reflection, there is nothing amazing about it. Russia is a young nation and so is America. Russians are adventurous and so are Americans. Russians are generous and expansive. So are Americans. Russians easily get acquainted with strangers. So do Americans. Russians can be tough. So can Americans. Through their astounding five-year plans Russians have become great pioneers, and Americans are sons and grandsons of great pioneers. And the Russians have become almost as gadget-minded as Americans.

Besides, there is something about Russia —its immense spaces, the lay of its land, its streams, forests, wheat fields, meadows, and wild flowers—that makes many an American here think of home. "I never imagined Russia was such a beautiful country," said a fighter pilot from Dalhart, Texas. "It's just like Texas. If they had a dust storm here, I'd get real homesick." Even General Eaker remarked, "It's just like flying from San Antonio to Dallas."

Above all the five-year plans have made even Russian peasant boys from faraway villages singularly apt at handling tools and engines, a fact which Americans particularly appreciate.

EVERY plane, as soon as it lands, is searchingly checked from stem to stern by four mechanics. Only one man, the chief mechanic, is American. The others are Russians, usually so young that they look like high-school boys or college freshmen. While I was wandering around an airdrome I saw five Russian youths in a tool shed. One of them was a Tatar with flashing dark eyes, beautiful white teeth, and a radiant expression. All had come from the Urals, were the same age, nineteen, and were graduated from the same Moscow school for aviation mechanics.

While I was talking to them Sergeant William Dernberger from Tulsa, Oklahoma, entered. He was the chief mechanic and looked a little older than the Russians, but it was only because of his russet stubble. "They're wonderful kids," said the American sergeant. "They know all about a Wright engine. Show them once and they never forget."

"Doesn't he work you too hard?" I asked the Russian youths. "For such work," answered the Tatar kid, "we spare neither time nor energy. It's all for the common good. The enemy has got to be destroyed and shall be destroyed."

I translated this speech to Dernberger and, much pleased, he said, "They are fiends for work. I never saw anything like it."

Another American mechanic, Sergeant Leonard Salis of Brooklyn, said, "Somebody was talking through his hat when he said the Russians aren't good mechanics."

I didn't meet a single American at any American air base who disagreed.

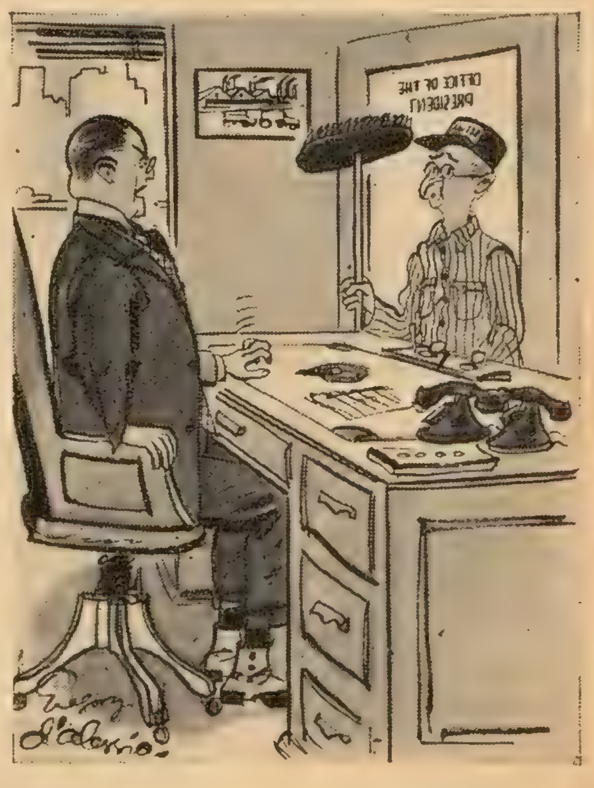
"The remarkable thing about these Russians," said an American major, "is their vitality. Even their women can do the hardest kind of work for twelve or fourteen hours. Yet when they get into an Army truck to go home they sing all the way. It beats anything I have ever seen."

"And how these Russian girls dance!" said Major Joseph Cunningham of Milton, Massachusetts. "You've got to keep moving. If you don't want to, you move anyway; they make you."

The vitality of the Russian girl and her feminine appeal have elicited many an eloquent tribute from Americans here.

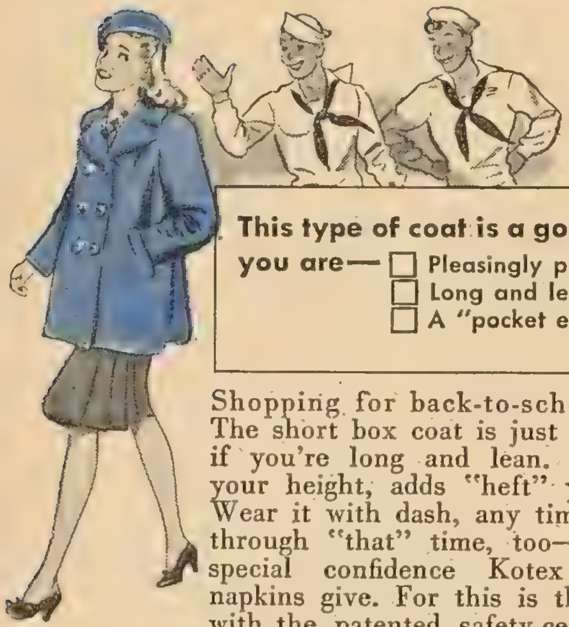
If the American air bases in Russia mark a turning point in American-Russian military co-operation, then the discovery by both Russians and Americans that, despite all differences in speech, manners, heritage, politics, and economic creed, they are basically much alike marks the turning point in the understanding and social relationships of the two peoples.

THE END



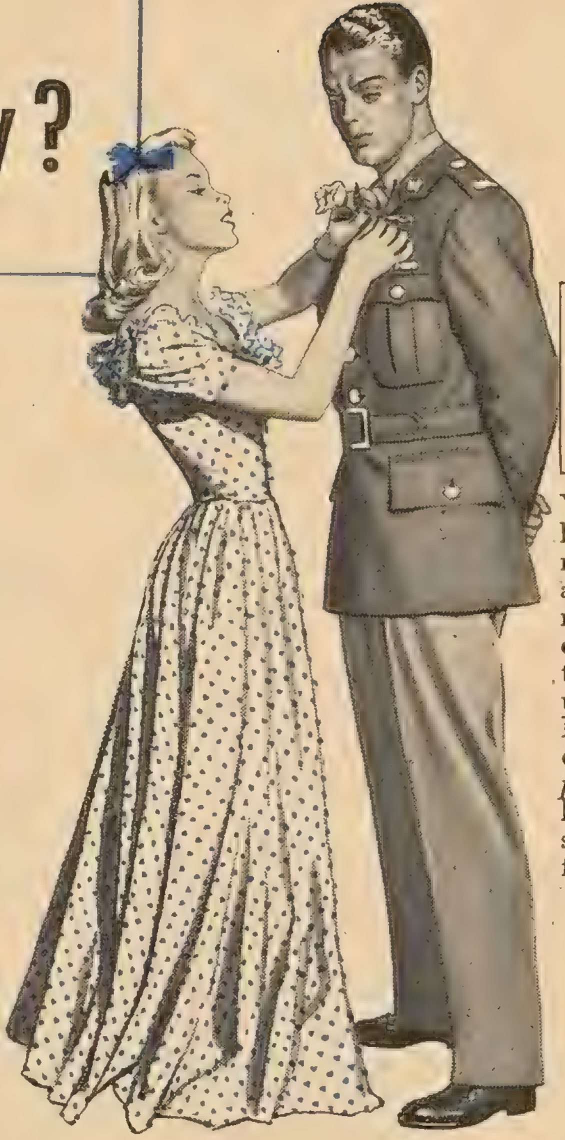
"I want to marry your daughter. Any objections?"

Are You in the Know?



This type of coat is a good bet if you are—
☐ Pleasingly plump
☐ Long and lean
☐ A "pocket edition"

Shopping for back-to-school togs? The short box coat is just your dish if you're long and lean. It breaks your height, adds "heft" you need. Wear it with dash, any time. Breeze through "that" time, too—with the special confidence Kotex sanitary napkins give. For this is the napkin with the patented safety-center that keeps moisture away from the edges, gives extra protection exactly where you need it *most.* And with Kotex, there's no wrong side to cause accidents . . . no chance to make a mistake!

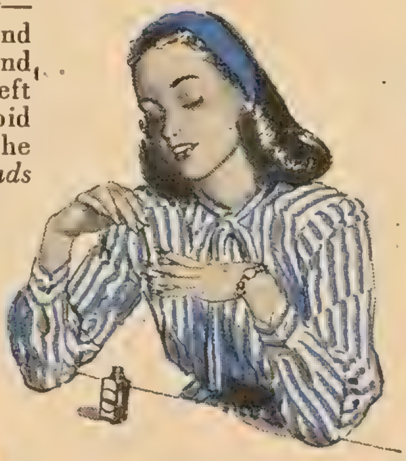


What's wrong with this picture?
☐ The rose is on the wrong lapel
☐ The Lieutenant is allergic to roses
☐ He's forbidden to wear non-military ornaments

Your rose may be as precious to him as a campaign ribbon. But—only military ornaments are permitted on an officer's uniform. Be *sure* about military etiquette! And to be sure of *yourself,* on "trying days" choose the napkin that doesn't show even under your filmiest formal. With Kotex, you needn't fear telltale outlines, for the ends of Kotex are *pressed flat*—different from other napkins because they're not thick, not stubby. Thanks to this patented Kotex feature you'll pass inspection always!

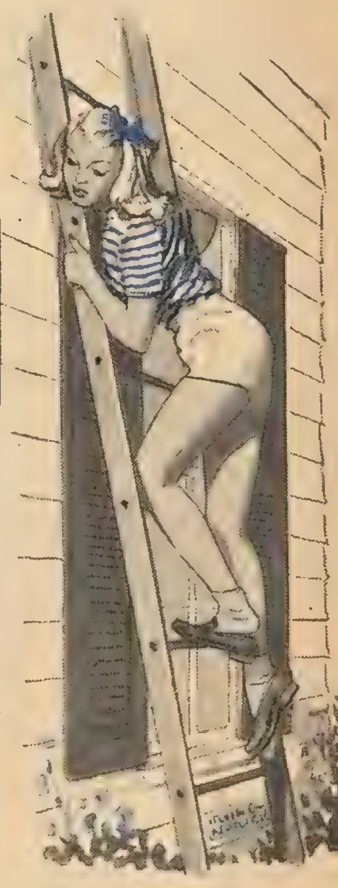
If you're smart about nail polish, would you—
☐ Do right hand first
☐ Do left hand first

Maybe it seems like the hard way—but you'll save time, temper and polish by painting your right hand nails first! Let the awkward left start the lacquering job, to avoid smudging. Steady both arms on the table. Your social rating *demands* neat nails, good grooming. And personal daintiness calls for a *powder*—Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant—to remove risk of offending on days when a deodorant is doubly important. Use unscented Quest with sanitary napkins, and stay *surely* flower-fresh.



Would you say she was—
☐ Planning on elopement
☐ Practising fire drill
☐ Slimming the fatted calf

Climb up the ladder to bareleg beauty! Daily sprints up stairs or ladder will trim chubby calves. And try this: Lie on your right side, raise left leg high, touching ankle with left hand. Then reverse. Mild exercise is *good* for you on "problem days." And you'll find Kotex different from ordinary napkins . . . far more comfortable. For rather than just "feel" soft, at first touch—Kotex *stays soft while wearing.* Unlike flimsy pads that bunch and rope, Kotex is built to hold its shape—to give you longer-lasting comfort.



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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

A LOT of letters have been coming in lately about a subject that always starts my blood pressure soaring—discrimination against servicemen and servicewomen in their necessary travels between duty stations or on furlough.

For the sort of thing I mean, let's go along with Miss N. R. V., a Storekeeper 3/C in the Waves, on a recent forty-minute stop at Temple, Texas.

"Just before my train reached Temple," she writes, "the conductor came through asking passengers if they cared to eat lunch in Temple during the stop. As there was no diner on the train and I had not eaten since evening chow the night before, I was one of those who wanted lunch.

"I went through the station at Temple, and on stepping outside I found only one small café in sight. I entered and took a seat near two civilian women. The waitress came to me at once and said, 'Sorry, we don't serve anyone in uniform.'

BANG!
MARKOW

Duck, Sarge!

"It was my first experience of the kind and I was astounded. I asked why and was told there was no room for service personnel. There were perhaps forty vacant seats, with only about two dozen people in sight who might be coming in from the train. As I stood there, food was refused several officers, too—though the waitress offered to serve their civilian wives.

"I walked back into the station and asked the girl at the magazine stand where I could eat. She said she guessed I could go downtown, about half a mile. But I only had forty minutes. There were no taxis.

"I strolled several blocks toward the business section and saw a group of soldiers and sailors in front of a bus station. They hadn't had any luck on chow, either, but had decided to ask the bus agent. I went in with them. The agent said that about so many blocks down and a block over we would find a Gospel mission of some sort that might feed us, or we might try the City Hall.

"I returned to the station and this time glimpsed, in a far corner, a coffee urn. Approaching, I saw a plate of doughnuts and, sitting nearby, a girl about sixteen. I asked if I might buy a cup of coffee and she replied, 'It's free to service people—just help yourself to all you want.'

"I did so, and I noticed now a small sign over the urn: 'Free to Men and Women of the Services.' I soon led the rest of the uniformed unwelcomes to that small corner where the love of fellow men was trying so valiantly to shine.

"I'm sorry I can't report the name of the person or group responsible for the one warm spot I found in that part of Temple; but please tell 'em, Sarge, I'm grateful."

This letter requires little comment from me. There were no sharp-nosed civilians standing by the landing barges and calling out, "No uniformed men admitted!" when they loaded the boats for the grim beach-heads of Normandy. Nobody stood by the planes, barking "Civilians only!" when our paratroopers climbed aboard to shove off in the misty darkness and do their stuff behind the Nazi lines.

I'll try to present more letters on travel next week—including a champion gripe from a gob who says he and his shipmates had to ride hungry for hours across the Southwest because some G. I. Galahad thought a lot of German prisoners on the train rated a priority in the diner!

Old Sarge.

* * *

I wish to send songs to military camps, but am unable to find their addresses. Will you please send me the list of camps at home and abroad, if you have such a printed list? If not, please give me addresses of the leading camps.

L. W., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Why not distribute the songs through an agency created to cheer up our camps, the United Service Organizations? Get the address of the nearest USO office from your local Red Cross chapter.

* * *

Duck into your foxhole, Sarge! Here comes a naval barrage aimed at Miss S. J. B., whose letter you published in the June 10 This Man's War. She said, you'll remember, that it is weakening to male morale for the enlisted men to salute women officers, and that the women enlistees should have the right to choose whether they'll salute or ignore a male officer.

What does she think this is, anyway? Doesn't she know that when an enlisted person salutes an officer he is *not* saluting the person in uniform, but is saluting the uniform or the rank it represents? Maybe if Miss S. J. B. would join one of the services and get a little military training she could understand the real meaning of military courtesy and she wouldn't be sitting around dreaming up new rules and regs. and trying to change the old ones to suit her theories.

M. V., Y3/c, WR, Washington, D. C.

Go right ahead, girls. Don't mind me. As I said before, I'll sit this one out.

* * *

Just one question, please. Why doesn't someone reorganize some of these camps in the States? Last fall I came back from overseas, and since that time I've been

(*Continued on page 58*)

A swing-shift beauty rests. Her hours at war production are long and demanding. Housework takes the rest of her waking time. So, her sleep must be *sound!* And it *is!* For she sleeps on a Beautyrest mattress. If *you* own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. You have a mattress with 837 individually pocketed coils, a sag-proof border, busy little ventilators that keep it clean and fresh! Cherish it, for we don't know when you can buy another. (Simmons plants are roof-deep in war production.) If you need a *new* mattress now, we recommend WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, *and* comfortable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! A real Simmons buy at $39.50. NEWS!—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each, the ideal box spring to use with a White Knight Mattress. Ideal box spring for *any* mattress!

BEAUTYREST— The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?

(*Continued from page 56*)

pushed around so much I don't know if I'm coming or going.

One day I'm in one section (Message Center), the next day I'm in a different one (Telephone), and after a few weeks of this sort of thing they start me in school. Then they pull me out and start transferring me all over again. In two months I've had ten different addresses. You tell me why. I'm only sticking to see what comes next.

Confused Corporal,
Camp Pinedale, Calif.

Pushed around

Corporal, you're in the Army and nobody has been able to explain all the whys and wherefores of this sometimes devious, but nevertheless redoubtable result-getting organization. There have been a lot of squawks from returned overseas vets about seemingly aimless shuffling and repetition of training in camps here. Many of these beefs are justified; in other cases there may be good reason for trying a man in various spots until he strikes the one where he will be most useful. I believe the W. D. is aware of considerable waste motion and is trying to end it.

* * *

I have a brother who served five years in the Army and then jumped the fence and joined the Merchant Marine. When last heard from he was in the South Pacific. What can the Army do to him now that he is under the Navy?

Pfc. X, Brunswick, Me.

Plenty. In the first place, he isn't in the Navy, the Merchant Marine not being a Navy branch. He is subject to punishment under the 58th Article of War. This provides that a deserter in time of war may suffer death, within the court's discretion. Deserters rate low in my book and I assume no responsibility for counseling them. I believe, though, that a court-martial would be inclined to some degree of leniency for a deserter who gave himself up instead of waiting to be grabbed. There is no statute of limitations for wartime desertion.

* * *

How many planes must a pilot shoot down to become an ace?

D. F., Alpine, Tex.

Same number as in the last war—five.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

G. I. JOE: WEAPON MAKER

Continued from Page 30

enemy practically had to walk into the gun to get hurt.

The fate of inventions, good or bad, can be traced in the 700,000 cards listing the matériel used by the American soldier. These show reports from firsthand observers—combat troops and theater commanders at the fighting fronts. The task of following up such reports, analyzing them, and acting on them belongs to the Development Branch, Requirements Division of the Army Service Forces, together with Ordnance, Engineers, the Signal Corps, Quartermaster Corps, and others. Army Ground Forces and the Army Air Forces have their own procurement set-up.

This has been called a "bulldozer war." The ugly, snorting tractor with its powerful blade is as much a trade-mark of American military operations as the jeep. But it has had one drawback: the poor "cat-skinner" had to run his machine in sniper-infested territory with no more protection than the sweat on his brow.

A field expedient remedied this lack in at least one war area. After several dozer operators had been killed in New Georgia, ingenious gadgeteers rigged up steel plates as shields. Earlier, while crossing the Volturno River in Italy, four operators were picked off before one got a dozer over.

General Brehon Somervell, Chief of the Army Service Forces, saw similar conditions at firsthand during a trip in the Pacific last fall and shouted for action. The Engineers had already been experimenting with an armored field cab when reports and photographs of the field expedient arrived from the Pacific. ASF, Ordnance, and Engineers got busy, and soon came standardized cabs with conversion kits to fit them on quickly and with a minimum of effort. Armored cab floors were provided for protection against Nazi mines in Italy.

The general's commands were obeyed in a hurry. In November the factories went to work, and the first cabs were shipped out on December 15. The entire order of 1,275 armored cabs was completed and on the way by January 12.

MEANWHILE, another species of dozer was being born. You will soon hear of one of the Army's newest weapons, the tank-dozer. Engineers and Ordnance, after many experiments, "married" a bulldozer and a tank and brought forth something with the fighting qualities of both.

When the account of its development is written, the name of Colonel Frank L. Beadle probably will not appear. Colonel Beadle, an engineer on General Harmon's staff in the South Pacific, performed a dangerous reconnaissance mission last August on Vella Lavella in the Central Solomons. Accompanied by Army and Navy officers, he landed on this Jap-held island and picked out a spot for an Allied landing field. The party avoided capture with the help of natives and a missionary.

In mid-August the marines attacked the island, and there was some bitter fighting. Some tank-dozers, nonexistent then, would have made the job easy. As the colonel reported to Washington:

"We suffered heavy casualties and were held up many days due to the excellent system of defensive fortifications prepared by the enemy. The backbone of this defense was the system of blockhouses constructed of coconut logs, covered with coral and well camouflaged. They were built close to the ground and it was not possible to see them until we were about

"SOURPUSS! ME?"
When my assistant called me that I was sore enough to fire him!

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Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"You're probably the kind who would kiss and tell!"

twenty yards distant. Some of these blockhouses were reduced by flame-throwers and many by artillery and aerial bombing, but due to the difficulties of observation and orientation in the dense jungle, progress was very slow.

"It is my belief that 'bulldozer tanks' would have been very effective in the reduction of these fortifications. The firepower of the tank would keep down the enemy and enable the bulldozer to knock over the blockhouses and bury our yellow friends."

After this and other reports had been received, things moved swiftly. In September the green light was given to proceed with manufacture; production began in December; and tank-dozers left for the fronts on New Year's Day, 1944.

The blade of the tank-dozer can be attached to the tank in two and a half hours, and a button releases it when high maneuverability is needed. It can go right over a pillbox, scooping up dirt and making it "blind," or it can hook onto the logs of a bunker and tear it apart.

FIELD expedients are found in the skies as well as on land. The Battle of the Bismarck Sea, in which Lieutenant General George C. Kenney's fliers sank twelve Jap transports and ten warships, was one of the most thoroughgoing victories in history. The devastation was due in large part to a new technique of "skip bombing" from a low altitude, and behind this is a dramatic story of Yankee ingenuity.

Lieutenant Colonel John V. R. "Dead-Eye" Dickson of Skull Valley, Arizona, ordnance officer in the Fifth Air Force, was given the job of finding a way to bomb ships from a plane traveling 250 miles an hour at a fifty-foot altitude. If the bombs exploded on contact, the blasts would wreck the aircraft.

Dead-Eye had to improvise a fuse which would delay the action of the bomb, permitting it to hit the ship, "bounce," and go off a few seconds later, preferably near the vulnerable water line of the vessel. In a little repair ship in New Guinea he worked like mad to develop and test a four-second fuse.

Forty-eight hours after he succeeded, the Jap armada was sighted beating its way down from Rabaul, and Dead-Eye was called on to do the seemingly impossible —to produce enough of these fuses, using only simple field equipment, to enable our bombers to strike the fleet from masthead level. What happened is history.

Another improvisation was used against Jap barges in New Guinea, Bougainville, Truk, and other islands. These troop and cargo carriers, hidden close inshore and well camouflaged, could not be seen by our fliers until their planes were almost directly overhead. By then it was too late to drop bombs, for the momentum of the plane would cause them to overshoot. A report from Colonel Robert S. Blodgett of Winchester, Massachusetts, told how this problem was solved. Parachutes were removed from fragmentation bombs (used against enemy personnel) and fastened to demolition bombs. When these were dropped above the Jap barges, they went straight down to blast the target.

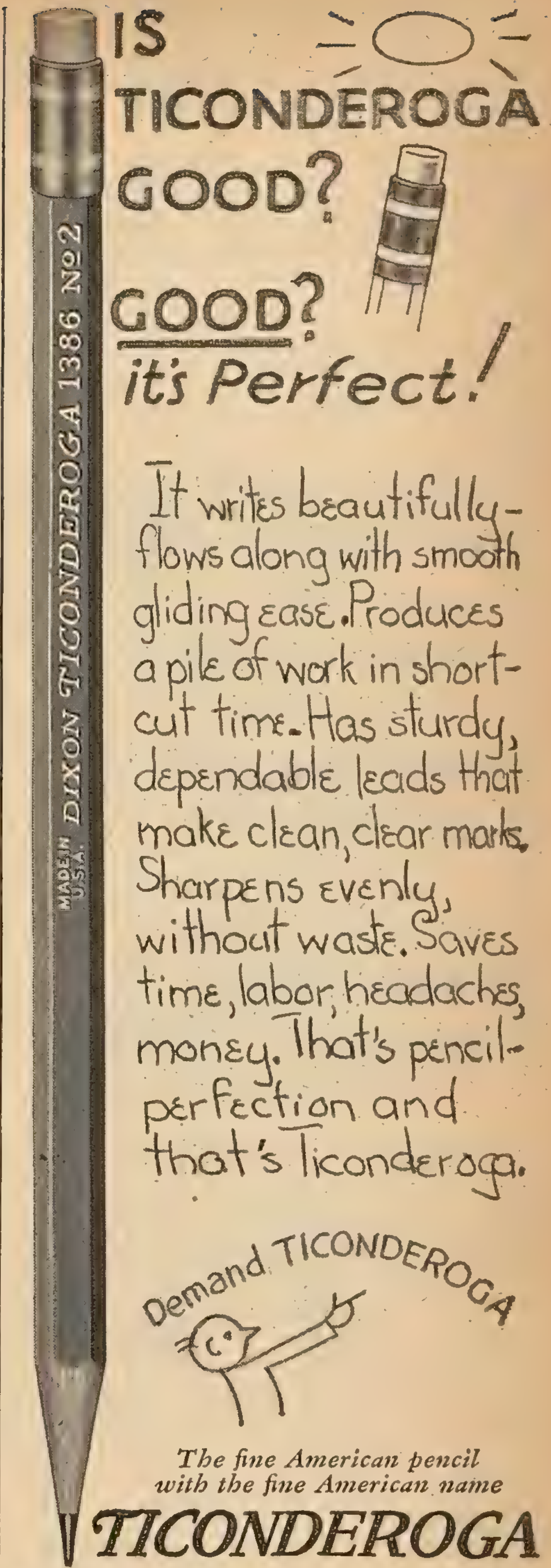
FIGHTING conditions have influenced alterations in all kinds of equipment. The BD-71 Army telephone switchboard, used by battalions and companies up front, is a compact instrument weighing about fifty pounds and carrying six lines. It was the pride of the Signal Corps.

Last winter, however, the combat boys groused about it considerably. "It's too heavy; we just can't carry it over thick jungle trails," said a corporal slogging in the muck of New Guinea. "The coils get wet and fail," reported a lieutenant from Munda on New Georgia Island. "The bell's too loud; when it rings a Jap sniper sneaks up and pots the operator," was another complaint, from the Treasury Islands.

The prompt emergence of a tiny twelve-pound switchboard, the SB-5, answered many of these objections. Although much lighter, it still had six lines, and it was not affected by high temperatures or by water—it could even float. It was especially useful in air-borne, jungle, and amphibious warfare.

But the Army wasn't satisfied. A research laboratory on the home front provided the answer in just two months. It is Adapter Plug U-4/GT, made of plastic and weighing exactly one pound. All the signalman has to carry is a pocketful of plugs and a field telephone set—no switchboard at all. Furthermore, U-4/GT is silent; it flashes a neon light instead of ringing a bell.

The U-4/GT is an adaptation of a commercial radio plug, and works this way: Three wires, connecting three battalions or companies, are strung to a central tree or post, or even a fallen log. A plug is clipped to each wire near the central point. Here the operator is stationed, and when a light flashes from one of the dangling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plugs, he connects his field phone to it by means of another plug and starts talking. With another one-ounce "switchboard" he links Outfit No. 2, and with a third he can bring Outfit No. 3 into the conversation. Some 15,000 of these plugs have already been shipped overseas.

Similarly, "bugs" in our early combat radios were ironed out in a hurry. The five-pound SCR 536 "biscuit box" or "cracker box" handie-talkie used in the Sicilian campaign had several flaws. Doughboys reported that "the shiny whip-antenna draws enemy fire, both night and day." The only way they could prevent this was to attach a length of wire to the antenna and transmit, keeping both wire and antenna on the ground. Soldiers also complained that "heavy rains and high humidity knock out the battery" and that the range was far too short.

These gripes came along in December, 1943. The next month the SCR-300 walkie-talkie, weighing about forty pounds and carried on the back, was on the way. It was completely waterproof, and had a dull-surfaced antenna and a considerably longer range of operation.

The Quartermaster Corps provides the food; consequently, it receives the most gripes. A sergeant in Sicily threw away his Ration C cans in utter disgust and said he'd rather go hungry. He wrote home about the "terrible food." His letter reached Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and then QM. "Beans—beans—beans" came from Guadalcanal. "Hash three times a day" came from Anzio.

Now they've added pork and beans, ham and lima beans, vegetables and chicken—and expect the G. I. to faint when he first sees this delicacy! QM also has added candles for heating; they burn with a blue flame invisible from the air.

Early combat uniforms took plenty of verbal beatings. On Guadalcanal the one-piece jungle suit, developed after tests in Panama, proved hot and awkward. In the Aleutians olive-drab trousers and field jackets could not shut out the zero weather, even when worn under standard G. I. fur-lined arctics.

The Army's new combat uniform is something else. Made of a cotton fabric known as five harness sateen, it is in use in Alaska, Greenland, England, Burma, and the Southwest Pacific. It has plenty of pockets, water-repellent trousers, and a half-length field jacket. In cold weather it is worn over the regular woolen trousers and shirt.

SINCE the Army Ground Forces came into being on March 9, 1942, more than 10,000 items of equipment have been developed, modified, accepted or rejected. Almost all acceptable suggestions for changes came from the combat zones, where experience under fire showed weaknesses in our weapons and the ingenuity of the American doughboy showed ways to overcome these weaknesses.

The Japs have a so-called "knee mortar." It's a nice little weapon for jungle fighting. To counter it, Army Ground Forces on the islands wanted something easy to carry, something light. They always carried hand grenades; so why not, they asked, figure a way to fire them from a rifle? They'd have more range. The idea went to the Infantry Board at Fort Benning.

The result was an "adapter" or grenade launcher, a cylindrical gadget that fits into the muzzle of a Garand or a carbine. A hand grenade can be fitted into it, and as it fires, it releases the pin for the explosion five seconds later. The range is 150 to 175 yards.

The boys at the front liked the bazooka, or antitank rocket launcher. It was a sort of skyrocket toy, and to add to the fun it packed a devastating wallop. But the first issue of the "piece of gas pipe" was not perfect. It was heavy, and sometimes unburned powder flared back at the marksman. Came suggestions for changes.

Now the new and improved rocket launcher M-9 can be broken down into two pieces for carrying. It has a shoulder strap, and its six inches of added length and its flared muzzle help eliminate the hazards to the firer. A new sight and new trigger mechanism, also resulting from suggestions from the field, make the bazooka a vastly improved job over the original "shoulder artillery." And recently the Army disclosed that it has a new rocket fired from a lightweight gun which packs the wallop of a 105-mm. projectile.

One of the Army's newest weapons came into being as a result of complaints from foot soldiers in the Southwest Pacific area where trails are poor and roads almost non-existent. The old 37-mm. antitank gun weighs 912 pounds and requires a truck as a prime mover for any distance. It's not worth much in the jungle. Still, its firepower is needed, so a 37-mm. gun that weighs only 265 pounds was developed. This one is fired from a tripod instead of from wheels, and can be carried over any kind of terrain by five men who load parts of it on their backs. They can put it into action in less than a minute.

BUT while the men at the battle front go ahead with their field expedients and observers bring their ideas back to the laboratories, testing grounds, and modification centers of the home front, something else is now taking place.

Last fall a traveling salesman left his home office in Washington on special orders from the boss. He packed 150 samples into a big plane and flew far into the West. He picked up orders for 101 of the items he was demonstrating. His success induced the boss to send out two more drummers, this time to the East.

The first salesman was a colonel in the Army Service Forces; the boss was General George C. Marshall. The territory covered was the Southwest Pacific—a swing of more than 30,000 miles requiring three months. Samples were new weapons or modifications of old ones. Customers were the soldiers in the front lines.

The colonel set up "sample rooms," showed off his wares, and watched for buyer reactions. In sweltering jungles, new weapons were tested. Among them were chemical bombs of violet, blue, and yellow smoke for signaling to aircraft, light 37-mm. guns, new type bazookas, tractor-drawn artillery, and such oddities as a kit skid-pan—a sheet of metal to put under the axle of a heavy howitzer to keep it from sinking in the mud. These had been changed at modification centers—"summerized" and "jungle-ized" for that area as other models had been "winterized" for colder lands—and tested at proving grounds.

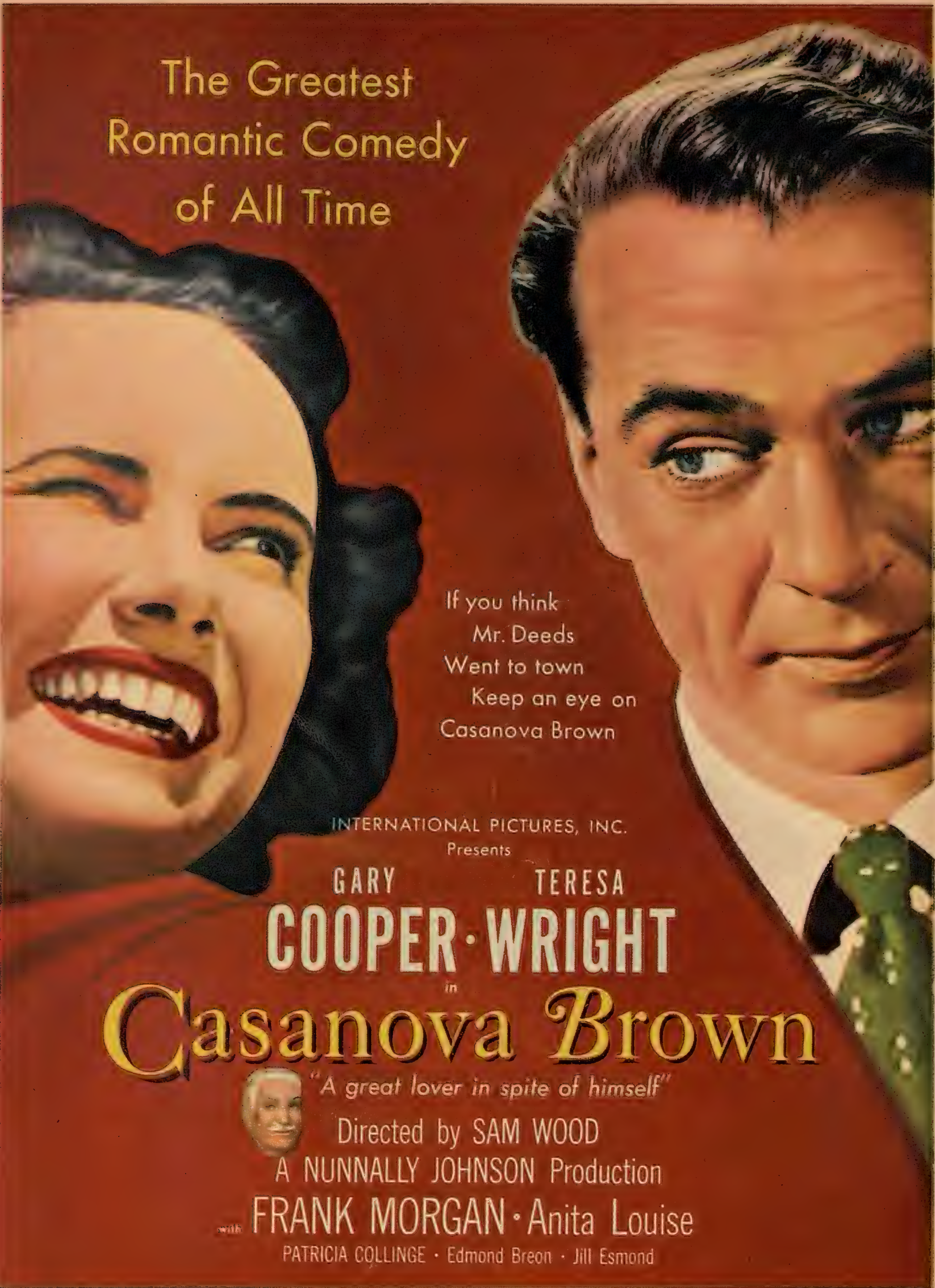
The colonel was a door-to-door peddler for America's vast production plant. His trip, the first of its kind, was a new method by which the boys at the front indicate to the workers back home just what kind of weapons they need.

The job of equipping the Army is summed up in a few words by General Lucius D. Clay, Director of Materiel, ASF:

"We give G. I. Joe what he wants, and we keep it in repair for him. That is what we're in business for; when we don't do that, we go out of business and somebody else does our job."

Not a bad philosophy for the Service of Supply!

THE END



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THE GOVERNMENT'S WAGE POLICY

Continued from Page 15

prices, would become cautious and reluctant to make investments. People on fixed incomes from savings, insurance, or pensions, and people dependent on allotments from men in the service, would find it hard to pay the grocer. And rising prices foster labor disputes which hinder war production. Naturally, workers want more money when the cost of living goes up. But wage disputes slow the supply of tanks and planes to the front lines. Rising prices hit the fighting man's morale, too. Worry about the finances of the folks back home doesn't make his tough job any easier.

To protect Americans against inflation, Congress passed the Economic Stabilization Act of 1942, directing that wages and prices be stabilized as of September 15 of that year. The President named the War Labor Board, which had been set up with equal representation from labor, industry, and the public, to pass on all wartime wage adjustments. The conditions permitting wage adjustments to correct inequities and aid the war effort were clearly laid down in the statute and the President's Executive Orders.

So the War Labor Board, in administering the wartime wage regulations, is not guided by any whimseys of its own. It steers the wage program along the course charted by Congress and the President. All wage adjustments must conform to the policy they have formulated, and any fundamental changes in policy must be authorized by them.

The experiences of the past year and a half have confirmed the wisdom of the Stabilization Act. One principle of that act is that wage stabilization does not mean wage freezing. Some changes in wage rates are necessary. Wage freezing would be unfair to many who work at low wages and would perpetuate inequities in wage relationships that hinder war production.

The basic rules short of wage freezing, set up by the President under the act of Congress, cover four general fields. In each field there is a definite stabilizing limit on wage-rate increases, but within this limit provision is made to correct injustices.

The broadest field deals with the general level of all wages. That level is fixed as of September 15, 1942. But in the race between wages and prices in 1941 and the first part of 1942, some groups of workers had been left behind. To correct the gross inequities that would have been caused by stabilizing the wages of these groups at that level, it was provided that any groups that had not had a 15-per-cent wage increase between January 1, 1941, and September 15, 1942, could have their wage rates lifted to bring them up to 15 per cent above the January 1, 1941, level.

The second field covered by the wage stabilization rules includes those workers whose wages are insufficient to maintain a decent standard of living. In this field some minimum wage limit had to be fixed within the range of practical economic possibilities. The present limit permits employers to increase wage rates up to 40 cents an hour without asking the approval of the War Labor Board, and the Regional War Labor Boards are authorized to permit employers to increase minimum hourly rates up to 50 cents.

The third field has to do with wage differentials now being paid for the same kind of work in the same community. Differentials of this sort are common in peacetime American industry, and no attempt is made to equalize all wages by bringing them up to the highest level. But the wage differential may be so broad in a particular case as to be a gross injustice.

THE Regional War Labor Boards are, therefore, authorized to fix in each labor market area, after studying the wages actually being paid, brackets of "sound and tested" going rates. The extremes of high and low rates are discarded as not being typical, and the spread between top and bottom of the remaining rates, considered sound and tested, becomes the range of the bracket for a particular job.

These brackets include most of the wage rates being paid for any particular kind of work in the community, and an employer who is paying wages within the applicable brackets is not permitted to increase his wage rates. This stabilizes the normal, established differentials.

But if an employer's wage rates are below the lowest level of the bracket, he can, by applying to the Regional War Labor Board, get permission to raise them to the minimum of the going wage bracket. In unusual cases vitally affecting the war effort, a few employers have been permitted to raise their wages to some higher appropriate wage level within the bracket, to get critical war production going.

The fourth field of wage adjustments covers inequities in the wage rates paid within a particular plant. Such adjustments must be so limited that they do not increase the level of production costs appreciably or lead to higher prices. These adjustments include reclassifications within a plant, promotion and merit increases, wage incentive plans, vacation pay, shift differentials, and the like.

In addition to these four basic rules, the national wage policy lets an employer give some wage increases without the approval of the War Labor Board. Thus employers may increase the wages of women to equalize them with the wages paid to men for work of the same quality and quantity in the same plant. Employers who have eight or fewer employees may increase their wages as they please, except in certain special employments excluded by special orders. Employers may also continue to pay customary bonuses or commissions, and they may pay bonuses to employees going into the U. S. armed forces.

Thus wages have not been frozen. They have been stabilized, but in such a way as to avoid gross injustices. This stabilization under the act of Congress is not arbitrary. It is done to prevent uncontrolled inflation of prices which would rob everyone of all benefit of wage increases.

THE most forceful thing I can say about the result of this wage policy is that while many real inequities have been corrected and will continue to be corrected, yet the general wage and price structure of our economy has been held firm and steady throughout the last twelve or fourteen months.

The increases approved by the Board have caused only negligible increases in prices, and even those largely in low-wage industries. Of the 150,000 cases decided by the Board, less than one case in every 200 required any increase in prices or in cost to the government.

The government's wage policy is to keep the nation's basic wage and price structure as steady and as fair as possible for the duration so that it may be as sound and stable as possible when the war is over. In this way we may hope to avoid many unmanageable and unequal readjustments as we return to peacetime living.

Now let us turn the spotlight for a moment on what happens when a union or an employer refuses to be confined within the limits of our national wage policy.

In the 6,750 dispute cases decided by the War Labor Board between January, 1942, and March, 1944, and involving about 8,500,000 workers, only five disputes about wages reached the stage where the Board, unable to secure voluntary compliance, had to refer the cases to the President. Three of these five involved defiant unions; two, defiant employers.

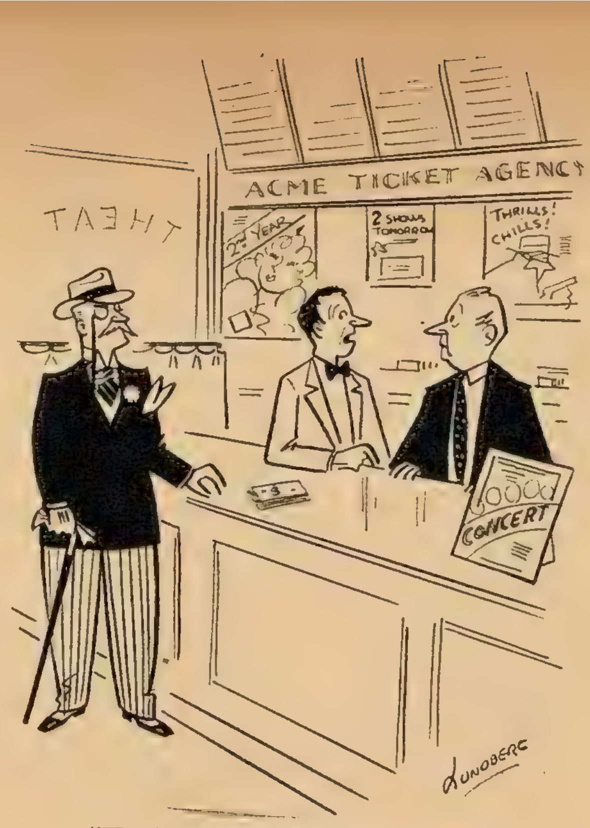
In the Jenkins Brothers and the Ken-Rad Tube and Lamp Company cases in April, 1944, the War Labor Board met employer defiance of its wage directives by referring the cases to the President. The Navy and the Army took over the plants and put the Board orders into effect.

In the General Cable Company case in August, 1942, the defiance was by union members who called a strike after denial of a general increase by the War Labor Board. At the President's order, the Navy took possession of the General Cable plant, and called on the employees to return to work. They promptly decided to accept the decision of the War Labor Board and did return to work, without the wage increase, and the plant was returned to its owners. In the Akron rubber companies case, the workers struck on May 25, 1943, when the National Board cut a panel recommendation of 8 cents an hour down to a 3-cents-an-hour increase. But the workers accepted the cut and returned to work in response to the President's request.

The government seized the coal mines twice last year because of strikes by the United Mine Workers over wage demands—once before and once after Congress passed the War Labor Disputes Act in June, 1943. John L. Lewis originally demanded for the mine workers an increase of $2 in the basic wage for each seven-hour work day, plus pay for underground travel time—portal-to-portal pay—averaging $2.25 per day. He announced that the United Mine Workers would not submit the case to the War Labor Board or abide by the wage stabilization policy.

To enforce those demands, the miners struck when the old contract expired in May, 1943. The government took over the mines and the miners returned to work, but with threats of further interruption if their demands were not met. In June, 1943, Congress passed the Smith-Connally Bill (War Labor Disputes Act), making it a crime for anyone to interfere with the operation of any "plant, mine, or facility in the possession of the United States." After that the United Mine Workers decided that they would submit to the War Labor Board the new wage agreement they had worked out with some of the coal-mine operators in Illinois. The Board turned this down because the proposed wage increases went beyond the wage stabilization policy.

Then the Mine Workers and the Illinois operators submitted to the Board another agreement, which provided for portal-to-portal pay and also for additional productive working time at the face of the coal. This contract was also rejected by the Board because the proposed wages still exceeded the wage stabilization policy. The miners therefore struck again, and the mines again were taken over by the government in November, 1943. The wage contract was then further modified and finally approved by the War Labor Board after it had been brought within the rules by which the Board is bound in its allowance of wage increases.



"He insists we get him a seat at the peace table."

In the end the miners received no part of the demanded $2 increase in their basic daily wages. They did increase their earnings $1.50 a day by working an extra overtime hour. This $1.50 is just what they were entitled to under their old contract. As pay for this extra hour of work, they agreed to accept straight time pay ($1 an hour) and to apply the overtime pay (50 cents) to pay for travel time at an hourly rate equal to two thirds of the straight-time rate. After forty hours of work the Fair Labor Standards law requires overtime pay, and the application of this law to the new portal-to-portal agreement results in extra overtime pay to the miners of $2.52 per week for each miner who works the full week of fifty-two and one half hours.

Thus the mine workers who demanded $2 per day in straight time wages and $2.25 a day for travel time finally got no increase in straight time pay, and $2.52 a week (42 cents a day) under the Fair Labor Standards law only for those who work fifty-two and one half hours. They did get acceptance of the basic idea of pay for travel time, but, because of the wage stabilization policy, the Board would not allow additional straight time pay even for travel time.

This final agreement was approved by the Board for government operation and has now been approved for private operation of the mines until April, 1945, and the mines are to be returned to their owners.

With the exception of the coal, rubber, and General Cable cases, the War Labor Board has been able to obtain union compliance with its wage orders without sending the cases to the White House. This, of course, does not mean that union members always are satisfied with the Board's decisions. Attacks on the stabilization policy have come from most labor unions. But when confronted with a decision denying them an increase, or reducing the amount of increase agreed upon by the employer, the unions have—with the three exceptions mentioned—accepted the decision in the democratic way, and obeyed it; and the American employer too, with the two exceptions mentioned, has obeyed the wage decisions of the Board in the patriotic way.

THE END

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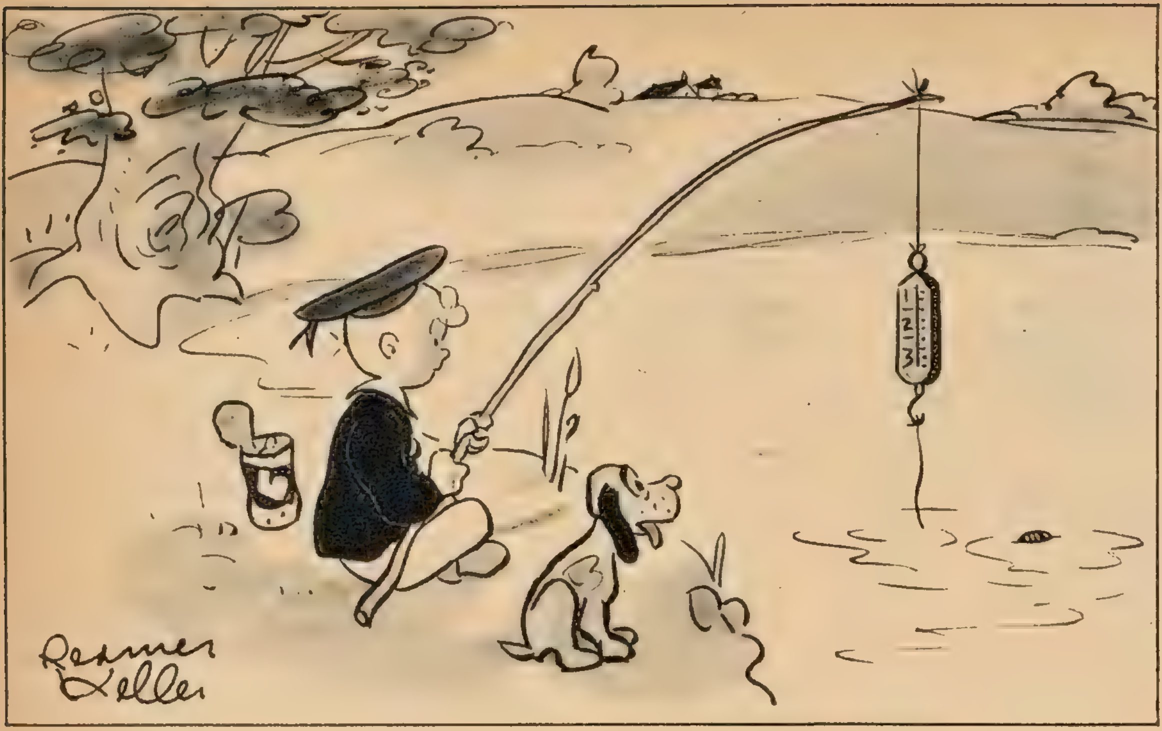

TOWER OF THE LION

Continued from Page 17

chair in front. In racks convenient to hand stood other firearms of various sorts and sizes, while crouched on the floor a slender lad, dressed like a peasant, was carefully oiling and loading an ancient long-barreled fowling piece.

While Clarence looked, the boy placed the gun in a rack, then came to the table and cut a piece of bread from a half loaf that lay there, laid a thin slice of onion on it, and poured the dregs of a Chianti bottle into a glass. These he carried to the seated figure, who shook an impatient head, but finally consented to sip the wine.

The boy wolfed down the bread and onion himself. Then he spoke to the occupant of the chair in a pleading young voice, nodding toward the bed, obviously urging his companion to take some rest; until the latter tottered to his feet, and was supported with difficulty across the room to sink stiffly down on it. Clarence saw that he was a stooping, cadaverous old man, wearing a badly worn corduroy shooting jacket, with an air of authority about the high-beaked profile, and eyes that gleamed, even in that dim light, with the unnatural bright fixity of a sleepwalker's.

The boy, selecting a smaller rifle from the racks, took his place in the swivel chair, tense and watchful. A sudden moon, looming up from a hill behind, showed the surrounding scene with increasing clarity—the bend of the river, with its fallen bridge; beyond, the tents of the construction unit; even the figure of the waiting officer, motionless below. This latter, fortunately, the boy did not appear to notice, his attention centered perhaps on the encampment.

Something infinitely piteous about the pair, and especially about the thin and hungry boy, smote Clarence uncomfortably. This here ain't no place for a po' little tad like that, he thought, with armies and airplanes rampagin' round, and nothin' but an old loony for comp'ny. Then his eyes widened with another idea. A certain poignancy in the lad's voice, some appealingly awkward young grace of movement, gave the Negro a shock of enlightment.

He slipped away as noiselessly as he had come, to report to the major. "Tain't nobody there, boss, but one old gempman what don't look right in his head, and a boy which it ain't no boy a-tall, but a pretty little gal dressed up in pants."

"H'mm! You're sure there was nobody else around the place?"

"Nary a soul, Mr. Major, not even a live dog—though I smelt me a mighty dead one somewheres. Reckon eve'ybody else got bombed out by the Heinies?"

THE major sighed. "We'll have to do some parleying, I suppose. If only I could speak the damn lingo!"

"What about that there lieutenant over at Company B, suh? Him they call Mr. Posy? He kin talk it real good."

Clarence referred to a certain popular young Giuseppe Rosa whose outfit was encamped not far from their own.

"Good idea! Take a motor sidecar, and ask the lieutenant, with my compliments, to step on it."

It was while the two engineers were in consultation that word was brought of the arrest of an intruder.

"What sort of intruder?"

"It's one of them priests, sir, ridin' a little jackass."

"How did he expect to get across the river when the bridge is down?"

"By makin' the jackass swim it, sir, while he sets on top with his feet tucked up under him—we watched 'em start."

"Better bring him to me for questioning," Major Simms said.

He was a plump earnest little Dominican in cassock and broad shovel hat, a silver crucifix at his belt. Major Simms was glad of Lieutenant Rosa's linguistic facility.

"Seems there's a patriotic old geezer living up on the hill yonder—the Conte di Torreleone"—he translated the priest's information—"who's lost two sons at the front, and feels disgraced because Italy's ally keeps retreating. So he's decided to hold the fort himself—what's left of it after some pretty intensive bombardment. The Germans who'd been quartered on him carried off everything, except a collection of guns and some ammunition which they somehow overlooked. The count used to be quite a sportsman, it seems. Now he's gone entirely off his nut—threatens to shoot on sight anybody who sets foot on his property, or attempts to repair his bridge. So nobody has dared go near the place, till an old servant got word to the priest that the situation was getting desperate—no food in the house, and nobody to protect a young grandchild who refuses to leave him. So Father Anselmo is making a try for it."

In the priest's basket there proved to be a piece of garlic sausage, some goat's-milk cheese, a bottle of wine, a loaf of coarse black bread. There was also a clean outfit of boy's clothing.

"The clothes are for the count's young grandson," said Lieutenant Rosa.

"Who isn't a boy at all," said Simms.

"Ah, you know that already! Father Anselmo asked me not to mention it. Seems their old servant thought the little countess might attract less attention as a boy than as a girl."

"Tell the priest that it's quite safe for the child to be a girl again," said the major briefly. "He's our answer to prayer, Posy! We'll send the reverend up there as an ambassador of good will. That is, if he's not afraid to risk it."

The priest made a quiet reply. "He says that he is very much afraid," translated Rosa, "because *il signor conte* has gone quite balmy, and is known to be a dead shot; but that it is his duty to succor parishioners in distress. He hopes the girl will recognize him and be able to restrain her grandfather."

"More power to the little man!" said the major respectfully. "We'll set him across the river—a raft should be drier transit than donkeyback. If he can make old Horatius listen to reason, tell him to hang something white from the window."

FROM concealed points of vantage the two officers watched the mounted figure begin a slow ascent of the moonlit olive terraces. Suddenly a sharp cry sounded—a girl's cry—and a bullet sent a shower of leaves down upon the plodding figures. The girl had managed apparently to deflect its aim. But the second bullet she was not able to deflect. They saw the burro waver, fall to its knees, and roll over sidewise, kicking.

The major called out a quick "Better take cover, sir, or lie flat!"

But the little priest did neither. Extricating himself from the feebly kicking beast, he stepped out deliberately into full view, and stood a moment, the market basket over one arm, the other held up authoritatively at full length. They saw the moonlight glint on something in that uplifted hand. It was the silver crucifix. After a moment the priest resumed on foot his unmolested progress.

The Kentuckian said, on a long breath, "So that's what is meant by the church militant!" The young lieutenant crossed himself, his lips moving.

They waited in vain for any flutter of white from the tower window. At last the major said, "Let's call it a day, and see how Horatius feels about it in the morning. I'm laying my money on the padre."

In the morning, however, there was a bright red tablecloth hung from the window of the Lion Tower—"Which means danger in any language," frowned Major Simms. "Look here, this is getting to be ridiculous! One old screwball expecting to slow up the whole invasion. If he hasn't come to his senses by noon, I'll have to take over by force."

But by noon something occurred that put minor difficulties into the background. News reached the construction camp that Italy was out of the war for good, her evil genius made a prisoner by his own people. "Yippee-ee!" whooped the usually laconic Kentuckian. "So that explains why the Eyeties have been putting up only a token resistance lately! Now we're really getting places."

Natives emerged from hiding to fraternize with this amiable enemy who was no longer an enemy. Discipline relaxed automatically; the noon meal became a species of love feast, everybody sharing what he had. Accordions went into action. The officers manned jeeps and careered about from post to post, congratulating each other with suitable libations. Only the last of the Counts of Torreleone remained unaware, apparently, that his Lion Tower was no longer in a state of siege, since it still flew its red signal of danger.

“Look, major,” suggested Lieutenant Rosa. “What say you and I go up and put the old boy wise?”

“All right, Posy. *E Pluribus Unum,* what? Let's do the thing in style, butter up the old fire-eater by staging a regular peace parade—the colors flying, a flag of truce going on before.”

“Swell,” said young Rosa, teeth flashing white in his handsome face. “A pity we haven't got the regimental band along.”

“Don't need it when we have my orderly here. How about it, Clarence? Got anything on you to make a nice big noise with?”

“Nary a thing but my juice-harp, Mr. Major. But I might could borry me a accordeum to go with it.”

THE peace parade could be heard from afar off, poling across the river, smartly mounting the olive terraces, the colors of Italy and America flying side by side, somewhat prematurely, and Clarence between, doing his rather nervous best with an impromptu arrangement of local airs, combined with Dixie and Yankee Doodle.

At the window above, an exhausted old man roused himself to lean forward, peering, pushing the priest aside, fumbling for the trigger of his rifle.

“No, no, my son,” said Father Anselmo gently. “Let us continue with our prayers. It is nothing to disturb *il signor conte.* Enemies do not attack while making music. See, they are carrying a flag of truce.”

“Ha! The poltroons have decided to surrender without a shot?” muttered the old noble incredulously. “Eh, well, we must receive them. But stairs are difficult for me. I find the English tongue confusing. It is my granddaughter who shall do the honors, with your help, father. Dost thou hear, my little one? Greet these gentry properly in their own tongue, invite them into the salon, serve what refreshment may be required—” he made a grandiloquent gesture toward the single bottle of wine the priest had brought. “Enemy or no, none shall find the house of Torreleone wanting in—But what is this?” His gaze focused on the girl as if he had just awakened out of long sleep. “Do I see a young *signorina* of family, almost a woman grown, masquerading publicly in male attire? *Che disgrazia!* Go, Felicità,” he bade her sternly, “and change at once into proper dress.”

SO it happened that the peace envoys were surprised at the door by a slight, shy, deep-curtsying little figure in muslin, the raggedly cropped curls bound close by a ribbon. She had the charming immature grace of a young girl, head held high on a long, full throat, eyes enormous with fear and courage; which changed into piteous relief as they met the kindness of the others' gaze—especially young Rosa's, who could not look away. It was she who dropped heavy lashes first, waves of exquisite color mounting the tea-rose creaminess of the cheeks.

“Will the gentlemen”—she found her voice at last, in faltering but very musical English—“be pleased to enter? We cannot receive you in the salon, *signori,* since there is no longer a salon. But we have still the dining hall.”

It was full of fallen plaster, and they had noted an ominous crack across the broad façade of the house; while the tower, standing slightly awry, seemed to be largely supported by its massive bougainvillaea vine.

The lieutenant asked rather hoarsely, “Where were you, *signorina contessa,* during the late bombardment?”

“Safe in our chapel, sir. It is built into the hillside, you see, and is also under the protection of Our Lady of Refuge. But I am not *contessa, signore;* only Felicità,” she explained simply.

“Which means ‘Happiness,’” murmured the other, still staring.

The major said then that he wished to speak with Count Torreleone, for whom he had a message of importance. The girl answered in gentle apology, “My grandfather has not the full use of his limbs. He regrets that he is unable to come down to you.”

“Then we must go up to him,” said the officer. “Coming, lieutenant?”

But Rosa did not follow; nor did the girl. Apparently neither had heard him. They were looking at each other again. Only Clarence followed, keeping close behind the major.

Fortunately, the count spoke English as well as his granddaughter, although more rustily. He apologized with dry courtesy for troubling his visitor to mount so many stairs, explaining that he spent much time in the tower room lately, “where, as you see, I keep my collection of antique firearms—”

And not all so antique, either, commented the American to himself. He gave his news succinctly. The old man's fierce eyes cleared into sudden sanity.

“So! My unhappy country at last rids itself of the incubus. *Va bene!* It is true that my sons served their military duty, of necessity, under Fascism, but it was for Italy they died, not for that pseudo-Caesar,

(Continued on page 67)

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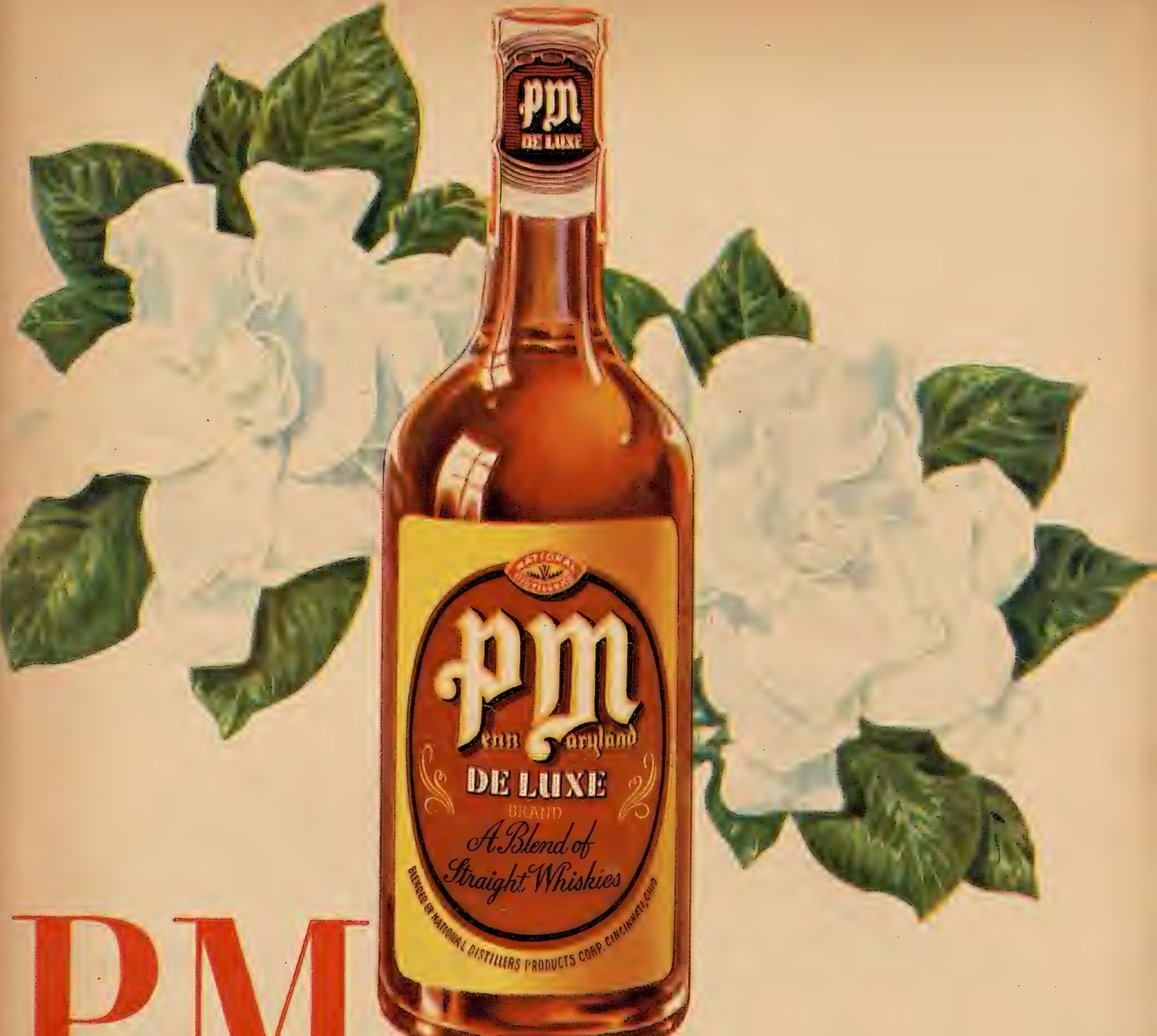
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Instead, his head dropped suddenly on his breast.

The major listened a moment. "Asleep, I think. Give me a hand, Clarence." Between them they carried the light old skeleton very carefully to the bed. The girl came hurrying in as they did so. "Ah, my grandfather nods again! You will please to forgive the discourtesy, *signore;* he is so greatly fatigued—permitting himself no rest. You see, he had undertaken, quite alone, to cover the retreat of our German ally."

The American went below, where he found Lieutenant Rosa pacing up and down in a state of great agitation.

"We simply cannot leave a girl like that here," he exclaimed, at sight of Simms, "with no protection whatever except a half-mad octogenarian. Why, she's the loveliest creature I ever saw, and the bravest!—declining to leave her grandfather when all the others deserted, knowing perfectly well what was going to happen here. The priest says they've been living like peasants on olives and grapes, a hog or two, such game as they could bag. Now the Germans have finished all that. There's not much left of the estate, anyhow, and Felicità has no claim on what there is. She's a Torreleone, all right, but not—well, as she said, not a countess. Seems the father, being noble, failed to marry the beautiful *contadina* who was her mother. The old count brought her up with his own sons, teaching her to hunt and shoot and tell the truth and not be afraid of the devil; educating her at a good convent school. But when he dies, Felicità will have nothing at all. What's to become of her?"

"Search me!" said the major. "Hasn't the priest got some solution to offer?"

"He says the convent will take her as a postulant, if she shows sufficient vocation. But how could a wonderful warm-natured girl like that feel any vocation to shut herself up for life?"

The older man gave the young lieutenant a quizzical glance. "Don't start something you can't finish, son."

"But I don't get you, sir. Why, an hour ago I'd never even seen her."

Major Simms cleared his throat. "Here she comes back again. Want to talk things over privately? I'll talk to the padre."

LINKING his arm in the priest's, he led him out to the terrace where the peace parade awaited further orders, with banners still flying. "I'll have the boys give your donkey a military funeral, father," he was promising, with a glance at the circling buzzards; when eye and ear were caught by something circling much higher, barely visible against the blaze of sun. A scouting Stuka was taking advantage of the momentary lull in hostilities.

The major's order cracked like a whip: "Take shelter, men! Avoid the house. I don't trust those walls." He wheeled, remembering the old man in the tower; but Clarence was already mounting the stairs, three at a leap. "I'll get him, boss!"

The major's stentorian voice reached the house ahead of him: "Lieutenant! Get the girl out of that, quick! Better try for the chapel—"

But there was not time. The Stuka, attracted by the flutter of flags below, had already slanted in for the kill. Neither bomb was a direct hit, and before a third could be loosed, three American pursuit planes were up and coming. But the major was right. At the first concussion, slowly, almost lingeringly, the Lion Tower toppled over into a mass of rubble, out of which a stairway, clinging to one wall, mounted crazily into nowhere.

Working frantically, the officer, the priest, and the parade detail had managed to free Lieutenant Rosa and the young girl, both miraculously uninjured, from beneath a heavy refectory table, when a quavering cry came from above: "Here I is—stuck on the top flo'; only they ain't no flo'. Fo' gosh sakes, boss, come an' git me outa here!"

By pure good fortune, a falling beam had wedged Clarence and his burden under an arch of the upper stair, where he perched precariously over space.

"SO that's that! Probably dead before you got to him," consoled Major Simms, when his final efforts at first aid had failed. "He was a game old lion while he lasted. Now what are we going to do with that poor girl?"

Lieutenant Rosa said quietly, "It's already been settled, sir. She's to stay with Father Anselmo until I get back."

The major thumped his shoulder till he winced. "Good work, son! When did you find time to fix all that up?"

"While we were in there, under the table, waiting to be rescued. You see"—the young man's flush deepened—"not knowing whether we'd ever get out, I—she—well, we sort of kissed each other."

"Does she realize that it may be quite a while before you can come back for her?"

"I explained. She'll wait. Father Anselmo will keep her safe for me."

The older man said casually, "Has it ever occurred to you, son, that you might not be able to come back? This job we're on is a bit—well, chancey."

"Of course. But, good Lord, sir, that won't happen to us, when we've just found each other! I've *got* to come back. She needs me so terribly. She's so alone in the world."

The older man was silent, thinking of all the women, one in particular, who so terribly needed the men who might not come back to them. . . .

It was here that Clarence, in the background but by no means out of earshot, could not resist offering a bit of worldly advice, as man to man: "Mr. Posy, suh, whyn't you-all do the way Fatma and me done—git yo'selfs married first off, and put the rest up to Uncle Sam? Then, if you don't git to come back, yo' wife's got her somethin' to eat on, anyhow."

The young officer laughed; then sobered, paling a little.

"The boy's got something there," commented the major. "We'll be working in this general neighborhood for some days, you know. Now I must have the old patriot laid out properly in his chapel, and send up a burial squad. Perhaps afterward the padre might be persuaded—".

Young Rosa turned on his heel and ran to the grotto of Our Lady of Refuge, where the priest had already gone with Felicità to pray for her grandfather's soul.

Clarence followed his major down the wrecked olive terraces, pleasurably conscious of the first-aid bandages that here and there decorated his person. Ef Fatma, he thought, could only see me now! And said aloud, benevolently, "Them two sho will make a pretty-lookin' couple, boss. Don't know as I ever seed a pair git together so sudden as that!"

The major nodded; adding half to himself, "Makes you wonder whether that sort of thing may not really be arranged in heaven, after all—"

"Jus' like the Good Book say," agreed Clarence, "Only looks like, these days, the Lawd kinda gives 'em a extra push, 'count of they ain't so much time."

THE END

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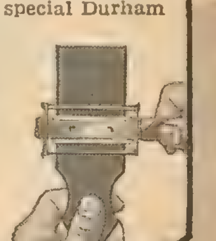

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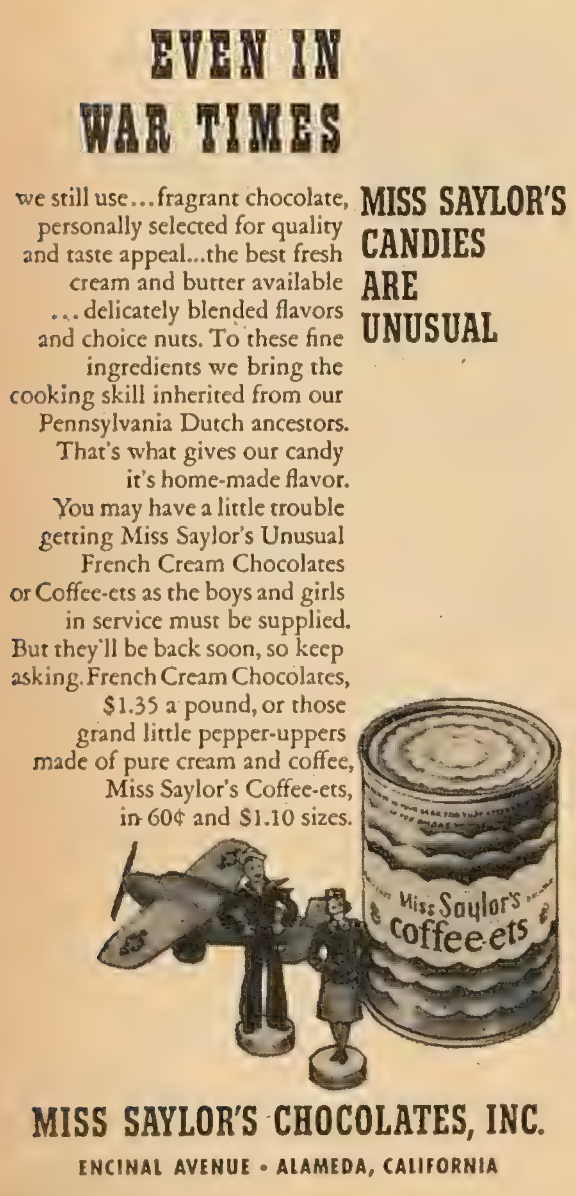
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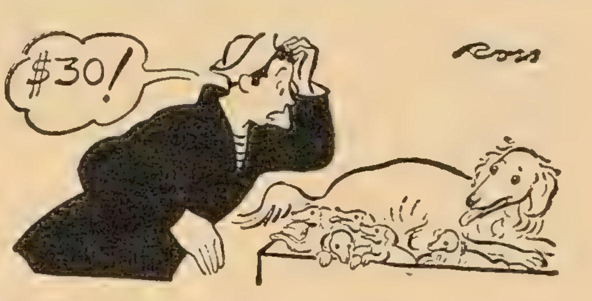
Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

DEPARTMENT OF MASS PRODUCTION: W. Newbold Ely, Jr., of Ambler, Pennsylvania, is the proud owner of Lena, a foxhound who recently gave birth to twenty-three puppies in one astonishing litter. . . . A seaman, whose ship had tied up in New York harbor, put almost all of his pay into war bonds, sold aboard ship by a representative of the Seamen's Church Institute. So low in funds was the patriotic seaman after his bond purchase that he decided he would try to sneak his Russian wolfhound off the ship in the early morning, in the hope of finding the customs men asleep, thereby saving the five dollars duty on the handsome hound. Came the dawn. Imagine his chagrin when he found that the unco-operative animal had produced five puppies overnight. Which brought the duty charges to thirty dollars!



WONDERFUL WACS: Private Cleo M. Yount and her daughter, Private Avis M. Larson, both of Milwaukee, enlisted together in the WAC, took their basic training together at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, and are stationed together at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Both are beauties, and Private Yount could easily pass for her daughter's sister, instead of her mother. . . . Mrs. Lorraine Fox of Brooklyn is forty-eight years old and has seven children and seven grandchildren. She recently enlisted in the WAC. Her service flag will now be decked with six stars; the other five represent sons and sons-in-law. Mrs. Georgette Renee Kelly of Philadelphia is forty-seven years old. Born in France, she married Paul V. Kelly, an American soldier, in Paris in 1919. She has three sons in the armed forces and was recently sworn into the WAC.

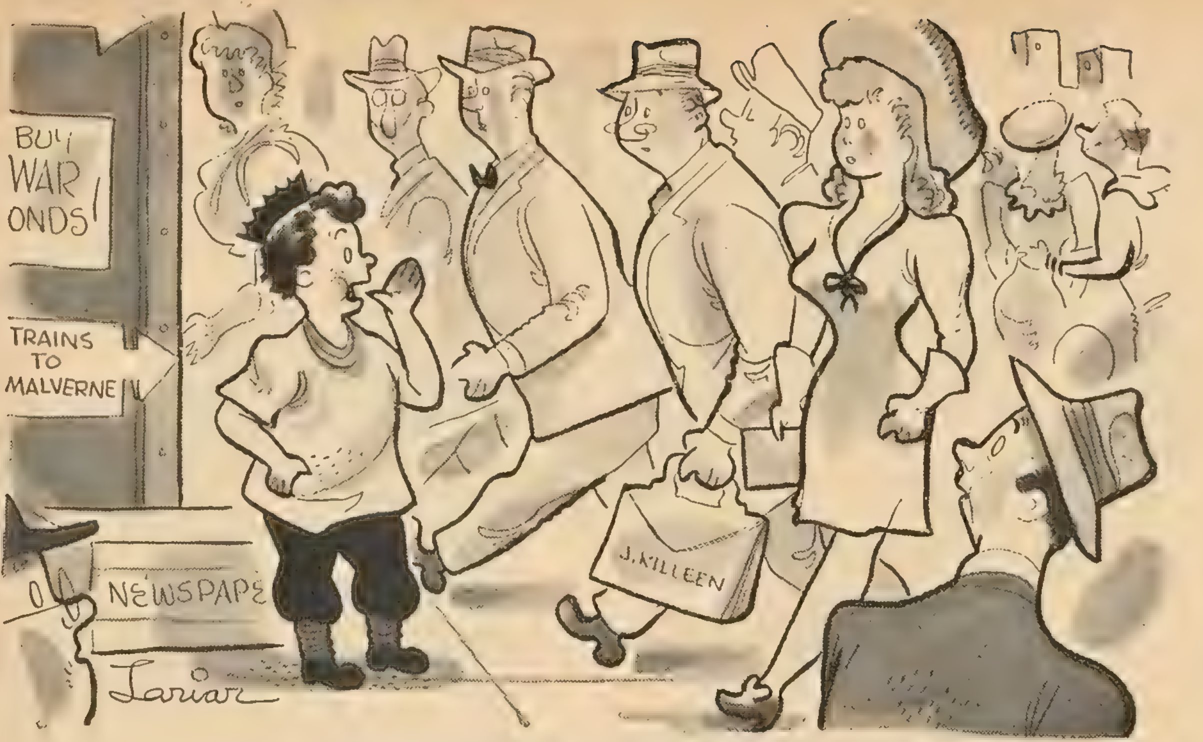
BEWARE BED! A series of reports to the American Medical Association warns of dangers in overprolonged bed rest, which can even lead to death. According to Drs. Tinsley R. Harrison of Dallas, Texas, Rolph K. Ghormley of Rochester, Minnesota, and William Dick of Los Angeles, muscles may shrivel, and bones and joints go on strike. The new trend in medicine is to keep sick people and those injured by accidents from complete inactivity. Patients with broken bones are enabled to get back on their feet soon with the help of pins through the bones. Lung collapse, fatal blood clots, constipation, and persistent backache may also be the result of long bed rest.

FAITH IN HIGH PLACES: From overseas comes a combat flier's letter to his family, which may give comfort and reassurance to other anxious relatives: "If I am ever reported missing in action, take the report at its face value. Don't try to read in it a meaning that isn't there. It is foolish to suppose that we operate without losses. These losses, however, are almost completely material. The men get out of their planes, I know. The worst thing that can happen when one bails out is to be taken prisoner, and I have heard that isn't so bad. *But* the chances are very good that one will beat one's way back to base. Guerrillas and Partisans have helped any number of men return to their units. So if you should receive any such word, remember what I have said, and don't worry about me. My faith in God is complete. He will always look after me, but I also have to help myself, and in this chain the human element is the weak link." A great guy. In all humility he makes a partner of God, but doesn't ask or expect Him to do the whole job alone.

"TO FORGIVE, DIVINE": Twenty-six-year-old Joseph Cushman of New York pleaded guilty to the charge that he had thrown a trash basket at Frank Gonzalez, a neighbor. Magistrate Frederick L. Strong sentenced Cushman to pay a fine of ten dollars or spend two days in jail. Cushman didn't have the cash, so started for the detention pen in Week-End Court. A few minutes later he was back, paying his fine to the clerk. Magistrate Strong asked where he got the money. Said Mr. C., "I borrowed it from my friend Mr. Gonzalez."

HOW WE'VE CHANGED! Everyone is concerned over the changes that are bound to take place in the outlook, disposition, and character of our men in the armed forces. Can they ever be lighthearted again, after seeing all the death and destruction of war? Even those who return sound in wind and limb will probably never be the same, any more than will the wives they've had to leave behind. Thousands of women have been forced to take on responsibilities they've never faced before—handling bank accounts, paying rent, life insurance, arranging the children's summers without connubial conferences, mowing the lawn, checking the trunks to camp, rolling up the rugs to go to storage, entertaining friends without Daddy to mix the cocktails, and working at whatever job will supplement the Army allotment and fit into Momma's crowded schedule. The toughest part of the war wife's job is making decisions. By the time husbands get home, wives who were once clinging vines will have turned into sturdy oaks.

THE HOME FRONT



"Extra! Paper shortage reaches crisis! No papers today!!"

LUMBERJILL

Continued from Page 27

hostile eyes. "You win," she said. "What's your offer, lock, stock, and barrel—as is?"

"You're a sensible woman," the logger said. "After all, business is business."

"Never mind the compliments and comment," Margie said. "What is your offer?"

He unlocked a drawer and took out a slip of paper, an itemized list of their property. She glanced at the total and an angry red stained her cheeks. "Yes, business is business," she said quietly, "and I'm angry enough to talk to you in your own language. You've worked a deal to get Dan out of the way, and I'd be a fine wife if I couldn't fight here while he's fighting Japs. Women are doing almost everything, and it's time a few lumberjills went into the woods to replace the lumberjacks."

He looked at her, amazed. "Now, Mrs. Page," he said, "you know no woman can fall trees, load trucks, and drive them."

"The hell they can't!" Margie retorted. "Listen. No part of my equipment is for sale to you at any price."

She banged the door as she departed. He made a steeple of his fingers and surveyed it with a grin. "She'll cool off, and think things over."

SEVERAL days elapsed, but no phone call came from Margie Page. He heard that one of Dan's rivals—Dolph Kehoe—had picked up the logs and towed truck and trailer to town. Kehoe was reported to have said, "Dan and I had some rough-and-tumble fights, Mrs. Page, but we didn't knife each other in the back. You owe me nothing for this day's work."

A week later Croswell learned that truck and trailer were back at the Page home and that Margie was doing nothing about selling out. He drove out one morning, confidently. Margie met him at the door. She had a heavy automatic pistol in her hand and her mother was saying, "Now, Margie! Now, Margie!" The children looked frightened.

"Now, Mrs. Page," said Croswell. "You wouldn't shoot an old man like me."

"Why not? Better men are dying every hour. But I'm not going to shoot you. I'm making you *deliver*. You released a younger man for service; now get on that truck, drive it to the top, turn around, and come back down the hogback. I'm going with you." She jabbed him in the stomach, and when he turned she pushed the gun against his spine. She climbed to the cab with him and ordered, "Warm up the motor."

He warmed up the motor, drove to the scene of operations, and turned around. "You see," he said, "I wasn't bluffing."

Margie wasn't giving up hope. "I'll give you a break," she said. "You don't have to take it down loaded."

He was shaking as he completed the first turn, and as they went into the next pitch it looked as if the truck might go over a cliff. Well, it would, unless properly handled on the curve. He looked at it a long time. The longer he looked, the swifter courage drained. He turned pale and said, "I can't do it, Mrs. Page, I can't do it."

He looked as if his heart might quit in another five minutes. She thought, He seems more coyote than timber wolf. She said, "Get down and get out."

Margie heard Croswell start his car and leave. I'm long on talk, she reflected, and short on performance. It's time I put up or shut up on this lumberjill talk.

It was a nerve-shattering business, but she took the truck down at a snail's pace, remembering what Dan had done at each point. It was well that it was empty or it would have gone over the grade twice, and upset several times.

Her mother met her with an amazed "Are you stark, raving mad, Margie, to attempt anything like this?" Her mother was frightened. She could see that her daughter was desperate.

The next day Margie said, "I'm driving the truck and trailer to town. Empty. I won't need to dynamite it to climb the grades."

"Good! Sell the darned thing. I don't want to see it again," her mother said.

She saw it the following night when Margie returned. With her there was a strong girl, in her early twenties. "This is Brunhild Nordstrom," Margie said. "She's staying with us awhile. I am experimenting with lumberjills."

Margie and Brunhild went up in the light truck next morning, and the former circled a spruce tree several times. "The trick is to drop that tree without shattering it," she said. "If we drop it to the left, it'll crash onto a boulder and splinter. If too much to the right, we'll span a gulch and it'll break."

It was a difficult trick. The spruce was

(*Continued on page 72*)

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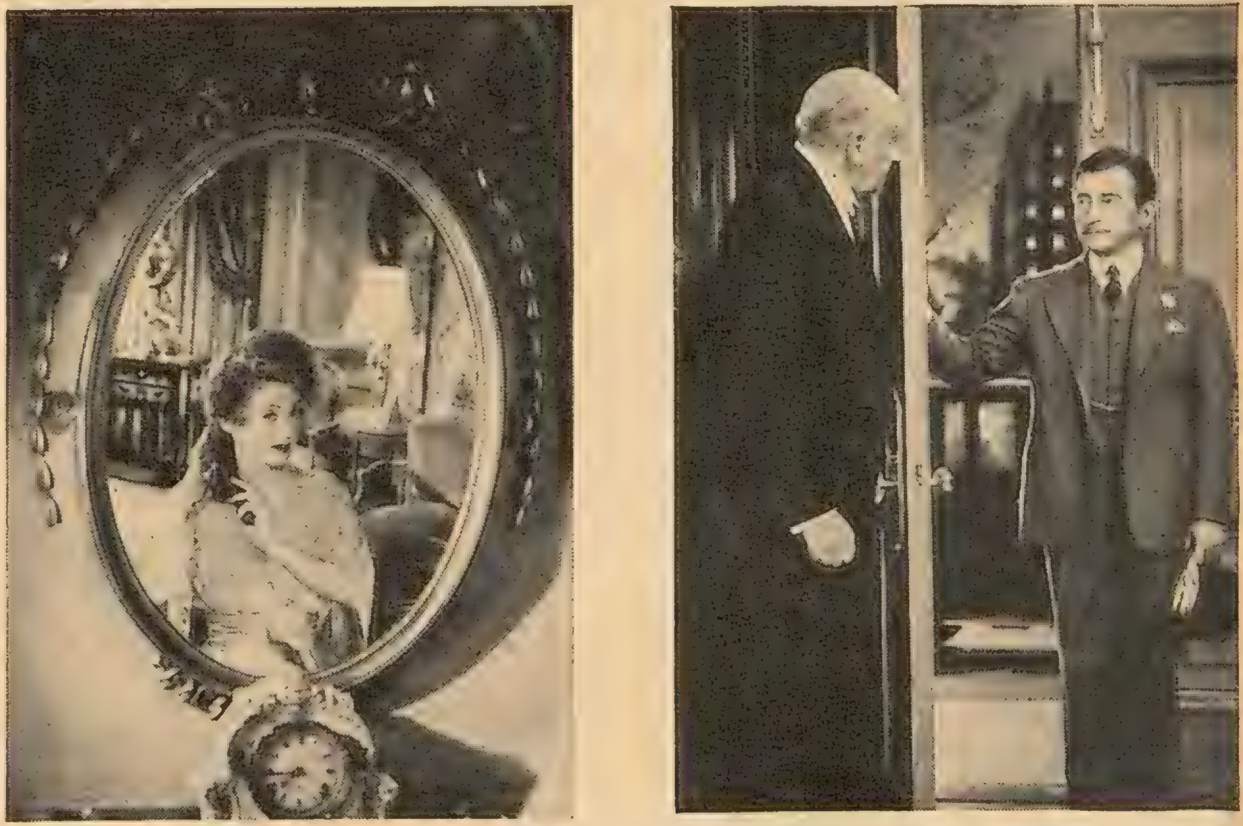
LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY



Fanny's life, bounded by her mirror frame, has little room for Mr. Skeffington.

MR. SKEFFINGTON *(Warner Brothers) Bette Davis, Claude Rains, Walter Abel, Marjorie Riordan*

MR. SKEFFINGTON (from the English novel by "Elizabeth") comes to the screen a bit too big for its boots—but it's notable for another top-notch performance by Bette Davis, fine atmosphere, and some interesting experiments in direction and photography. Unfortunately, these distractions (plus an obstreperous musical score) nearly swamp the rather limited tale of Fanny, the icy-hearted beauty who selfishly defies old age for a quarter of a century, only to learn the real meaning of life when her beauty is gone. Still, the excellent cast turns in some very moving scenes. Claude Rains plays the kindly, put-upon husband, Job Skeffington, with great sensitivity, and little Sylvia Arslan and Marjorie Riordan bring the same quality of distinction to their portrayals of the daughter. The startling make-up job on the aged Fanny steals some scenes at the end, but you can go home soothed by the oft-repeated assurance that "a woman's beautiful only when she's loved."

1 In 1914, spoiled, aristocratic Fanny is the most sought-after beauty in New York. Suitors are her whole life.

2 After marrying wealthy Job Skeffington, Fanny continues her flirtations, finally forces him to seek other companionship.

3 But Job's only real consolation is their little daughter (whom Fanny never wanted). She asks to stay with him.

4 Aging Fanny, clinging desperately to youth with wigs and cosmetics, begins to feel the terror of her empty life.

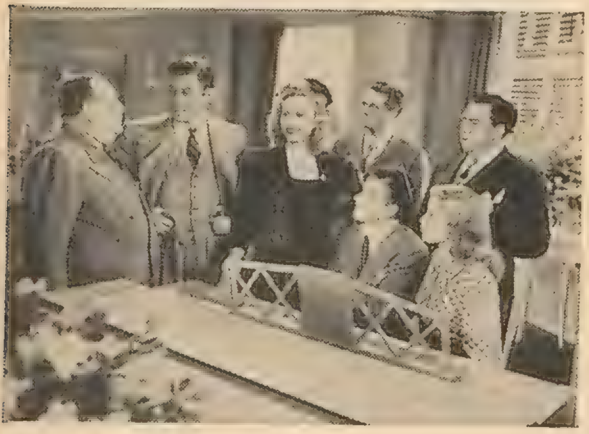
STEP LIVELY

(RKO)
Frank Sinatra, George Murphy, Gloria De Haven

THIS is a lighthearted musical rush-around based on the play Room Service, and as they go speeding by, you may recognize The Voice, pretty Gloria De Haven, George Murphy, Adolphe Menjou, Walter Slezak, and Eugene Pallette. This is about all you really need to know, because if you'll just relax, you're pretty likely to get the impression that this is full of sparkle, humor, and good spirits, with some veddy, veddy nice singing by Frankie thrown in. (As Long as There's Music and Some Other Time really do things.)

The story seems to concern the struggles of George Murphy to stave off his creditors, produce a show, and live royally in a hotel, all at the same time. As these problems become indistinguishable, you wouldn't be surprised after a while to see chorines coming up on the tray with the ice water. Nobody can pull up a blind or open a bureau drawer without coming upon a Human Fly, a blonde, a stomach pump, or a check for fifty thousand. The special talents of Adolphe Menjou and Walter Slezak contribute no little to this atmosphere of violent wackery, and Frankie-boy gets pushed around, woman-handled, and shoved into stardom with engaging naïveté. Gloria looks cute, the production numbers have a few novel touches, and an evening of nonsense never hurt anybody yet.

Frankie hasn't got a chance when a gal like Anne Jeffreys corners him in a phone booth.



1 Eugene Pallette is angel for bankrupt George Murphy's show. Frankie, a would-be playwright, is induced to sing in it.

Gordon MILLER
presents
A MUSICAL
EXTRAVAGANZA
A LOVELY EVENING
with
Gordon MILLER
Christine MARLOWE
Glen RUSSELL
and Jean ABBOTT

2 But when he finds Gloria De Haven was flirting just for the show's sake, Frankie gets all disillusioned, leaves everybody flat.

3 Irate Adolphe Menjou, evicting everybody for unpaid hotel bills, is thwarted by Frankie, who reappears, takes "poison."

4 Amid all this hodgepodge, the show goes on. Frankie (in fine voice in spite of ipecac) helps to make it a smash success.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
GASLIGHT (M-G-M). Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten. Drama.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (Paramount). Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines. Comedy.
THE EVE OF ST. MARK (20th Century-Fox). William Eythe, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price. Drama.
THE HAIRY APE (United Artists). William Bendix, Susan Hayward, John Loder. Drama.
THE HITLER GANG (Paramount). Robert Watson and others. Documentary melodrama.
THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL (Paramount). Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, Signe Hasso. Drama.
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR (M-G-M). Van Johnson, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven. Musical.

INSIDE Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

Every four years we pick a President.

• • •

But people will be calling Eddie Bracken America's oldest comedian before they've decided which is the funniest, "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" or Preston Sturges' new one, which we hail with bursting pride.

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• • •

Statues are begun and medals passed around like cookies at a social.

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Four bands play . . . simultaneously.

• • •

But it's all in fun . . . typical Preston Sturges fun with that undertone of real sentiment and heartfelt seriousness.

• • •

And wait till you see William Demarest (papa Kockenlocker of Morgan's Creek) as a terrible-tempered, leatherpussed Leatherneck Sergeant!

• • •

You may stop laughing later at "HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO" . . . but we doubt it greatly.

• • •

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Paramount Pictures

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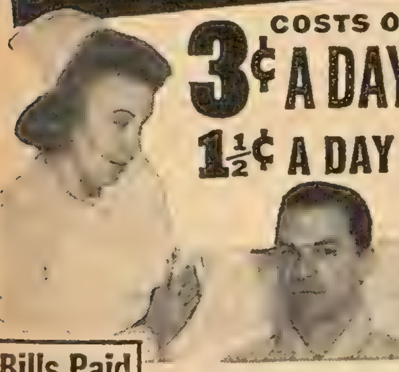

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(*Continued from page 69*)

as tall as a twenty-story building and its twenty-three-odd tons stood on, and must fall from a six-foot platform when it was dropped. Any sudden wind might swerve it from its course. With a double-bitted ax, Margie cut two deep narrow holes in the trunk. Into this she fitted springboards. Brunhild climbed onto one, Margie onto the other. The former was left-handed, the latter right-handed—a combination necessary in any faller team. They began chopping out an undercut which would determine the direction the tree would fall. From time to time Margie would put the ax head into the cut, sight along the handle to make sure they were *aiming* for the exact spot.

"I'm glad no lumberjacks can see this undercut," Margie ruefully observed. "Our ax work has been terrible; it looks as if beavers had been gnawing the stump."

"But our axes are beginning to go where we want them," Brunhild answered. She smiled. Her teeth were nice, and the sun played on her golden head. The day was less gloomy to Margie.

The next day they could hardly get up, their muscles were so stiff and sore: but by ten o'clock they were sawing. The ancient bucker came over, a wad of snoose tucked under his lower lip. He offered them some. "You won't be lumberyills, bay yeeze, until you chew snoose."

"I'm afraid we'll remain amateurs, then," Margie answered. She tapped a thin faller's wedge into place. This would help keep the saw from binding, and direct the fall.

At last, the crackling of breaking wood fiber warned them the tree was ready to drop. They sawed a few minutes longer and then Margie looked up. The treetop was slowly moving across the sky. She gave the familiar warning cry of "Timber-r-r-r!" then jumped from the springboard and raced to safety. Brunhild was close behind her. Would it shatter, or would it fall true?

The popping and cracking increased, then the tree fell, the impact shaking the forest floor. The dust of centuries, jarred from the bark, filled the air. Margie ran along the tree, seeking signs of shattering. Sections of bark were gone; but there was no trace of splintering. "Oh, Dan! Dan!" she exclaimed. "I did it! I did it!"

"Fallin' ain't dumpin' logs in the millpond," the bucker reminded her.

"Buck this up," Margie ordered, "and I'll be back Thursday morning. Brunhild, can you drive a bulldozer?"

"I'll try," Brunhild answered.

"Then bulldoze a road to this tree."

Margie sat down, watched the girl experiment with the bulldozer—backing, going ahead, turning it around. Then Brunhild began pushing dirt into holes and knocking aside small rocks and stumps. Margie returned home to rest.

When her mother was out of the house Margie called General Meredith, who kept a watchful eye on the Army's lumber needs. "This is Margie Page. Mr. Croswell, you may remember, released my husband for active service."

"Most patriotic," the general answered.

"I'm *trying* to be patriotic," Margie explained. "Don't you feel that Mr. Croswell should market his spruce?"

The general was emphatic on that point.

"Good," Margie said. "Then will you and Mr. Croswell meet me at my place Thursday noon?" The general would, with pleasure. He phoned Croswell that "the Page woman is coming to her senses." The general was unaware of the inside story.

Early Thursday morning Margie and Brunhild got into the light truck and drove to the timber. Margie took a pint of whisky along and Brunhild wondered

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about it. Margie would be chewing snoose next, she thought.

They dragged the logs to the loading area and lifted the largest. Margie backed the truck and trailer under it.

Brunhild's eyes widened. She thought, Merciful heavens, she's thinking of driving the load down the hogback! "Listen, Margie," she said. "Please don't. Think of the children. Dan would have a fit."

Margie was scared and her legs were like putty, but as she started she took a stiff drink. She stopped at the first pitch. "I can't do it," she groaned. "I haven't got what it takes. I thought one drink might help. If I take two, I'll wreck everything."

Far below she heard Croswell and General Meredith arriving. One of her reasons for inviting them had been to force herself not to back down.

"I think I understand," Brunhild said. "Margie, you can do it. You've practiced with an empty truck." She climbed into the cab, pale but calm. "I'll go with you."

THE pitch ended in a well-banked curve, beyond which was a hundred-foot drop. The front wheels climbed high, but Margie kept them on the road. Now, they were rushing into another curve, the air brakes sighing, the tires whimpering. The front bumper was flirting with thin air when Margie stopped. Brunhild was preparing to unload.

Margie backed and went ahead several times and nursed the truck and trailer around the curve. Another descent followed, filling the timber with the echoes of the backfiring motor. The load fairly leaped into the curve, the outer wheels kicking rocks over a cliff. "This might be *it!*" Margie gasped. Then she brought the load back onto the road again. Five minutes later the last curve was behind and Margie was dynamiting her.

She was doing sixty as she passed her mother, the children, and a group of four men—two of them Croswell and the general. With motor wide open, Margie climbed the Hill and brought the load to a stop. Brunhild gave her a handkerchief.

"Have a good cry," she said. "You've been at the breaking point for days."

Margie had a swell cry, then dried her eyes, powdered her nose, and touched up her lips. Croswell came up, his woods boss behind him. The general was at his side.

"Thank you for coming, general," Margie said. "I shall talk plainly. This old goat is brimming full of patriotism of the dollar brand. He wanted Dan out of the way so he could dictate his own terms. That started me thinking. So I decided to fight at home while Dan was getting ready to fight the Japs. Do you follow me, General Meredith?"

"I'm right with you," said the general.

"I can't get the stuff out as fast as Dan could, but we're thirty days ahead of schedule and, with the margin, I can keep going some time. Now here's where I show my teeth. Unless Mr. Croswell starts logging his aircraft timber, I'm going to give this mess an airing. That should put teeth in his patriotism."

General Meredith repressed a grin.

"He'll have to use our road," Margie continued. "It is the only outlet. I'll leave it to you, general, whether my terms are fair: Mr. Croswell to pay half of the original cost, plus fifty per cent of the maintenance." She started off.

As they rolled along, Brunhild said, "You didn't wait for an answer?"

"When you're dealing with Croswell's breed," Margie answered, "you drive on. It saves wear and tear on the nerves." She smiled. "As logging jills, we're over the Hill. The only thing to do, as Dan would say, is to keep dynamiting her."

THE END

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AUG. 12, 1944

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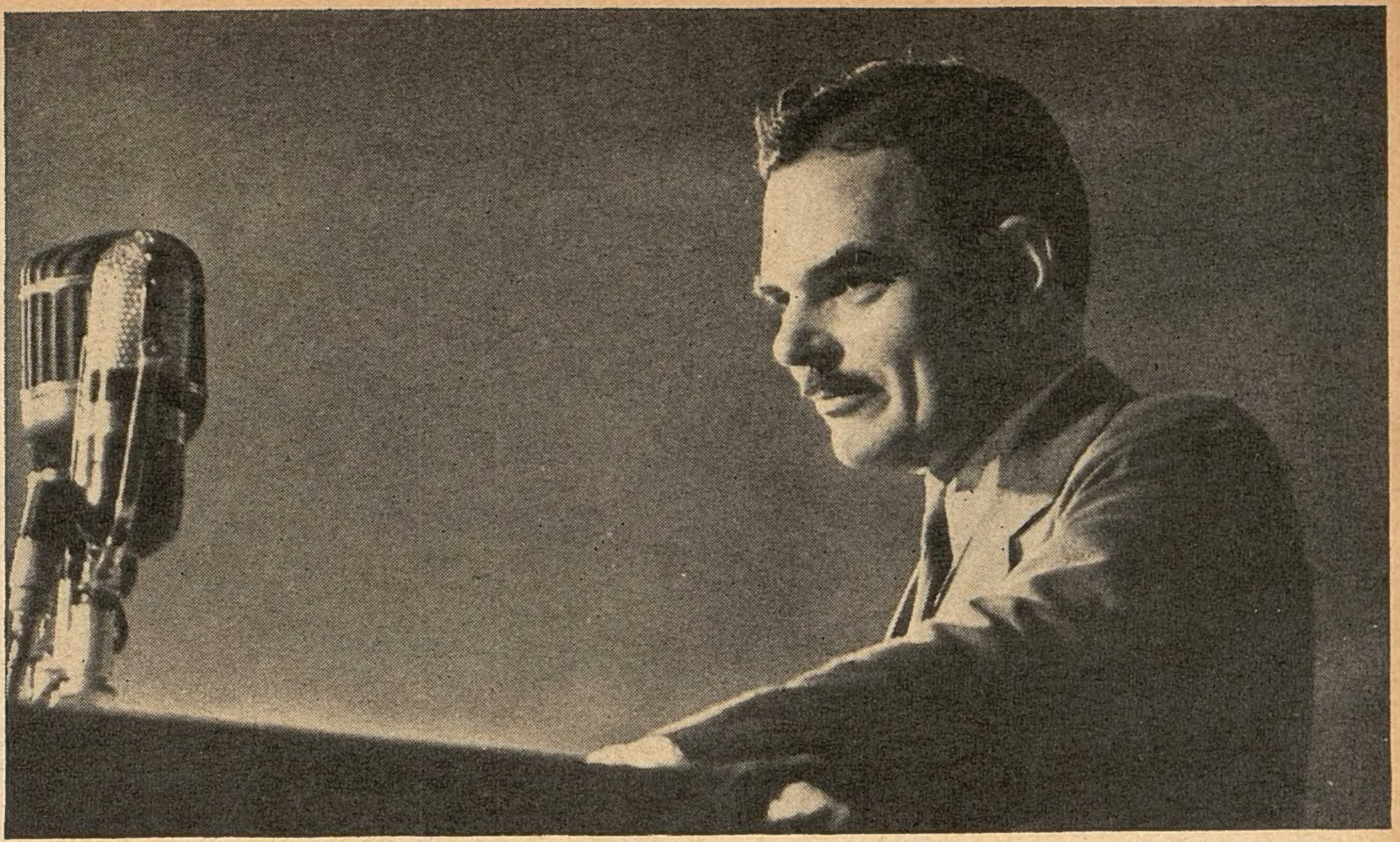


Governor Dewey accepts the nomination.

LET'S CONTINUE TO DEBATE THE TRUE ISSUES

THE 1944 Presidential contest may yet develop into a cat-and-dog fight with no holds barred, but it seems to have started out on a fairly high plane. Earnest citizens of whatever political persuasion have feared that irresponsible debate and the belaboring of false issues at this critical phase of the world's affairs might bring shame to our nation and embarrassment to our allies. Our quadrennial political spasm seldom offers much to bolster our national dignity and it is gratifying to note there is a tendency to rise above politics as usual in this year of crisis.

Judging from his speech accepting the Republican nomination, Mr. Dewey is inclined to confine his campaign to consideration of the true issues involved and to forgo the false ones. We believe this is wise in more ways than one. The people of the country are hardly in a mood to appreciate the chasing of phony cats up blind alleys which more often than not seems to feature our electoral contests. They are apt to give their attention and votes to the man who talks the most sense and who lays down the most definite and forward-looking program for the future of the country. This year there are too many really serious worries on their minds to do otherwise.

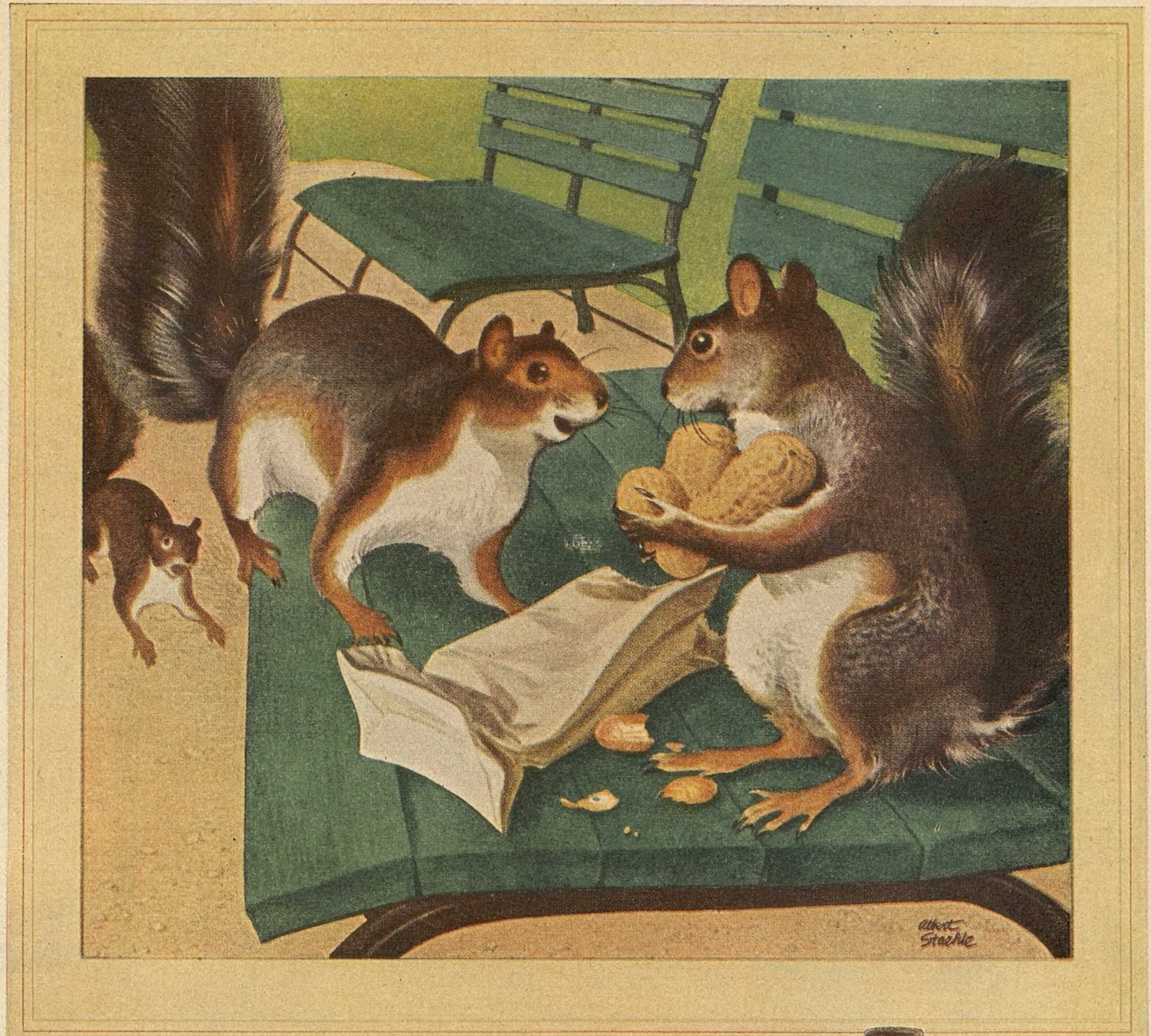
It is generally thought that our enemies have been looking forward to the American Presidential election this fall in the hope that out of it would come some development which would enable them to escape the consequences of their crimes. Mr. Dewey squelched that pretty completely in his acceptance speech. The conduct of the war and our perseverance in it to complete victory are not issues in this election. No matter who wins, the aggressor nations are going to get what is coming to them. We can imagine the sigh of relief which went up among our allies when Dewey made this crystal-clear. We can imagine the new depths of despondency into which he plunged our enemies. Mr. Dewey's forthright statement conceivably may shorten the war by several months.

Both parties and candidates will do their country and the world the greatest service by continuing the campaign on this high plane. Let the Democrats remember that Mr. Dewey's mustache is not an issue, nor is his height. We are more interested in the size of his brain than in the length of his legs. The responsibility for the last depression is likewise not an issue. What we want is to avoid another one. Let the Republicans forgo dragging the comings and goings of Mrs. Roosevelt into the campaign. They are not an issue. Nor is our involvement in the war. Our entry was inevitable, regardless of which party was in power.

The true issues, it seems to us, are the perennial ones: the vision to understand what is going on in this country and the world, the intelligence to lay down policies to meet our needs, and the competence to carry them out honestly and efficiently. If both parties enter into forthright discussion of these matters and lay off the snide and the unworthy, they and their candidates will earn the praise and the gratitude of the people.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL


Albert Staehle

This need for dividing up

There has to be a national dividing-up when needed things are scarce. What we have must be so distributed that all get a like share and none gets a lion's—too many would go without if too many could have too much.

That's the simple reason for letting each have only so much—the reason for rationing. None can have abundance while another lacks enough—and certainly nothing could be fairer or more essential.

With that same viewpoint of fairness, certain purchase-limits have been placed on IMPERIAL—for every distillery in America is making war alcohol, and the present supply of whiskey must last for a longer period than any of us had foreseen.

That is why you may be asked to limit your purchases of this famed "velveted" whiskey to one bottle at a time. But without such limiting—it might soon be *none.*

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 proof. 70% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grain
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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Get on top of the world —on top of your job— with delicious Shredded Ralston. Energy-rich whole wheat spun into bite size biscuits—with a flavor so unusual the flavor-secret is patented! For breakfast or lunch, have Shredded Ralston with your favorite fruit. As a between-meal pick-up, enjoy it just as it comes from the package. At your grocer's—at hotels—at restaurants—sing out:

♫ Give Me Shredded Ralston ♫
♫ ♪ - I've Got a Job to do!